



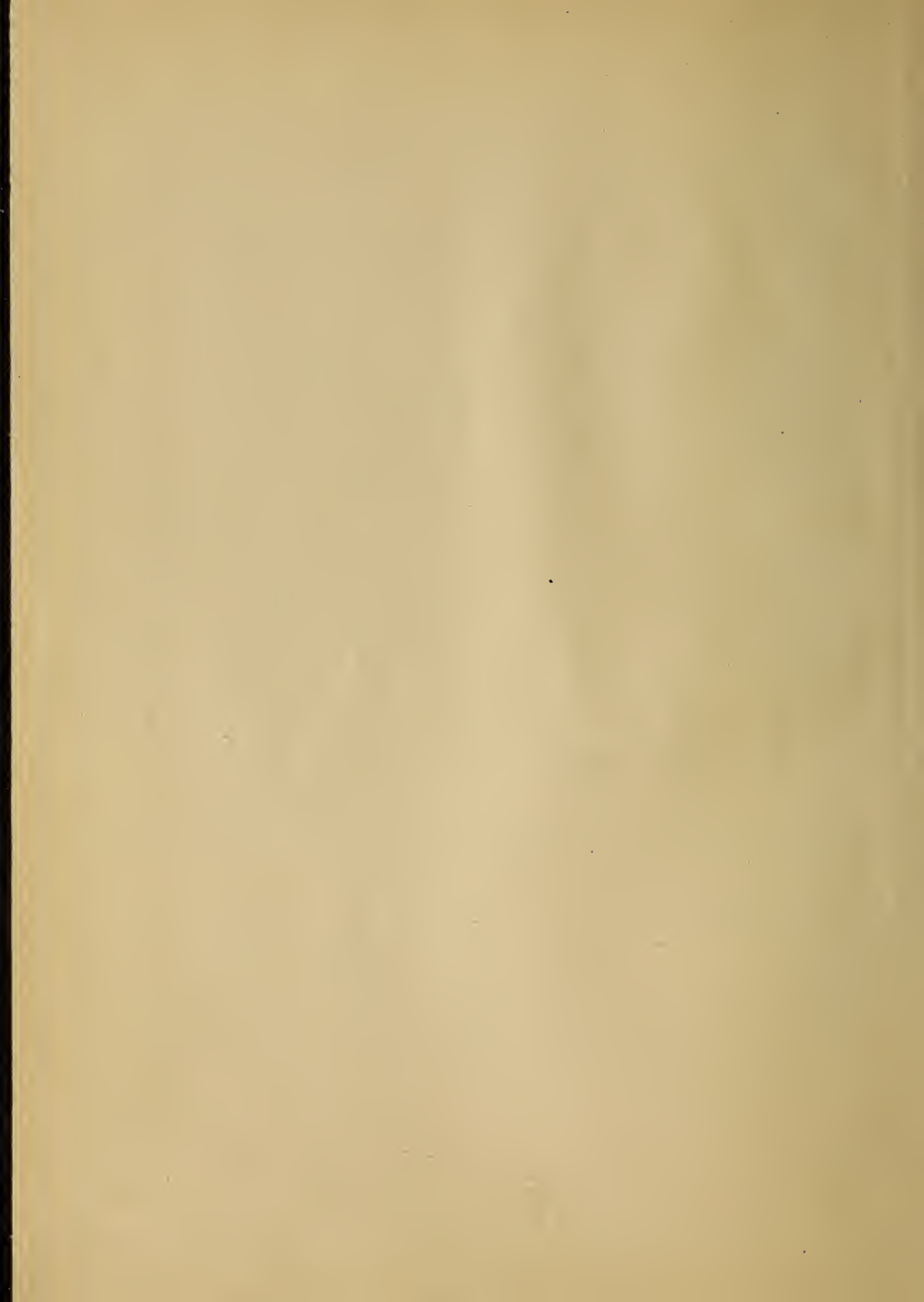
Class

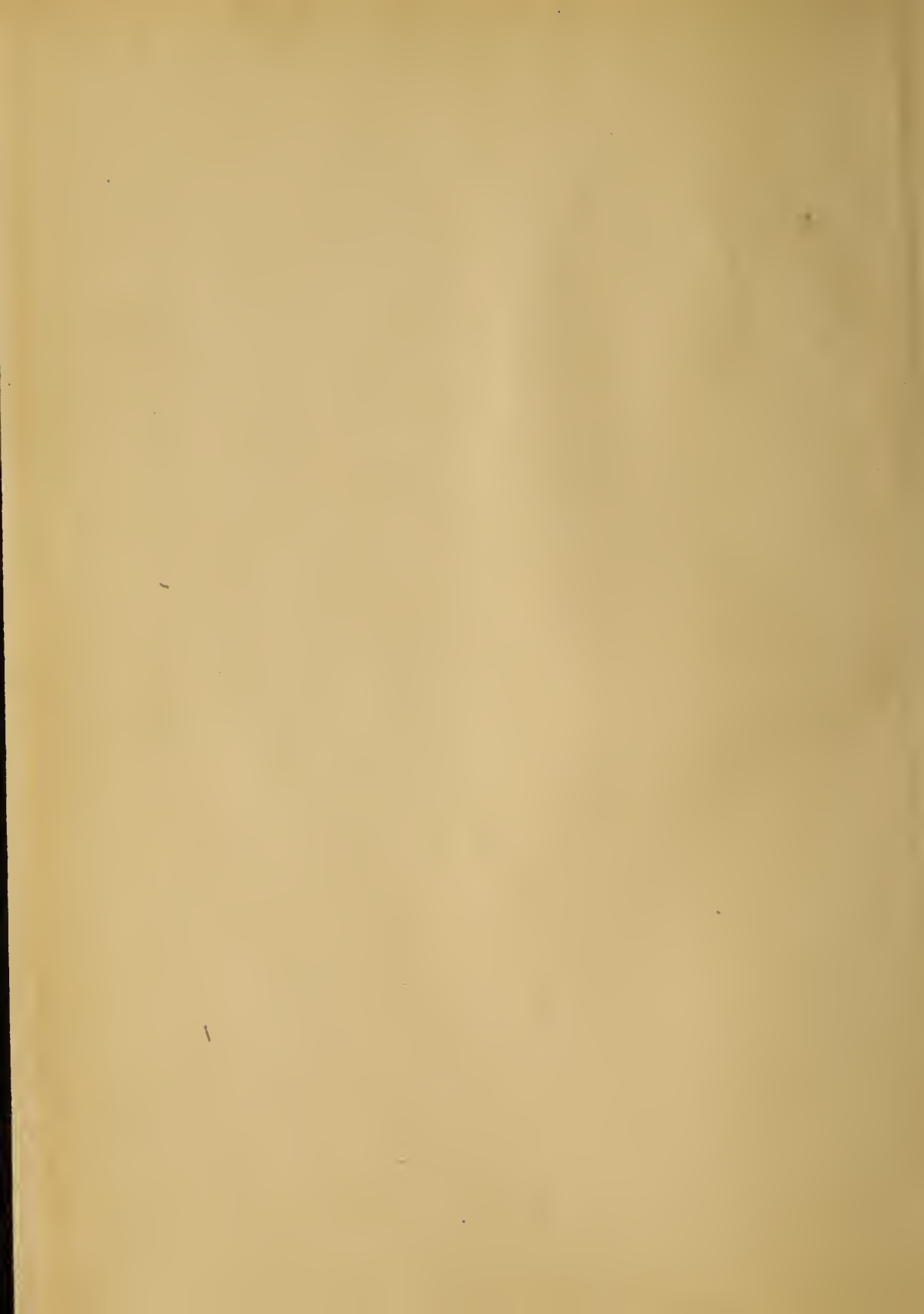
PN6161

Book

R57

1961





FULL of FUN.



20

21

22

23

1

574
1532

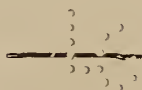
FULL OF FUN

COMPRISING

CONJUNDRUMS by DEAN RIVERS

TALKS by GEORGE THATCHER

JOKES by HENRY FIRTH WOOD



PHILADELPHIA

The Penn Publishing Company

1921

PN 6161

R57

1921

COPYRIGHT 1893 BY THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

COPYRIGHT 1900 BY THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

COPYRIGHT 1921 BY THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS



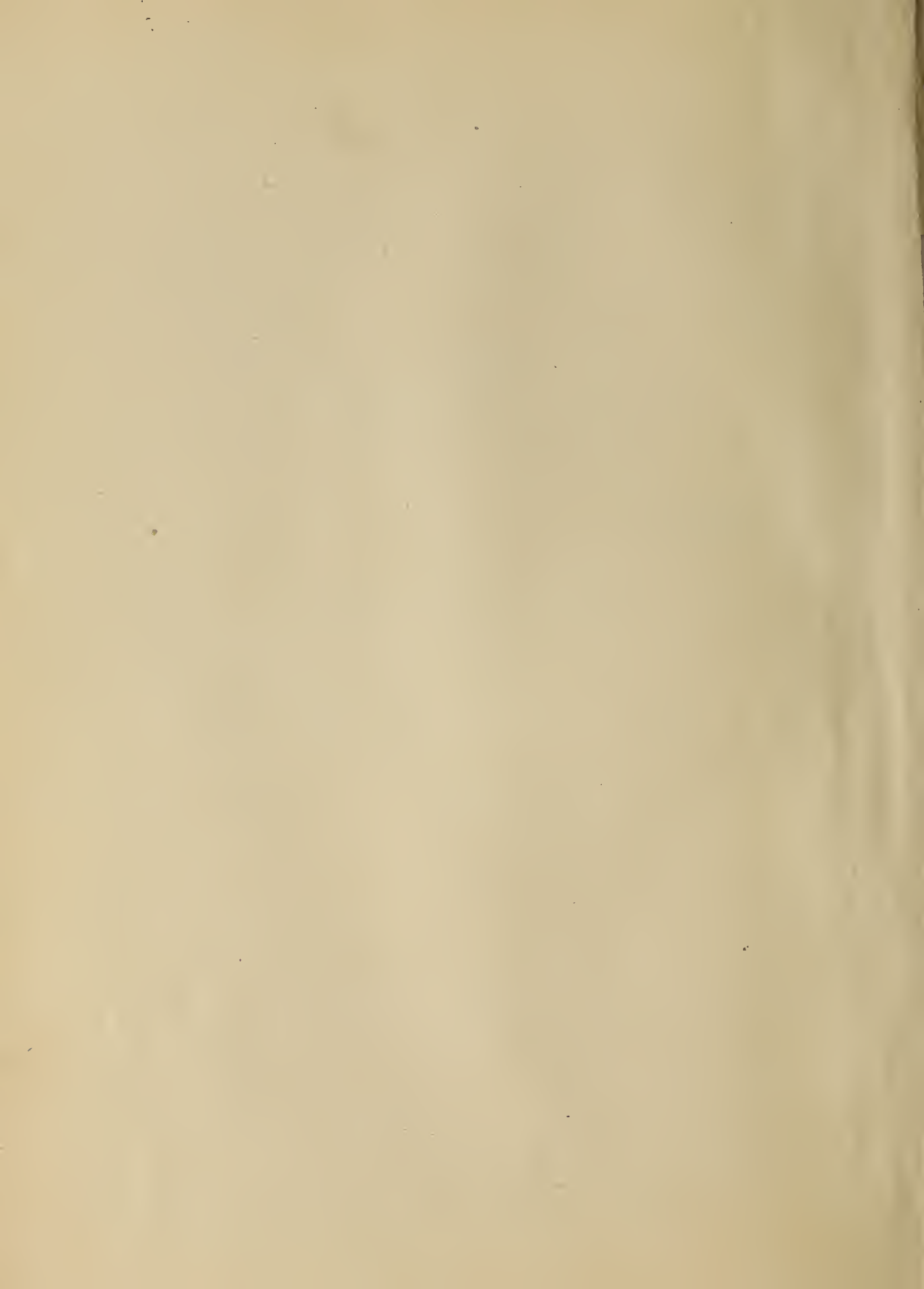
JUL 14 '21

RECEIVED BY

LIBRARY OF

JUL 17 1921

CONUNDRUMS



GENERAL CONUNDRUMS

Why is life the greatest of all conundrums?
Because we must all give it up.

When may an army be said to be totally destroyed? When its soldiers are all in quarters.

Which is swifter, heat or cold? Heat, because you can catch cold.

Why is a young lady like a letter? Because if she isn't well stamped the mails (males) won't take her.

Why are dudes no longer imported into this country from England? Because a Yankee dude 'll do (Yankee doodle doo).

What flowers can be found between the nose and chin? Tulips (two lips).

Why is a dude's hat like swearing? Because it is something to avoid.

How many wives is a man lawfully entitled to by the English prayer-book? Sixteen: Four richer, four poorer, four better, four worse.

Why is a bright young lady like a spoon in a cup of tea? Because she is interesting (in tea resting).

Why does a young man think his sweetheart is like a door knob? Because she is something to adore (a door).

Why is the emblem of the United States more enduring than that of France, England, Ireland, or Scotland?

The *Lily* may fade and its leaves decay,
 The *Rose* from its stem may sever,
 The *Shamrock* and *Thistle* may pass away,
 But the *Stars* will shine forever.

Why is a kiss like a sermon? Because it needs two heads and an application.

What is the shape of a kiss? Elliptical.

Why is a kiss like gossip? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

When two people kiss, what kind of a riddle does it make? A rebus.

What is it George Washington seldom saw, God never saw, and we see every day? Our equals.

What is better than God, worse than the devil, the dead live on, and the living would die if they lived on? Nothing.



Prove by logic that an oyster is better than heaven. Nothing is better than heaven; an oyster is better than nothing; therefore an oyster is better than heaven.

What is the difference between a honeymoon and a honeycomb? One is a big sell, the other little cells.

Why is a man who makes pens a wicked man? Because he makes men steel (steal) pens and then says they do write (right).

What is the difference between a lady and an apple? One you have to get side her to squeeze, and the other you have to squeeze to get cider.

Who is the greatest chicken-killer spoken of in Shakespeare? Macbeth, because he did murder most foul.

Why is music cheaper on Sunday than during the week? Because during the week you get it by the piece, and on Sunday you get it by the choir.

Which death would you prefer to die, Joan of Arc's or Mary Stuart's? Most people prefer Joan of Arc's, because they like a hot steak better than a cold chop.

What great writer's name might you appropriately mention if you were standing by the grave of Bob Ingersoll? Robert Burns.

What three great writers names might you think of if you were watching a house burn down? Dickens, Howett, Burns.

If you were invited out to dinner and on sitting down to the table saw nothing but a beet, what would you say? 'That beet's all.

Give a definition of love. An inward inexpressibility and an outward alloverishness ; or, the classical definition of a collegiate is, " Love is the so-ness, as it were, of the white heat fusion of the intellect, sensibility, and will."

When is charity like a top? When it begins to hum.

Why is a man sometimes like dough? Not because a woman needs (kneads) him, but because he is hard to get off of her hands.

Why does a minister always say "dearly beloved brethren" and not refer to the sisters? Because the brethren embrace the sisters.

What part of a ragged garment resembles the Pope's title? Its Holiness.

Why are a dead duck and a dead doctor alike? Because they have both stopped quacking.

When is the best time to read from the book of nature? When the spring opens the leaves and the autumn turns them.

In what liquid does the Queen of England take her medicine? In cider (side her).

Why is a restless man in bed like a lawyer? Because he lies on one side, then turns around and lies on the other.

Why do tailors make very ardent lovers? Because they press their suits.

When is a man of greatest use at the dinner-table? When he is a spoon.

What is the difference between a rejected and an accepted lover? One misses the kisses and the other kisses the misses.

What is the difference between a church deacon and a little rag-a-muffin? One passes the sasser (saucer) and the other sasses the passer.

Why is a lover like a knocker? Because he is bound to adore (a door).

In what colored ink should we write our secrets? In violet (inviolate).

Why is a young lady like an arrow? Because she can't go off without a bow (beau), and is in a quiver till she gets one.

If a young lady fell into a well why couldn't her brother help her out? Because, how could he be a brother and assist her (a sister) too?

If all the women went to China, where would the men go? To Peking.

Why does a Russian soldier wear brass buttons on his coat, and an Austrian soldier wear steel ones? To keep his coat buttoned.

What is the difference between an old penny and a new dime? Nine cents.

How is the best way to make a coat last? To make the trousers and vest first.

What word of four syllables would a man utter if he should eat his wife and wanted to express his approbation of the deed? Gladiator (glad I ate her).

Why does a cat look on first one side and then another when she enters a room? Because she can't look on both sides at the same time.

Why is a widower like a young baby? Because he cries a great deal the first six months, looks around the second six months, and has hard work to get through his second summer.

Why is Philadelphia more subject to earthquakes than any other city? Because she is a Quaker city.

Why is a policeman on his beat like an Irishman rolling down a hill? Because he's patrolling (Pat rolling).

If the alphabet were all invited out to supper, in what order would they come? They would all get there down to S, and the rest would come after T.

What would contain all the snuff in the world? No one nose (knows).

Why is a hound like a man with a bald head? Because he makes a little hare (hair) go a long ways.

What is the first thing a man sets in his garden? His foot.

Who were the first astronomers? The stars, because they have studded the heavens ever since the creation.

When may you be said to imbibe a piano? When you have a piano for tea (pianoforte).

When may bread be said to be alive? When it has a little Indian in it.

Why does a bachelor who has a counterfeit half dollar passed on him want to get married? To get a better half.

Why does a sculptor die a most horrible death? Because he makes faces and busts.

Why do we generally dub a city her or she? Because about a city there is so much bustle and because she has outskirts.

Why does a hair-dresser die a sad death?
Because he curls up and dies (dyes).

Why are washwomen great flirts? Because
they wring men's bosoms.

If thirty-two degrees is freezing point, what
is squeezing point? Two in the shade.

Prove that the winds are blind. The wind is
a zephyr, a zephyr is a yarn, a yarn is a story,
a story is a tale, a tail is an attachment, an at-
tachment is love, and love is blind; therefore,
the winds are blind.

Why is a married man like a fire? Because
he provokes his wife by going out at night.

Why is a pig's brain larger than any other
animal's? Because he has a hog's head full.

Where was the first Adams Express Company
located? In the Garden of Eden, when Eve
was created.

What is the difference between a young lady
and a mouse? One charms the he's, the other
harms the cheese.

Why are men like facts? Because they are
stubborn things.

What is the difference between a gardener and
a Chinaman? One keeps the lawn wet, the
other keeps the lawn dry (laundry).

When is a young lady's age after she has reached twenty-five like a floral wedding-bell? Because it is never told.

When is a door not a door? When it's an egress (a negress).

Why is Patti like a jeweler? Because she deals in precious tones (precious stones).

When is a bee a great nuisance? When it is a humbug.

A New Yorker asks: What popular book could the two cities, New York and Philadelphia, be compared to? The *Quick or the Dead*.

Why is a dog dressed warmer in summer than in winter? Because in winter he wears a fur coat and in summer he wears a coat and pants.

Why is it more dangerous to go out in the spring than any other time of the year? Because in the spring the grass has blades, the flowers have pistils, the leaves shoot, and the bullrushes out.

What is the difference between a hill and a pill? One is hard to get up, the other is hard to get down.

Why is a lazy dog like a hill? Because he is a slow pup (slope up).

A man and goose once went up in a balloon together, the balloon burst and they landed on a church steeple, how did the man get down? Plucked the goose.

Why is a man riding up a hill like a man taking a young dog to a lady? Because he is taking a gallop up (gal a pup).

Why is a dentist a sad and a wicked man? Because he is always looking down in the mouth and dams all his patients.

What is the difference between a king's son, a monkey's mother, a bald head, and an orphan? A king's son is the heir apparent, a monkey's mother is a hairy parent, a bald head has no hair apparent, and an orphan has nary a parent.

If William Penn's aunts kept a pastry shop, what would be the prices current of their pies? The pie rates of Penn's Aunts (Pirates of Penzance).

What celebrated man in English history might you name if you wished to tell your servant to replenish the fire in your grate? Philip the Great (fill up the grate).

A man had twenty-six (twenty sick) sheep and one died, how many remained? Nineteen.

What is the difference between an Irishman on a bleak mountain-top and a Scotchman? One is kilt with the cowld and the other is cowled with the kilt.

If a pair of andirons cost five dollars, what would the wood come to burned on them for one month? Come to ashes.

What is the difference between Niagara Falls and Queen Elizabeth? One is a wonder, the other is a Tudor.

What is a soldier's definition of a kiss? A report at headquarters.

Why is it easy to break into an old man's house? Because his gait (gate) is broken and his locks are few.

What word of only three syllables combines in it twenty-six letters? Alphabet.

Where can one always find happiness? In the dictionary.

When will there be but twenty-five letters in the alphabet? When U and I are one.

Why is it impossible for a swell who lisps to believe in the existence of young ladies? Because he calls every miss a mith.

What was Joan of Arc made of? Maid of Orleans.

Why are your eyes like friends separated by the ocean? Because they correspond but never meet.

Why is a lady who faints in a public place like a good intention? Because she needs carrying out.

What is the brightest idea in the world? Your eye, dear.

What animal drops from the clouds? The rain, dear (reindeer).

I went out walking one day and met three beggars; to the first I gave ten cents, to the second I also gave ten cents, and to the third I gave but five—what time of day was it? A quarter to three.

What is that which by losing an eye has nothing left but a nose? Noise.

Why is a hen immortal? Because her son never sets.

What is that which is full of holes and yet holds water? A sponge.

What will impress the ear more sharply than a falsetto voice? A false set of teeth.

What is that which is put on the table and cut, but is never eaten. A pack of cards.

What is the oldest table in the world? The multiplication table.

Which river is the coldest? The Isis (ice is).

Why are cats like unskillful surgeons? Because they mew till late and destroy patience (patients).

Why is it almost certain that Shakespeare was a broker? Because no other man has furnished so many stock quotations.

How can you distinguish a fashionable man from a tired dog? One wears an entire costume, the other wears simply a coat and pants.

Why is a youth trying to raise a moustache like a cow's tail? Because he grows down.

Why is a professional thief very comfortable? Because he usually takes things so easy.

When is a man obliged to keep his word? When no one will take it.

Why is an attractive woman like a successful gambler? Because she has such winning ways.

Why is the food one eats on an ocean steamer like a difficult conundrum? Because one is obliged to give it up.

Why are stout men usually sad? Because they are men of sighs (size).

Why are two young ladies kissing each other an emblem of Christianity? Because they are doing unto each other as they would that men should do unto them.

What is the difference between a woman and an umbrella? You can shut an umbrella up.

Why would it be very appropriate for a man named Benjamin to marry a girl named Annie? Because he would be Bennie-fitted and she Annie-mated.

Why is this continent like milk? Because it's ours (it sours).

What is the color of the winds and waves in a severe storm? The winds blew (blue), the waves rose.

Why is a baker a most improvident person? Because he is continually selling that which he kneads himself.

What is it we all frequently say we will do and no one has ever yet done? Stop a minute.

How can you by changing the pronunciation of a word only turn mirth into crime? By making man's laughter manslaughter.

Why is a room full of married people like an empty room? Because there is not a single person in it.

Which one of the United States is the largest and most popular? The state of matrimony.

Which nation produces the most marriages? Fascination.

When is a horse like a house? When he has blinds on.

Why is a bridegroom often more expensive than a bride? Because the bride is given away, but the bridegroom is often sold.

Why is divinity the easiest of all professions? Because it is easier to preach than to practice.

When is love deformed? When it is all on one side.

What is the difference between a butcher and a flirt? One kills to dress, and the other dresses to kill.

When was B the first letter in the alphabet? In the days of No-a (Noah).

How can I remove A from the alphabet? B-head it.

Why is A like a honeysuckle? Because a B follows it.

Why is modesty the strongest characteristic of a watch? Because it always keeps its hands before its face, and runs down its own works.

Why is it right for B to come before C? Because we must B before we can C.

Why are two t's like hops? Because they make beer better.

What kind of sense does a girl long for in a disagreeable suitor? Absence.

Why is it dangerous to keep a clock at the head of a pair of stairs? Because it sometimes runs down.

Who are the two largest ladies in the United States? Miss Ouri and Mrs. Sippi (Missouri and Mississippi).

What key in music would make a good officer? A sharp major.

What is the key-note to good manners? B natural.

Why is a stupid fellow like G sharp? Because he is A flat.

What do ladies look for when they go to church? The Sams (psalms) and hims (hymns).

Why are married men like steamboats? Because they are sometimes blown up.

What ship contains more people than the "Great Eastern"? Courtship.

Why is a ship like a woman? Because she is often tender to a man-of war; often running after a smack; often attached to a buoy (boy); and frequently making up to a peer (pier).

Why do women make good post-office clerks? Because they know how to manage the mails (males).

Why is lip-salve like a chaperon? Because it is intended to keep the chaps away.

If a pair of andirons cost \$7.75, what would a ton of coal come to? To ashes.

What is worse than raining cats and dogs? Hailing omnibuses.

Why is an umbrella like a pancake? Because it is seldom seen after Lent.

On what day of the year do women talk the least? The shortest day.

What is that which every living person has seen, but will never see again? Yesterday.

What is the difference between dead soldiers and repaired garments? The former are dead men, and the latter are mended (dead).

Why, when you paint a man's portrait, may you be described as stepping into his shoes? Because you make his feet yours (features).

Why may a beggar wear a very short coat? Because it will be long enough before he gets another.

Which is the most valuable, a five-dollar note or five gold dollars? The note, because when you put it in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out again you see it increases.

What is the difference between the Prince of Wales and the water in a fountain? One is heir to the throne, the other thrown to the air.

Why is a pretty young lady like a wagon wheel? Because she is surrounded by fellows (fellows).

When is it dangerous to enter a church? When there is a canon in the reading-desk, a great gun in the pulpit, and a bishop charges the congregation.

What is the difference between form and ceremony? You sit upon one and stand on the other.

What is the most awkward time for a train to start? 12.50, as it's ten to one if you catch it.

Why can negroes be safely trusted with secrets? Because they are sure to keep dark.

Why is a camel a very pugnacious animal? Because he always has his back up.

Why are doctors bad characters? Because the worse people are the more they are with them.

Why did Lady Wellesley do a very unlady-like thing when she married the late Lord Ragland Somerset? Because she turned a Somerset.

Why can the world be compared to music? Because it is so full of sharps and flats.

Why does a goose go into the water? For diver's reasons.

Why does a goose come out of the water? For sun-dry reasons.

Why is a stick of candy like a race-horse? Because the more you lick it the faster it goes.

Why is a naughty school-boy like a postage-stamp? Because you lick him with a stick and stand him in the corner.

Why is I the luckiest of all the vowels? Because it is in the centre of bliss, while E is in hell and all the others are in purgatory.

What is the longest word in the English language? Smiles, because there is a mile between the first and last letter.

Why have chickens no fear of a future state? Because they have their next world (necks twirled) in this.

Why cannot a deaf man be legally convicted?
Because it is unlawful to condemn a man without a hearing.

Why is a man who beats his wife like a thorough-bred horse? Because he's a perfect brute.

What is that which you can keep after giving to some one else? Your word.

Why are teeth like verbs? Because they are regular, irregular, and defective.

Why is Queen Victoria like a hat? Because they both have crowns.

Why is a plum-pudding like the ocean? Because it contains many currants.

Who may marry many a wife and still be single all his life? A clergyman.

Why is Athens like a worn-out shoe? Because it once had a Solon (sole on).

Why are washerwomen great travelers? Because they are continually crossing the line and running from pole to pole.

What part of a fish is like the end of a book? The fin-is.

What is a common miracle in Ireland? Waking the dead.

Why are bachelors bad grammarians? Because when asked to conjugate they invariably decline.

When could the British Empire be purchased for the lowest sum? When Richard the Third offered his kingdom for a horse.

What is the largest room in the world? The room for improvement.

Why is a street-car like the heart of a coquette? Because there is always room for one more to be taken in.

When may a man be said to breakfast before he gets up? When he takes a roll in bed.

Why are dealers in glassware unlike all other dealers? Because it won't do for them to crack up their goods.

What is it that a gentleman has not, never can have, and yet can give to a lady? A husband.

Why is a man just imprisoned like a boat full of water? Because he requires bailing out.

When does a ship tell a falsehood? When she lies at the wharf.

When is a theatrical manager like an astronomer? When he discovers a new star.

What is the difference between a mother and a barber? The latter has razors to shave and the former has shavers to raise.

Why are pianos noble characters? Because they are grand, upright, and square.

What are they which, though always drunk, are never intoxicated? Toasts.

When is a fowl's neck like a bell? When it's rung for dinner.

Why is a crow the bravest bird in the world? Because it never shows the white feather.

Why is a vote in Congress like a bad cold? Because sometimes the ayes (eyes) have it, and sometimes the noes (nose).

Why are some girls like old muskets? Because they use a good deal of powder, but won't go off.

What kind of medicine does a man take for a scolding wife? He takes an elixir (an' he licks her).

Why is a dirty man like flannel? Because he shrinks from washing.

What is the difference between a young maiden of sixteen and an old maid of sixty? One is happy and careless, and the other is cappy and hairless.

Why is a pair of skates like an apple? Because they have both occasioned the fall of man.

What is most like a hen stealing? A cock-robin.

If Old Nick were to lose his tail, where would he go to get another? To a grog-shop, because bad spirits are retailed there.

Why is a young man engaged to a young lady like a man sailing for a port in France? Because he is bound to Havre (have her).

Why is the opening of a new dry-goods store like a house on fire? Because it starts all the bells (belles) in the city.

Why would it be impossible to starve in the desert of Sahara? Because of the sand which is (sandwiches) there.

How did the sandwiches get there? When Ham was sent there with his followers, who were bred (bread) and mustered (mustard).

If a tough beefsteak could speak, what English poet would it mention? Chaucer (chaw, sir).

Why can you never expect a fisherman to be generous? Because his business makes him sell fish.

When is a bonnet not a bonnet? When it becomes a pretty woman.

Why are young ladies bad grammarians? Because so few can decline matrimony.

Why can a blind man always see his father? Because the father is always apparent (a parent).

What does Washington, D. C., stand for? Washington, daddy of his country.

Why was a defeated candidate after the late election, like the earth? Because he was flattened at the poles.

When was beef the highest? When the cow jumped over the moon.

What ailment is the oak most subject to? A corn (acorn).

Why does a horse eat in a very odd way? Because he eats best when he has not a bit in his mouth.

What is the common organ without stops? A woman's organ of speech.

Give an Irishman's definition of a lake. A hole in the tay-kettle.

Why is man superior to woman? Because woman is only a side issue.

Why is a lady when sick at sea like some of our literary men? Because she is a contributor to the *Atlantic*.

Why is a scolding wife like a thing of beauty? "Because she is a joy (jaw) forever."

What is the proper length for a young lady to wear her dress? A little above two feet.

Why is a man who never bets as bad as a gambler? Because he is no bettor (better).

When is a cigar like dried beef? When it is smoked.

What table has no legs to stand upon? The multiplication table.

How do young ladies sometimes show their dislike to mustaches? By setting their faces against them.

Why are there three objections to taking a glass of brandy? Because there are three scruples to a dram.

Why is the root of the tongue like a dejected man? Because it's down in the mouth.

What is that which we often return, but never borrow? Thanks.

What animals are always seen at funerals? Black kids.

What is the difference between a French pastry cook and a bill sticker? One puffs up paste, the other pastes up puffs.

Why is it vulgar to sing and play by yourself? Because it's so low (solo).

Why is a dog biting his tail like a good manager? Because he makes both ends meet.

Why is a watch-dog larger by night than by day? Because at night he is let out, and in the day he is taken in.

Why did the Highlanders do most execution at Waterloo? Because every man had one kilt before the battle.

At what game do the waves of the sea play? At pitch and toss.

Why are fowls the most economical things a farmer can keep? Because for every grain they give a peck.

What is the difference between a pitcher of water and a man throwing his wife over a bridge? One is water in the pitcher, the other is pitch her in the water.

When is a young lady not a young lady? When she's a sweet tart (sweetheart).

What confection did they have in the ark? Preserved pairs (pears).

Why should architects make excellent actors?
Because they are good at drawing houses.

What weapon does a young man use if he
kisses a young lady by mistake? A blunder-
buss.

What is the difference between an auction
and seasickness? One is a sale of effects, the
other the effects of a sail.

What should a clergyman preach about?
About a half of an hour.

Why is an orange like a church steeple? Be-
cause we have a peel from it.

What kind of a cat do we usually find in a
large library? A cat-alogue.

What sea would a man like to be in on a wet
day? Adriatic (a dry attic).

Why was the French Empress always in bad
company? Because she was always surrounded
by Paris-ites.

When was Napoleon First most shabbily
dressed? When out at Elba (elbow).

When was wit a father? When a pun be-
came apparent (a parent).

What grows the less tired the more it works?
A carriage wheel.

Why is the Louvre the cheapest palace ever erected? Because it was partly built for one sovereign, and finished for another.

What is the difference between a cradle and the grave? The one is for the first-born, the other for the last bourne.

How is an elephant's head different from every other head? Because, if you cut his head off from his body, you don't take it from the trunk.

Why does a stingy German like mutton better than venison? Because he prefers "zat vich is sheep to zat vich is deer."

Which is the most wonderful animal in the farmyard? A pig, because he is killed and then cured.

Why is a poor conundrum like a monkey? Because it was far-fetched and full of nonsense.

If a tree were to break a window, what would the window say? Tre-mend-us.

What trees has fire no effect upon? Ashes, as when burned, they're ashes still.

What did Jack Frost say when he kissed the violet? Wilt thou, and it wilted.

When is a large river good for the eyes? When it's eye (high) water.

What is the difference between a cloud and a whipped child? One pours with rain, the other roars with pain.

What musical instrument invites you to fish? Cast-a-net.

What river is that which runs between two seas? The Thames, which runs between Chelsea and Batter-sea.

What is the difference between a fisherman and a lazy schoolboy? One baits his hook, the other hates his book.

What is that which you break by even naming it? Silence.

When has a man four hands? When he doubles his fists.

What is the most difficult river on which to get a boat? Arno, because they're Arno boats there.

What is the smallest bridge in the world? The bridge of your nose.

What is the difference between a spendthrift and a pillow? One is hard up, the other is soft down.

What is the difference between a hen and an idle musician? One lays at pleasure the other plays at leisure.

Why are deaf people like India shawls? Because you can't make them here (hear).

Why are book-keepers like chickens? Because they have to scratch for a living.

What wind would a hungry sailor be apt to wish for? One that blows fowl and chops about.

What tongue is it that frequently hurts and grieves you, and yet does not speak a word? The tongue of your shoe.

Why is scraping out a turnip a noisy proceeding? Because it makes it hollow.

What is that from which you may take away the whole and still have some left? The word wholesome.

When is a newspaper the sharpest? When it is filed.

Why is English grammar like gout? Because it's torture (taught yer).

Give a good definition of a button. A small affair that is always coming off.

What is the greatest feat, in the eating way, ever known? That recorded of a man who commenced by bolting a door, after which he threw up a window, and then sat down and swallowed a whole story.

What is the difference between a choir master and a lady's dress? The one trains a choir, the other acquires a train.

Why has a great gymnast very wonderful digestion? Because he lives on ropes and poles and thrives.

What is a singular and melancholy fact in the history of Milton? That he could recite his poems but could not resight himself.

Why is Canada like courtship? Because it borders on the United States.

What is the difference between a farmer and a seamstress? One gathers what he sows, the other sews what she gathers.

What is the difference between a cow and an old chair? One gives milk, the other gives way (whey).

Why is a washerwoman like Saturday? Because she brings in the clothes (close) of the week.

Why is an actress like an angel? Because we seldom see one that is not painted.

At what time by the clock is a pun most effective? When it strikes one.

What is that which never asks any questions, but requires so many answers? The door-bell.

What kind of a book do some men wish their wives might resemble? An almanac, for then they could have a new one every year.

Why does the conductor cut a hole in your railroad ticket? To let you pass through.

Why is an old coat like iron? Because it is a specimen of hardware (wear).

Why is a list of celebrated musical composers like a sauce-pan? Because it is incomplete without a Handel.

In what key should a man propose to his sweetheart? Be mine, ah (B minor).

When a church is burning, what is the only part that stands no chance at all of being saved? The organ, because the engine can't play upon it.

Why is the Fourth of July like an oyster? Because we cannot enjoy it without crackers.

When is a newspaper like a delicate child? When it appears weekly.

If all the seas were dried up, what would old Neptune say? I really haven't an ocean (a notion).

Why is the letter A like twelve o'clock? Because it comes in the middle of day.

Why is a false friend like the letter P? Because, although always first in pity, he is always last in help.

What is that which occurs twice in a moment and not once in a thousand years? The letter M.

Why are butchers thieves? Because they steal a knife and cut away with it.

Why should a man troubled with the gout make his will? Because he will then have his leg at ease (legatees).

Why is a mirror like a very ungrateful friend? Because, although you may load his back with silver, he will reflect on you.

What is the difference between some women and their looking-glasses? The former talk without reflecting, the latter reflect without talking.

Which is the hardest of all soaps? Cast steel (Castile).

On what supposition could pocket handkerchiefs build a house? If they became brick (be cambric).

Why is a true and faithful friend like garden seeds? Because you never know the value of either until they are put under ground.

When does a man always have brown hands?
When he's tand'em driving.

What is that which is seen twice in "every day" and four times in "every week," yet only once in a year? The vowel e.

Which are the only two words in the English language where the five vowels follow in successive order? Facetious and abstemious.

What word is there of eight letters which has five of them the same? Oroonoko.

What words may be pronounced quicker and shorter by adding another syllable to them? Quick and short.

What word composed of five letters can you take the first two letters from and have one remain? Stone.

Which word in the English language contains the greatest number of letters? Disproportionableness.

What relation is a child to its own father when it is not its own father's son? A daughter.

What is the difference between the milky way and a room full of great-grandfathers? One is a lot of pale stars, the other a lot of stale pas.

What was it a blind man took at breakfast which restored his sight? He took a cup and saw, sir (saucer).

Why are pipes all humbug? Because the best of them are all meer-shams.

Why is a meerschäum like a water-color artist? Because it draws and colors beatifully.

If you saw a dude riding on a donkey, what fruit would you be reminded of? A pair.

What is that which a cat has, but no other animal? Kittens.

What are the features of a canon? Cannon-mouth, cannon-ize, and cannon-eers.

Show that twice ten is equal to twice eleven. Twice ten is twenty, and twice eleven is twenty-two (twenty, too).

What word of six letters contains six words besides itself, without transposing a letter? Herein—he, her, here, ere, rein, in.

When is a teapot like a kitten? When you're teasin' it (tea's in it).

Why is a portrait like a member of Congress? Because it is a representative.

Why is a madman like two men? Because he is a man beside himself.

Who was the first whistler, and what tune did he whistle? The wind—"Over the Hills and Far Away."

Why is an unbound book like a person in bed? Because it is in sheets.

Why is a drawn tooth like a thing that is forgotten? Because it is out of the head.

What is the difference between a glass of water and a glass of whiskey? Ten cents.

Why is a paper like a beggar? Because it is composed of rags.

Why is a good cabbage the most amiable of vegetables? Because it is all heart.

Why is an intoxicated man like a noun adjective? Because he seldom stands alone.

Why is a clergyman's horse like a king? Because he is guided by a minister.

Why is a man in a garret committing murder like a good man? Because he is above committing a bad action.

Why was the Parliament of the Commonwealth like Samson? Because it overthrew a house of lords.

Why is an avaricious man like one with a short memory? He is always for getting.

What is that which lives in winter, dies in summer, and grows with its root upward? An icicle.

Why is a blacksmith's apron like a convent? Because it keeps off the sparks.

Why is a lady when embraced like a pocket-book? Because she is clasped.

Why is a wick of a candle like Athens? Because it is in Greece (grease).

Why is a fender like Westminster Abbey? Because it contains the ashes of the grate (great).

Why is a handsome woman like bread? Because she is often toasted.

What is that which a coach cannot move without, and yet is not of the least use to it? Noise.

What does a stone become when in the water? A whetstone (wet stone).

When is a very angry man like a clock fifty-nine minutes past twelve? When he is just going to strike one.

If you were obliged to swallow a man, what kind of a one would you prefer to swallow? A little Dublin porter.

What question is that to which you must always answer "yes"? What does y-e-s spell?

What four letters of the alphabet would frighten a thief? O I C U (oh! I see you).

Why must a magistrate be cold and chilly? Because he is just ice (justice).

What is the difference between a new five-cent piece and an old-fashioned quarter? Twenty cents.

Why does a man go into the law, remain in the law, and go out of the law? He goes into the law to get on, he remains in the law to get oner, he retires from the law to get onest.

What is the cheapest way to buy a fiddle? Buy a little medicine and get a vial in?

Speak only two letters and thus name the destiny of all earthly things? D. K.

Why was Robinson Crusoe not alone on the desert island? Because there was a heavy swell on the beach and a sandy cove running up the shore.

Why is a buckwheat-cake like a caterpillar? Because it makes the butter-fly.

What is that which has neither flesh nor bone, yet has four fingers and a thumb? A glove.

Barnum drove a ten-in-hand through New York city, and his horses had only twenty-four feet among them ; how was that ? They had twenty fore feet.

What trade does the sun follow in the month of May ? Mason (May sun).

Of what trade are all the Presidents of the United States ? Cabinet-makers.

Of what trade is a minister at a wedding ? A joiner.

Of what occupation is a manager of a theatre ? A stage-driver.

What miss is that whose company no one ever wants ? Mis-fortune.

What misses are those whose days are always unlucky ? Mis-chance and mis-hap.

What miss is always making blunders ? Mistake.

What misses are of a very jealous temper ? Mis-give and mis-trust.

When is it no misfortune for a young lady to lose her good name ? When a young man gives her a better one.

When does a dentist do the most work ? When he extracts several acres (achers).

Why is an umbrella a paradox? Because it is best when used up.

What happens when a light falls into the water at an angle of forty-five degrees? It goes out.

What great surgical operation does the manufacturing of maple-sugar remind you of? Tree panning.

In what way do women ruin their husbands? In buy-ways.

Why has the shoemaker wonderful powers of endurance? Because he holds on to the last.

What part of the face resembles a school-master? The eyelid, because it always has a pupil under the lash.

Why is it that you and I must never dine together? Because U can never come until after I.

What profession is a postman? He is a man of letters.

At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom? When long experience has made him sage.

Which is the gayest letter in the alphabet? U, because it is always in fun.

Which are the lightest men, Scotch, Irish, or Englishmen? Englishmen. In Scotland there are men of Ayr; in Ireland men of Cork, but in England are lightermen.

When is a boat like a heap of snow? When it is adrift.

What 'bus has found room for the greatest number of people? Columbus.

Which is heavier, a half or a full moon? The half, because the full moon is as light again.

What tree is of the greatest importance in history? The date.

When is a man like a frozen rain? When he is hail (hale).

When is a lady's arm not a lady's arm? When it is a little bare (bear).

Why is a short negro like a white man? Because he is not a tall black.

Why is a very discontented man easily satisfied? Because nothing satisfies him.

Why are ripe potatoes in the ground like thieves? Because they ought to be taken up.

Why is the north pole like an illicit whisky manufactory? Because it is a secret still.

Why are bells the most obedient of inanimate things? Because they make a noise whenever they are told.

Why is it unjust to blame coachmen for cheating us? Because we call them to take us in.

What is the difference between a cat and a comma? A cat has its claws at the end of its paws, a comma its pause at the end of a clause.

Why are the makers of the Armstrong guns the greatest thieves in her Majesty's service? Because they rifle all the guns, forge the materials, and steel all the gun breeches.

How may book-keeping be taught in a lesson of three words? Never lend them.

Why is a blush an anomaly? Because a woman who blushes is admitted for her cheek.

Why are Whigs and wigs alike? Because they both profess an attachment to the crown.

What trade is like the sun? A tanner's.

What is an extra dry subject? A mummer!

What is a counter-irritant? A fashionable woman shopping.

Why are hogs like trees? Because they root for a living.

Why is the moon like a marriage contract?
Because it governs the tide.

Why do girls kiss each other and men not?
Because girls have nothing better to kiss and
men have.

What did the muffin say to the toasting fork?
You're too pointed.

What composer is most noted of modern
times? Chloroform.

What is better than to give credit to whom
it is due? Give the cash.

Which musical instrument is the most moral?
An upright piano.

What is the difference between a dog's tail
and a rich man? One keeps a wagging and
the other keeps a carriage.

How did Henry the Eighth differ as a suitor
from other men? He married his wives and
axed them afterward.

Why does a man's hair generally turn gray
sooner than his mustache? Because it is
about twenty-one years older.

When did George Washington first take a
carriage? When he took a hack at the cherry-
tree.

What is the political character of a water-wheel? Revolutionary.

Why is a solar eclipse like a mother beating her boy? Because it is a hiding of the son.

How can a man make his money go a long way? By contributing to foreign missions.

Why is a person reading these conundrums like a man condemned to undergo a military execution? Because he is pretty sure to be riddled to death.

Where can one always find pleasure and happiness? In the dictionary.

During the month of heavy showers, how has the umbrella been persistently bluffing the game? It has been "put up or shut up" with it all the while.

When does a man impose on himself? When he taxes his memory.

Why is a young man visiting his sweetheart like the growth of a successful newspaper? His visits commenced on a weekly, grew to be tri-weekly, and then become daily, with a Sunday supplement.

When is money damp? When it is due in the morning and missed at night.

What killed Julius Cæsar? Roman punches.

How does the postage-stamp have the advantage of the small boy? It can never be licked but once.

Why were the brokers in the panic of 1873 like Pharaoh's daughter? They saved a little prophet from the rushes on the banks.

Why is an alligator the most deceitful of animals? Because he takes you in with an open countenance.

Why are chemists and alchemists both of the feminine gender? Because one is an analyzer (Ann Eliza), the other a charlatan (Charlotte Ann).

How do we know that Noah had a pig in the Ark? Because he had Ham.

My first is used in driving, my second is needy, my third is a nickname, and my whole is a bird? Whip-poor-will.

Why is sympathy like blind man's buff? Because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow mortal.

Why does the air seem fresher in winter than it does in summer? Because it's kept on ice most of the time.

Why are fish well educated? They have a taste for going in schools.

What is the difference between one yard and two yards? A fence.

Why is the letter S like thunder? It makes our cream sour cream.

Which is the easier way to commit suicide, by taking laudanum or drowning? Ether (either) is good.

Why is Buckingham Palace the cheapest piece of property in England? Because it was bought for a crown and kept up by a sovereign.

What is the difference between a light in a cave and a dance in an inn? One is a taper in a cavern, the other a caper in a tavern.

Why are records brittle things? Because they cannot be lowered without breaking.

What is the difference between forms and ceremonies? You sit upon one and stand on the other.

Why is a door in the potential mood? It's would (wood) or should be.

What is the difference between a man going up stairs and one looking up? One is stepping up the stairs, the other staring up the steps.

Why are birds melancholy in the morning? Because their little bills are all over due.

What is there remarkable about a yard-stick? Though it has no head or tail, it has a foot at each end and one in the middle.

If a man shot at two frogs and killed one, what would the other one do? Croak.

What makes the waves so wild? It is having the wind blow them up.

Why are apples like printer's types? Because they are often in pi(e).

My first denotes equality, my second, inferiority, and my whole superiority. Matchless.

Why are fatigued persons like a wagon wheel? Because they are always tired.

Why is a tin can tied to a dog's tail like death? Because it's bound to a cur (occur).

Why is a widow like a gardener? Because she tries to get rid of her weeds.

Why are young ladies bad grammarians? Because so few can decline matrimony.

Why are potatoes and corn like certain sinners of old? Because, having eyes, they see not, and having ears they hear not.

Why are blind persons compassionate? Because they feel for other persons.

Why are cowardly soldiers like tallow candles? Because when exposed to the fire they run.

Why is Satan always a gentleman? Because, being the imp of darkness he can never be imp-o'-light.

How much earth is in a hole $3\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ ft.? None.

Why is a pretty girl like a locomotive? Because she sends off the sparks, transports the mails, and has a train following her.

What is the cheapest feature of the face? Nostrils, two for a scent (cent).

Why are stout gentlemen prone to melancholy? Because they are men of size (sighs).

When does the rain become too familiar to a lady? When it begins to pat-her (patter) on the back.

What relation is a door mat to a door step? A step farther.

Why is a baker like some very disreputable people? Because he's a loafer and a white-cap.

How many of your relatives live on your property? Ten-aunts (tenants).

What is the difference between a dime dated 1899 and a new dollar? Ninety cents.

Why is a beehive like a spectator? Because it is a beeholder (beholder).

What are the most unsociable things in the world? Mile-stones, for you never see two of them together.

When does a regiment undergo an operation? When deprived of its arms.

What is the greatest eyesore in a farm yard? A pig-sty.

What is the difference between the manner of the death of a barber and a sculptor? One curls up and dies and the other makes faces and busts.

Why may carpenters reasonably believe there is no such thing as stone? Because they never saw it.

What is majesty deprived of its external? (M) a jest (Y).

Why is a good speller of a spelling match like a glass of champagne? Because they both go to the head.

When does a lady think her husband a Hercules? When foud of his club.

Why is it that a fisherman cannot tell his gross profits? Because they are always net.

What will make pies inquisitive? S will make spies of them.

Why is an empty purse expressive of constancy? Because you find no change in it.

When can donkey be spelt with one letter? When it's "U."

Why is a tennis player like a society youth of limited means? He is obliged to miss the ball when it comes high.

Why is an Irishman trying to kiss a pretty girl like a man going up Mt. Vesuvius? Because he is trying to get at the mouth of the crater.

Why should a housekeeper never put the letter M into her refrigerator! Because it will change ice into mice.

What's the difference between Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth? He was a wonder, and she was a Tudor.

Why is the letter R indispensable to friendship? Because without it your friends would be fiends.

Which are the two most disagreeable letters if you get too much of them? K N (cayenne)!

What is the difference between a funny fellow and a butcher? One deals out wit, the other wit-tles.

Why should cocks be the smoothest birds known? Because they always have a comb about them.

What insect does a blacksmith manufacture? He makes the fire-fly.

When is a nose not a nose? When it is a little radish (reddish).

When are soldiers best able to draw blisters? When they are mustered in the service.

Why is love like a potato? Because it shoots from the eyes and gets less by pairing.

Why are young men like telescopes? Because you can draw them out, see through them and shut them up again.

Why are cats like unskillful surgeons? Because they mew-till-late, and destroy patients (patience).

What is the difference between a woman and a parasol? You can shut a parasol up.

Why is Sunday the strongest day in the week? Because the rest are week days.

Why is a needle one of the most persistent of forces? It always has an eye open for business, and invariably carries its point.

When is coffee like the soil? When it is ground.

Why are soldier's guns always safe? Because every one of them has a lock.

When is a man not a man? When he's a shaving.

Why is a man who is fond of his cigars like a tallow candle? Because he will smoke when he is going out.

When is a schoolmaster like a man with one eye? When he has a vacancy for a pupil.

Why is it dangerous to take a nap in a train? Because the cars invariably run over sleepers.

What instrument of war does an angry lover resemble? A cross bow

My first is a vehicle, my second is a preposition, and my whole is part of a ship. Cab-in.

What grows bigger the more you contract it? Debt.

What tricks are most common among New York policemen? Patricks.

Why is Asia like a market in Thanksgiving or Christmas week? There is always a Turkey in it.

Why will an insolent fishmonger get more business than a civil one? Because when he sells fish, he gives sauce with it.

Why does a fat man, when squeezed compliment the ladies? Because the pressure makes him flatter.

Why is an old man like a window? He is full of pains (panes).

What's the difference between photographing and the whooping cough? One makes fac similes, the other makes sick families.

What is smaller than a mite's mouth? That which goes into a mite's mouth.

What is it that is a cat and not a cat, and yet is a cat? A kitten.

Why was the dumb waiter returned? Because it didn't answer.

Born at the same time as the world, destined to live as long as the world, and yet never five weeks old. The moon.

Why are clouds like coachmen? Because they hold the rains (reins).

My first is a game, my second is what we use our eyes for, my whole is a State of America. Tennes see.

Why should a favorite hen be called Mac-duff? Because we wish her to lay on.

Why is the letter G like the sun? It is the centre of light.

Why are pretty girls like fire-works. Because they soon go off.

Why is coal the most contradictory article known to commerce? Because when purchased, instead of going to the buyer it goes to the cel-lar.

Why would it be hard on ministers to preach without notes? Because their families would suffer without the greenbacks.

In what sort of syllables should a parrot be taught to speak? In polly silly-bills.

My first is a pronoun, my second is used at weddings, and my whole is an inhabitant of the deep. Her-ring.

What is the difference between a bee-hive and a bad potato? None. One is a bee-holder ; a bee-holder is a speck'd 'tatur, and a speck'd 'tatur is a bad potato.

What cannot be called a disinterested act of hospitality? Entertaining a hope.

Why is a school-boy being flogged, like your eye? Because he's a pupil under the lash.

When may an ocean liner be said to be foolishly in love? When attached to a boy (buoy.)

My first is formal, my second is a flower, and my whole is a flower. Prim-rose.

Why is a woman's beauty like a bank note? Because when once changed it soon goes.

What is the difference between a tube and a foolish Dutchman? One is a hollow cylinder and the other a silly Hollander.

What fruit is the most visionary? The apple of the eye.

What is that which goes from Boston to Providence without once moving? The railroad.

What notes compose the most favorite tunes, and how many tunes do they compose? Bank notes, they make (four) for-tunes.

Why are ladies' eyes like persons remote from one another? Because, although they may correspond, they never meet.

Why don't Sweden have to send abroad for cattle? Because she keeps her Stock-holm.

Without my first my second could never have existed, and my whole is as old as creation. Sun-day.

When is a gun like a dismissed servant? When it is discharged and goes off.

What is everything doing at the same time? Growing older.

What should you do if you split your sides with laughter? Run till I got a stitch in them.

What is the difference between a young girl and an old hat? Merely a difference of time—one has feeling and the other has felt.

What herb is most injurious to a lady's beauty? Thyme.

Why is an aristocratic seminary for young ladies like a flower garden? Because it is a place of haughty culture (horticulture).

What is the difference between a clock and a partnership? When a clock is wound up it goes; when a firm is wound up it stops.

How do you know when night is nigh?
When the t (tea) is taken away.

Why are some women like facts? Because
they are stubborn things.

If a dog should lose his tail where would he
get another? At Wanamaker's, where every-
thing is retailed.

Why is a person with his eyes closed like a
defective schoolmaster? He keeps his pupils
in darkness.

Why is early grass like a penknife? Because
the springs bring out the blades.

Why is an old man's farm in Texas like the
focus of a sun glass? It's a place where the
sons raise meat (sun's rays meet).

Why is a real estate man not a man of
words? Because he is a man of deeds.

Why is the isthmus of Suez like the first u
in cucumber? Because it's between two seas.

What did Ruth do to offend Boaz? She
pulled his ears and trod on his corn.

Why are some singers like cheese curds?
Because they require to be pressed.

Why ought meat to be only half cooked?
Because what's done cannot be helped.

Why is a woman like the telegraph? Because she is always in advance of the mail intelligence.

What article that we wear is most affectionate? A porous plaster, because it becomes very much attached to us.

Why is a pawnbroker like a drunkard? Because he takes the pledge but cannot always keep it.

Who does the Bible say may carry on a flirtation? It says widow's mite (might).

Why are respectable hotels like the elysium of the gods? Because no bad spirits are permitted to enter them.

Why is grass like a mouse? Because the cat'll eat it (cattle eat it).

Why are convicts like old maids going to be married? Because they go off in transports.

How do we know the fair queen of day has a lover? She is always followed by a night (knight).

Why are the Irish poor like a carpet? Because they are kept down by tax (tacks).

Why is the world like a slate? Because the children of men do multiply thereon.

Why is a defeated army like wool? Because its worsted.

What is the centre of gravity? The letter V.

What three letters turn a girl into a woman? A-g-e.

Although great wealth is said to harden the heart, what is every millionaire sure to be? A capital fellow.

What belongs to yourself, and is used by your friends more than by yourself? Your name.

When is a soldier like an old toper? When he re-treats.

Why is a policeman like a rainbow? Because he rarely appears until the storm is over.

What is the difference between a milkmaid and a swallow? The milkmaid skims the milk, the swallow skims the water.

Why is a man's face shaved in January like a celebrated fur? Because it's a chin-chilly.

What is that which was born without a soul, lived and got a soul, but died without a soul? The whale that swallowed Jonah.

What is the difference between a Roman Catholic priest and a Baptist? One uses wax candles—the other dips.

When is a doctor most annoyed? When he is out of patients.

Why is a poor acquaintance better than a rich one? A friend in need is a friend indeed.

What is there remarkable about a bee? Why, ordinarily it has but little to say, yet generally carries its point.

Why is the first chicken of a brood like the mainmast of a ship? Because it's a little ahead of the main hatch.

How many persons can a deaf and dumb man tickle? He can ges-tickle-eight (gesticulate).

What is the easiest way to keep water out of the house? Omit to pay your water tax.

What is it that is queer about flowers? They shoot before they have pistils.

What is the best form for a soldier? Uniform.

What is the best uniform for a soldier? Right dress.

When does a dog become larger and smaller? When let out at night, and taken in in the morning.

What prescription is best for a poet? A composing draught.

Why does a bay horse never pay toll? Because his master pays it for him.

Why is the letter S like a pert repartee? Because it begins and ends in sauciness.

What is the best way to keep a man's love? Not to return it.

When is a soldier a wagon maker? When he makes a wheel.

Why is beef suitable for a Christmas dinner? Meet for rejoicing.

How was Admiral Dewey's naval rank reduced when he got married? He became Mrs. Dewey's second mate.

Why is a little dog's tail like the heart of a tree? Because it's farthest from the bark.

Why are actresses like pipes? They are mere-shams.

What workman never turns to the left? A wheelwright.

Why does a freight car need no locomotive? The freight makes the car-go.

When are weeds not weeds? When they become widows.

What is better than presence of mind in a railroad accident? Absence of body.

Why is a balloonist greatly to be envied?
Because he rises rapidly in the world and has
excellent prospects.

What letter in the alphabet is most useful to
a deaf old woman? The letter A, because it
makes her hear.

What is the color of a grass plot covered with
snow? Invisible green.

How does water get into the watermelon?
The seed is planted in the spring.

Why is a man in front of a crowd well sup-
ported? Because he has the press at his back.

What subject can be made light of? Gas.

If Dick's father be John's son, what relation
is Dick to John? His grandson.

When is a silver cup most likely to run?
When it's chased.

When may a man's pocket be empty and yet
have something in it? When it has a hole in
it.

Why is an engraver fearless of drowning?
Because he is accustomed to die sinking.

Why are quinine and gentian like the Ger-
mans? Because they are two tonics (teutonic).

Why should the proof-reader of a printing establishment be considered the best read man going? Because there's proof that he reads every hour of the day.

When is butter like Irish children? When it is made into little pats.

If all the money in the world was divided equally among the people what would each one get? An equal share.

What are the most difficult ships to conquer? Hard-ships.

Why don't foreign noblemen marry poor American girls as well as rich ones? A poor girl has no principal, hence no interest, and without either she cannot bank account (a count).

Why does a dressmaker never lose her hooks? Because she has an eye to each of them.

Why is a wedding ring like eternity? Because it has neither beginning nor end?

What did the blind man say to the policeman when he told him he would arrest him if he did not move on? I'd just like to see you.

What is the difference between a drinker and a smoker? One is a Bacchanalian and the other a tobacconalian.

When Homer called the sea barren, why did it illustrate the age in which he lived? Because it was before Cecrops (sea crops).

What is the difference between a cow and an old chair? One gives milk, the other gives way (whey).

Why should Pope Leo XIII be a very unlucky man? Because he is always the thirteenth at table.

What is the difference between a life of leisure and a life of idleness? They are the same thing, only different titles.

What word of one syllable, if you take two letters from it, becomes a word of two syllables? Plague; ague.

A crown which was the pride of ancient Rome: whichever way it is read, it is the same. Civic.

What lesson of life can the small boy learn from the fire engine? It must work or it can't play.

Why is a young lady like a sheaf of wheat? First she is cradled, then thrashed, and finally she becomes the flour of the family.

Who is it that always has a number of movements on foot for making money? A dancing master.

In what respect does a piano lamp resemble a society-club man? It has a good deal of brass about it, requires much attention, is not remarkably brilliant, is sometimes unsteady upon its legs, liable to explode when only half full, flares up occasionally, it is always out at bed-time, and is bound to smoke.

How can hunters find their game in the woods? By listening to the bark of the trees.

Why does a man think of his mother's slippers when he handles the lines behind a fine, well-matched pair of horses? Because they are such a spanking pair.

What is that which is sometimes with a head, without a head, with a tail, and without a tail? A wig.

Why is a committee of inquiry like a cannon? It makes a report.

What is more wonderful than a horse that can count? A spelling bee.

Why are tallest people the laziest? Because they are always longer in bed than others.

Who was the most successful financier mentioned in the Bible? Noah, because he floated a limited company when all the rest of the world was in liquidation.

What is the difference between the Prince of Wales and the water in a fountain? One is heir to the throne, the other thrown to the air.

Why is a college student like a thermometer? Because he is graduated and marked by degrees.

What bird is low-spirited? The blue-bird.

Why don't they take fare from policemen on the trolley cars? Because they can't get a nickel out of a copper.

Why is a tournament like sleep? It is a (k)nightly occupation.

Why is a schoolmaster like the letter C? He forms lasses into classes.

Why don't the Boers wash themselves? Because they are waiting to get a good licking from the English.

Why is bread like the sun? Because it rises from the yeast.

When is a chair like a lady's dress? When its sat-in.

When is a soldier like a watch? When he is on guard.

When is a soldier like a king? When he appears with his pomp-on.

What object is walking over the water and under the water, yet does not touch the water? A woman crossing a bridge over a river with a pail of water on her head.

Why is love like a canal boat? Because it is an internal transport.

When does a chair dislike you? When it can't bear you.

Why is a duel quickly managed? Because it takes only two seconds to arrange it.

What burns to keep a secret? Sealing-wax.

Why is a nobleman like a book? Because he has a title.

What class of women are most apt to give tone to society? The belles.

What is that which has a mouth but never speaks, and a bed but never lies in it? A river.

Why is a defeated army like wool? Because it is worsted.

What is the difference between the wreck of a bank and the wreck of a ship? One is caused by the presence of rocks, the other by the scarcity of rocks.

What is that which we all can eat, and often drink, though it sometimes is a woman and often a man? We eat toast and drink a toast.

Why would a compliment from a chicken be an insult? Because it would be foul language.

Why is a cherry like a book? Because it is red (read).

Why are heavy showers like heavy drinkers? Because they usually begin with little drops.

What is that by losing an eye has nothing left but a nose? A noise.

Why is a four-quart jar like a lady's side-saddle? Because it holds a gal-on (gallon).

Why is fashionable society like a warming-pan? Because it is highly polished but very hollow.

Why are balloons in the air like vagrants? Because they have no visible means of support.

What islands would form a dainty and cheerful luncheon for a party? Sandwich and Madeira.

What must a good surgeon have to be successful? He must have an eagle's eye, a lion's heart, and a lady's hand.

Why is rheumatism like a great eater? Because it attacks the joints.

If I were in the sun and you were out of it what would the sun become! Sin.

Why would an owl be offended at your calling him a pheasant? Because you would be making game of him.

Why is anthracite coal like true love? Because it burns with a steady flame.

Why is a very amusing man like a bad shot? Because he keeps the game alive.

When people are quarreling out of doors, what should they do? Co-in-side (go inside).

Why is Berlin the most dissipated city in Europe? Because it is always on the Spree.

Which is the favorite word with women? The last one.

Why is Father Time like a fashionable young man? Because he travels by cycles (bicycles).

Luke had it first, Paul had it last; boys never have it; girls have it but once; Miss Sullivan had it twice in the same place, but when she married Pat Murphy she never had it again? The letter L.

Why are ladies the biggest thieves in existence? Because they steel their petticoats, bone their stays, crib their babies, and hook their dresses.

Why is a man who makes additions to a false rumor like one who has confidence in all that is told to him? Because he re-lies on all he hears.

When does a farmer double up a sheep without hurting it? When he folds it.

What did the managing editor say when the horticultural editor said he had cultivated hot-house lilac bushes that attained a height of over fifty feet? I wish I could lilac (lie like) that.

Why is an apothecary like a wood-cock? Because he has a long bill

What is the most engaging work of art? A fashionable young lady.

Who is the oldest lunatic on record? Time out of mind.

Why do the recriminations of a married couple resemble the sound of the waves on the seashore? Because they are the murmurs of the tide (tied).

What bird is rude? The mocking bird.

Why is a lawn mower like the keeper of a bucket shop? Because it shaves the green.

When may a loaf of bread be said to be inhabited? When it has a little Indian in it.

Why are ships like fortunes? Because they are built on stocks.

How does a soldier know when it is time to fight? When he sees a battle-me(a)nt.

At what age should a man marry? At the parsonage.

What kind of essence does a young man like when he pops the question? Acquiescence.

When is a soldier like a horse? When he draws a load.

Why is it nonsense to pretend that love is blind? Because you never knew a man in love that did not see ten times more in his sweetheart than others did.

Why are fixed stars like wicked old men? Because they scintillate (sin-till-late).

Why is an egg underdone like an egg overdone? They are both hardly done.

Why is a man happier with two wives than with one? He may be happy with one, but with two he is nearly sure to be transported.

Why is Gibraltar one of the most wonderful places in the world? Because it's always on the rock, but never moves.

Why is it difficult to flirt on mail steamers? Because all the mails (males) are tied up in bags.

Why is a comprehensive action an affectionate one? It embraces everything.

What best describes and most impedes a Christian Pilgrim's Progress? A Bunyan (bunion).

When is a lady's hair like the latest news? When it's in the papers.

Why is a very old umbrella, that has been lost, as good as new when found? Because it's re-covered.

Why is a coachman like the clouds? Because he holds the reins.

Why does the Salvation Army walk down Broadway on their heels? To save their soles (souls).

Who was the most successful surveyor on record? Alexander Selkirk, for he was monarch of all he surveyed.

Who is a man of grit? A sugar refiner.

Why is the letter W like scandal? Because it makes ill will.

What is one of the rules of war? That it is death to stop a cannon ball.

Why are photographers the most uncivil of all tradespeople? Because when we make application for a copy of our portrait, they always reply with a negative.

What cord is that which is full of knots, which no one can untie, and which no one can tie? A cord of wood.

Which is the oddest fellow, the one who asks a question or the one who answers? The one who asks, because he is the querist.

When does the wind most resemble a book-seller? When it keeps stationary (stationery).

What benefit can be derived from a paper of pins? It will give you many good points.

Why are authors who treat of physiognomy like soldiers? Because they write about face.

I went into the woods and caught it, I sat down to look for it, and then I went home with it because I could not find it. A sliver.

Why is a clock the most persevering thing in creation? Because it is never more inclined to go on with its business than when it is completely wound up.

Why is a blind man apt to be an idiot? The old adage says, out of sight out of mind.

How did the whale that swallowed Jonah obey the divine law? Jonah was a stranger and he took him in.

When is a piece of wood like a queen? When it is made into a ruler.

Why is chicken pie like a gunsmith's shop? Because it contains fowl-in pieces.

Why is asparagus like most sermons? Because it is the end of it that people enjoy most.

What is the fruit of finance? Current coin.

How did Jonah feel when swallowed by a whale? He was down in the mouth, and went to blubber.

Why is the polka like bitter beer? There are so many hops in it.

Why is your nose in the middle of your face? Because it is the scenter.

Why is a steam engine at a fire an anomaly? Because it works and plays at the same time.

Whose best works are most trampled on? The shoemaker, because good shoes last longer than bad ones.

When is a boy in a pantry like a poacher? When he walks into the preserves.

Why are clergymen like brakemen? Because they do a great deal of coupling.

When may two people be said to be half witted? When they have an understanding between them.

Why is a jailer like a musician? Because he fingers the keys.

Why is a field of grass like a person older than yourself? Because it's past-your-age (pasturage).

Why is it absurd to call a dentist room the dental parlor? Because it is the drawing room.

Why should a man never tell his secrets in a corn-field? Because so many ears are there, and they would be shocked.

What part of a fish weighs most? The scales.

When is a soldier like a vehicle? When he makes a cart-ridge on the road.

Why are printers liable to bad colds? Because they always use damp sheets.

What fruit does a newly married couple resemble? A green pear (pair).

Can you tell the best way to make the hours go fast? Use the spur of the moment.

Why is wit like a Chinese lady's foot? Because brevity's the sole of it.

Why are parliamentary reports called "Blue Books?" Because they are never re(a)d.

Why is it absurd to ask a pretty girl to be candid? Because she cannot be plain.

Why is a sheep like a professional gambler? Because he is brought up on the turf, gambols in his youth, herds with blacklegs, and is fleeced at last.

Why is a well-trained horse like a benevolent man? Because he stops at the sound of wo.

What city is drawn more frequently than any other? Cork.

Why is a bookbinder like charity? Because he often covers a multitude of faults.

Why should an artist never be short of cash? If he knows his business he can always draw money.

What do we often catch yet never see? Passing remarks.

Why are confectioners mercenary lovers? Because they always sell their kisses.

What is there about a house that seldom falls, but never hurts the occupant when it does? The rent.

What three acts comprise the chief business of a woman's life? Attract, contract, and detract.

Why is a prudent man like a pin? Because his head prevents him from going too far.

Why are some of our officers like a dancing master's toes? Because they must be turned out.

What are the most patient objects in the shape of humanity? Statues.

Why is necessity like an angry solicitor? It knows no law.

If all the letters in the alphabet were on a mountain, what letter would leave first? D would begin the descent.

When you listen to a drum why are you a good judge? Because you hear both sides.

Why is the vowel O the only one sounded? Because all the others are in audible.

Why is a coward like a leaky barrel? Because they both run.

If a short man married a widow what will his friends call him? A widow's mite.

Who dares sit before the Queen with his hat on? Her coachman.

Why was "Uncle Tom's Cabin" not written by a woman's hand? Because it was written by Mrs. Beecher Stowe (Beecher's toe).

What animal is that from which, if you take off the tip of its tail you may make a first-rate Jew? Rabbit (Rabbi).

Why is a lame dog like a school boy adding six and seven together? Because the dog puts down three and carries one.

When is a house like a bird? When it has wings.

What moral lesson does the weather cock teach? It is vane to a-spire.

When is a lawyer like a beast of burden?
When drawing a conveyance.

When is a soldier like a watch? When he is on guard.

What are the embers of the expiring year?
Nov-ember and Dec-ember.

How is a poultry dealer compelled to earn his living? By foul means.

When was beef tea first introduced into England? When Henry VIII dissolved the Pope's bull.

Why is a butcher's cart like his top boots?
Because he carries his calves there.

Why does a maltese cat rest better in summer than in winter? Because summer brings a caterpillar (cat-a-pillow).

Is there anything a man with a kodak cannot take? Yes, a hint.

Why do American soldiers never run away?
They belong to a standing army.

Why does tying a slow horse to a post improve his pace? It makes him fast.

What is it that a man, no matter how smart he is, overlooks? His own nose.

What goes most against a farmer's grain? His reaper.

Why may we suppose that Noah had beer in the ark? Because the kangaroo went in with hops, and the bear was always bruin.

Why should potatoes grow better than other vegetables? Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

A duck before two ducks, a duck behind two ducks, and a duck between two ducks; how many ducks were there in all? Three.

What word of ten letters can be spelled with five? X-p-d-n-c (expediency).

Why should the highest apple on a tree be the best one? Because it is a tip-top apple.

How many fathers has a man? Nine: his father, his godfather, his father-in-law, his two grandfathers, and his fore- (four) fathers.

Why would a spider appear to have wings? Because it often takes a fly.

Why is a railroad exceedingly patriotic? It is bound to the country with the strongest ties.

What is the most wonderful acrobatic feat?
For a man to revolve in his own mind.

Why is chloroform like Mendelssohn? Because it is the greatest of modern composers.

Do women like to see themselves in print?
No; they prefer silk or satin.

Why are bookkeepers like chickens? Because they have to scratch for a living.

Who is the man who invariably finds things dull? The scissors grinder.

Why is the first chicken of a brood like the mainmast of a ship? Because it's a little ahead of the main hatch.

Why is a book your best friend and companion? Because when it bores you, you can shut it up without giving offense.

Why is a man in front of a crowd well supported? Because he has the press at his back.

What sort of men are most above board in their movements? Chessmen.

Why is playing chess a better occupation than playing cards? Because you play chess with two bishops and cards with four knaves.

When may ladies who are enjoying themselves be said to look wretched? When at the opera, as then they are in tiers.

Why should a minister be believed? Because he is nearly always accurate (a curate).

Why is a mad bull like a man of convivial disposition? Because he offers a horn to everybody he meets.

What should be looked into? A mirror.

Why is the map of Turkey in Europe like a frying pan? Because it has Greece on the bottom.

I partake alike in your joys, and your sorrows, and your home would not be home without me. Letter O.

How many young ladies does it take to reach from New York to Philadelphia? About one hundred, because a miss is as good as a mile.

Why should colts avoid exposure? Because they might take cold and become a little horse (hoarse).

In what respect is matrimony a game of cards? Why, a woman has a heart, a man takes it with a diamond, and after that her hand is his.

When is a new dress older than an old one?
When it's more (moire) antique.

What is the name of the plant most fatal to mice? Cat-nip.

Why is a poor singer like a counterfeiter?
Because he is an utterer of bad notes.

I am the first, and one of seven,
I live betwixt the seas and heaven;
Look not below, for I am not there,
My home is in the ancient air.
Come to my second, behold how fair
I am, how bright and how debonair;
A pleasant vision and a beauty,
A thing of life and joy and duty;
My youth is changed—I live alone,
My views are crossed—my hopes are gone;
My whole is sorrow, grief and woe,
My singing now is all heigh-ho.
A lass (alas).

What affection do landlords most appreciate? Parental (pay-rental).

When day breaks, what becomes of the pieces? They go into mourning (morning).

Why are washerwomen the silliest of women?
Because they put out their tubs to catch soft water when it rains hard.

Why is a book like a king? Because it has many pages.

When are two apples alike? When pared.

When a colored waiter drops a platter of roast turkey, why does it create a great continental disaster? Because it is the fall of Turkey, the overthrow of Greece, the ruin of Africa, and the breaking up of China.

What time should an inn keeper visit a foundry? When he wants a bar-maid.

Why was Blackstone like an Irish vegetable? Because he was a common 'tatur (commentator).

Why is an author the most wonderful man in the world? Because he is the owner of many tales and they all come out of his head.

What do you call a boy who eats all the melons he can get, whether they are green or old? He is what we call a pains-taking youngster.

What is an eaves-dropper? The icicle.

What trade is certainly one in which a man will never make a cent except by sticking at it? Bill-posting.

Why is a neglected damsel like a fire that has gone out? Because she has not a spark left.

In what place are two heads better than one? In a barrel.

Why are bells used to call people to church? Because they have an inspire-ring influence.

What is that which goes up the hill and down the hill and yet stands still? The road.

What becomes of the chocolate cake when your only son eats it? It vanishes into the empty heir (air).

When is coffee like the soil? When it is ground.

When is a bill like a gun? When it is presented and discharged.

Why is a windy orator like a whale? Because he often rises to spout.

Why is a railroad track a particularly sentimental object? Because it is bound by close ties.

What is society composed of? A mixture of mister-ies and miss-eries.

What is that which increases the more it is shared by others? Happiness.

What is taken from you before you get it? Your portrait.

When is a man, like friendship, most easily tried? When he stands a loan.

What melancholy fact is there about a calendar? There is no time when its days are not numbered.

What is the best food for dyspeptic people? Oysters; because they die-just (digest) before they are eaten.

Who are the men who have made their mark? Those who can't write.

Why is a distanced horse like a man in a shady place? Because he is out of the heat.

Why are park railings like a lady's corset? Because they confine a deer (dear).

Do you know what is the oldest piece of furniture in the world? The multiplication table.

What is the debt for which you cannot be sued? The debt of nature.

When are soldiers best able to draw blisters? When they are mustered in the service.

Why is the woodsman's ax an inconsistent weapon? Because it first cuts a tree down and then cuts it up.

Why is an inn-keeper like a multitude of people? Because he is a host himself.

Why is the blush of modesty like a little girl? Because it becomes a woman.

Why is a bad epigram like a useless pencil? Because it has no point.

If you see a counterfeit coin on the street why should you always pick it up? Because you may be arrested for passing it.

Why is Queen Victoria like a hat? Because they both have crowns.

Why is love always represented as a child? Because it never reaches the age of discretion.

What key opens the penitentiary for a dissipated man? Whis-key.

Why is a pig with a curly continuation like the ghost of Hamlet's father? Because he could a tail unfold.

Why is a plowed field like feathered game? Because it's part-ridges.

When is a dog most like a human being?
When he is between a man and a boy.

How does a boy look if you hurt him? It
makes him yell Oh! (yellow).

Why didn't the last dove return to the ark?
Because she had sufficient ground for remain-
ing.

Why is there some reason to doubt the ex-
istence of the Giant's Causeway? There are
so many shamrocks (sham rocks) in Ireland
that this may be one of the reasons.

Why are good husbands like dough? Be-
cause women need them.

Why is a specimen of extra fine handwriting
like a dead pig? Because it is done with the
pen.

When does a man feel girlish? When he
makes his maiden speech.

What is the difference between an honest
and a dishonest laundress? One irons your
linen; the other steals it.

What does a husband do who misses a train
by which he promised his wife to return?
Catches it when he gets home.

What coat is finished without buttons and put on wet? A coat of paint.

What is the greatest surgical operation on record? Lansing, Michigan.

How can you make a tall man short? Borrow money of him.

Why are fixed stars like pens, ink and paper? Because they are stationary (stationery).

Why should a person not like to gaze on the Niagara forever? Because he would always have a cataract in the eye.

What bridge is warranted to support any strain? The bridge of a fiddle.

What is that, which though black itself, enlightens the world? Ink.

Why is it dangerous to go in the woods in spring? Because the bullrush is out, the cowslips around, the grasses have blades, the flowers have pistils, and the little twigs are shooting.

Why are laws like the ocean? The most trouble is caused by the breakers.

Why is the Mississippi the most eloquent of rivers? Because it has a dozen mouths.

Why is the fly the best one among the grocers' customers? Because, when he comes for sugar, he settles on the spot.

Why does an aeronaut dislike to speak about his trips? It is generally a soar point with him.

Why is a Chinaman never perplexed? Because no matter where he finds himself he always has his cue.

What is the most popular paper at the summer resorts? Fly-paper.

In law courts what relation are the judges, sergeants and counsellors to each other? They are brothers—brothers-in-law.

Why is St. Paul like a white horse? Because they both like Timothy.

Why do men go out of the theatre? Because some plays are so solemn that the men have to go out to smile.

Why is a nail fast in the wall like an old man? Because it is infirm.

What is the difference between love and war? One breaks heads and the other breaks hearts.

What is the difference between man and butter? The older a man gets the weaker he gets, but the older the butter is the stronger it is.

When did Cæsar first visit the Irish? When he crossed the Rhine and went back to bridge it (Bridget).

What light could not possibly be seen in a dark room? An Israe-lite.

How is it that the Queen is a poor gentlewoman? She possesses only one crown.

Why is the letter B like a hot fire? Because it makes oil boil.

Why is an invalid cured by sea-bathing like a confined criminal? Because he is sea-cured (secured).

When does a public speaker steal lumber? When he takes the floor.

Why is the letter A like a honeysuckle? Because a B follows it.

What history is that which repeats itself? The history of nations. Your private history is repeated by your neighbors.

When are two tramps like common time in music? When they are two beats to a bar.

If a two-wheeled wagon is a bicycle, and a three-wheeled wagon is a tricycle, what would you call a five-wheeled one? A V-hicle of course.

Why is a ferry boat like a good rule? Because it works both ways.

What part of London is like a lame man? Cripplegate (cripple-gait).

What robe is that which you cannot weave, you cannot buy, no one can sell, needs no washing, and lasts forever? Robe of Righteousness.

How do we know the nightingales are sports? Because they have a high time after dark.

When is water most likely to escape? When it is only half-tide.

What is always behind time? The back of a clock.

What medicine is a cross dog fond of? Bark and wine (whine).

What is the difference between perseverance and obstinacy? One is a strong will and the other is a strong won't.

Unable to think, unable to speak, yet tells the truth to all the world? A true balance, or pair of scales.

What country does a crying baby sigh for? More-rock-oh, or Lapland.

Why is a coat worn by a weather-beaten tramp like a man with insomnia? Because it has not had a nap in ten years.

Why are spiders good correspondents? Because they drop a line by every post and at every house.

What does a young lady become when she ceases to be pensive? Ex-pensive.

What is the sure sign of an early spring? A cat watching a hole in the wall with her back up.

A lady asked a gentleman how old he was? He answered, My age is what you do in everything—excel (XL)

Pray find a word that will produce a chair and table? Char-i-table.

Why is it that whenever you are looking for anything you always find it in the last place you look? Because you always stop looking when you find it.

Why is the world like a cat's tail? Because it is fur to the end of it.

What is the most difficult lock to pick? One from a bald head.

If Rider Haggard had been Lew Wallace, who would "She" have been? "Ben-Hur."

What would a pig do who wished to build himself a habitation? Tie a knot in his tail and call it a pig's tie.

Why is snow like a maple tree? Because it leaves in the early spring.

Who is the first nobleman mentioned in the Bible? Baron (barren) figtree.

If a man bumped his head against the top of the room, what article of stationery would he get? Ceiling whacks. (sealing wax.)

What is a good thing to part with? A comb.

If your uncle's sister is not your aunt what relation is she to you? Your mother.

Why is a pig the most provident of all animals? Because he always carries a spare-rib about him.

Why is the church of St. Paul, London, like a bird's nest? Because it was built by a wren (Sir Christopher Wren).

For what profession are the members of a college boat crew best fitted? For dentistry, because they have a good pull.

Why has a chambermaid more lives than a cat? Because each morning she returns to dust.

Why ought the man who handles the reins on a horse-car be successful? Because he does a driving business.

What paradox may often be found in a flower garden? A white pink.

Why do carpenters have great faith in sooth-sayers? They cannot work without an auger (augur).

What does a yawning policeman resemble? An open-faced watch.

Why is a crow like a lawyer? He likes to have his caws (cause) heard.

What is the political character of a water-wheel? Revolutionary.

Why are umbrellas like good churchmen? They keep Lent so well.

Why is a cat going up three pair of stairs like a high hill? Because she's a-mountin'.

What three letters give the name of a famous Roman general? C-P O (Scipio).

Why should England be a very dry country? Because there has been but one reign there in over fifty years.

Why is a nice, but uncultured girl like brown sugar? Because she's sweet but unrefined.

Why are some women very much like tea-kettles? Because they sing away pleasantly and then all at once boil over.

What is the best way to keep fish from smelling? Cut off their noses.

Why should you never confide a secret to your relatives? Because blood will tell.

Which is the easier profession, a doctor's or a clergyman's? A clergyman's: he preaches, the doctor practices.

How can it be proven that a horse has six legs? Because he has fore legs in front and two behind.

How does light get through a prism? It hews (hues) its way through.

When is a pie like a poet? When it is
Browning.

What can pass before the sun without making
a shadow? The wind.

Why should watermelon be a good name for
a newspaper? Because its insides would really
be read.

Why should the number 288 never be men-
tioned in company? Because it is two gross.

When is a tourist in Ireland like a donkey?
When he is going to Bray.

Why are people of short memories necessarily
covetous? Because they're always for-getting
something.

What is the beginning of every end, and the
end of every place? The letter E.

Why is the tolling of a bell like the prayers
of a hypocrite? Because it is a solemn sound
by a thoughtless tongue.

What letters of the alphabet are most like a
Roman emperor? The C's are.

Why is a sneeze like Niagara? Because it's
a catarrh-act.

When does water resemble a gymnast?
When it makes a spring.

What bird is in season all the year? The weather-cock.

What would you expect to find on a literary man's breakfast table? Bacon's Remains, Final memories of Lamb, if in season, and Shelley fragments.

When is a sick man a contradiction? When he is an impatient patient.

What is the dog-star announced to be? A sky-terrier.

What is the difference between a tunnel and a speaking trumpet? One is hollowed in, the other is halloaed out.

When may a man be said to be literally immersed in business? When he's giving a swimming lesson.

What trade should one follow in order to cut a figure in the world? A sculptor.

What wind do we naturally look for after Lent? An Easter-ly one.

How do little fish have a proper idea of business? Not being able to do better, they start on a small scale.

When do cards most resemble wolves? When they belong to a pack.

What vine does beef grow on? The bo-vine.

What is the difference between the Mormons' religion and their wives? Their religion is singular, but their wives are plural.

When is a man duplicated? When he's beside himself.

If a well known animal you behead,
Another one you will have instead.
Fox (f-ox).

Why is a drunken Irishman like a sentinel going his rounds? He is pat-rolling.

Why is a Zulu belle like a prophet of old? She has not much on'er in her own country.

Why is a blacksmith like a safe steed? Because one is a horse-shoer, and the other is a sure horse.

When giving invitations to a dancing party what single word will tell the hour to begin dancing? At-ten-dance (attendance).

What is the greatest physical feat ever performed? Wheeling, West Virginia, on the Ohio.

What does an envelope say when it is licked? Just shuts up and says nothing about it.

Why is a pretty girl like an excellent mirror?
She's a good looking lass.

When is an army totally destroyed? When
the soldiers are all in quarters.

Why is too much whisky and champagne
like the flowers that bloom in the spring?
Because they make the nose gay (nosegay).

Why is a postman in danger of losing his
way? Because he is guided by the directions
of strangers.

What killed Joan of Arc? Too much hot
stake.

What is the difference between a watchmaker
and a jailer? One sells watches and the other
watches cells.

Why are lawyers the most intemperate
people? Because they are continually prac-
ticing at the bar.

What word of four syllables represents Sin
riding on a little animal? Sin-on-a-mouse
(Synonymous)

What motive had the inventor of railways in
view! A loco-motive.

With what do the mermaids tie up their
hair? With a marine band

What tree bears the most fruit to market?
The axle tree.

What is the sharpest instrument mentioned
in the Bible? The Acts (axe) of the Apostles.

Why is a banker's clerk necessarily well
informed? Because he is continually taking
notes.

Use me well and I am everybody; scratch my
back and I am nobody. A looking-glass.

What great Scotchman would you name if a
footman knocked at the door? John Knox.

Why is a billiard maker like a stage
prompter? Because he gives the players a cue.

Why is the sculptor Powers a great swindler?
Because he chiseled the Greek slave out of her
clothes.

Why is the bank of England like a thrush?
It often changes its notes.

What is it, which the man that made it does
not need, the man who buys it does not use for
himself, and the person that uses it does not
know it? A coffin.

Why are convicts like a pack of cards?
Because there is a knave in every suit.

When is a fact like a universal patent?
When it is patent to "all."

What kind of a swell luncheon would hardly be considered a grand affair? A luncheon of dried apples and warm water, which is really a swell affair.

Why is a young lady like a promissory note? Because she ought to be settled when she arrives at maturity.

What is that which always goes with its head downward? A nail in your shoe.

Why is a man just put in prison like a boat full of water? Because he wants bailing out.

What sort of a face does an auctioneer like best? One that is for bidding.

Why should a poor salesman be put in the hands of a potter? Because he is very poor clay and should be fired.

Why is an account book like a statuary shop? It is full of figures.

When a young man calls upon his sweetheart what should he carry with him? Affection in his heart, perfection in his manners, and confections in his pockets.

What is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, yet left two to each of his children? Parents.

When may a base-ball nine say its "cake is all dough"? When it does not have a good batter.

Why is it better to lose an arm than a leg? Because when you lose a leg you lose something to boot.

What key in music will make a good officer? A sharp major.

Why were the Jews of old like bad debts? Because they killed the prophets (profits).

What is political economy? Splitting your vote.

What makes everybody sick but those that swallow it? Flattery.

What jury of twelve tries us for a year? The twelve months; they all try us.

What is that which never flies except when its wings are broken? An army.

What is the difference between a very fascinating young lady and her watch? The watch makes one remember the hours, and the young lady makes one forget them.

Why is an egg like a colt? Because it is not fit for use until it is broken.

Why is a threadbare garment like a man who was up late at the ball? Because both look worn out when they lose their nap.

What bridge creates the most anxiety? A suspension bridge.

When does a cook break the game law? When she poaches eggs.

Why is a cigar-loving man like a tallow candle? Because he smokes when he is going out.

What way of showing wrath has a tea kettle? It sings sweetest when it is hottest.

Why do you always make a mistake when you put on your slipper? Because you put your foot in it.

Why is a lucky gambler an agreeable fellow? Because he has such winning ways.

Why is the leading horse in a wagon team like the acceptor of a bill? Because he's the end horse, sir (endorser).

What money brings the most substantial interest? Matri-mony.

What is a remarkable fact when the Chinese actor loses his head? He is pretty sure to lose his cue at the same time.

Why, when you paint a man's portrait, may you be described as stepping into his shoes? Because you make his feet-yours (features).

Why is the inside of everything mysterious? Because we cannot make it out.

Why is the Prince of Wales musing on his mother's government like a rainbow? Because it's the son's reflection on a steady reign.

Biblical Conundrums

BIBLICAL CONUNDRUMS

Who was the first man spoken of in the Bible? Chap. I (chap first).

Who was the first woman spoken of in the Bible? Genesis (Jennis Sis).

At what time of day was Adam created? A little before Eve.

Spell "Adam's Express Company" with three letters. E-v-e.

What one word in the Bible represents the father calling his son and the son's answering? Ben Hadad (Ben, ha-dad).

Who was a very short man spoken of in the Bible? Nehemiah (knee-high Miah).

Who was the strongest man spoken of in the Bible? Jonah, because the whale couldn't keep him down.

Who was the greatest crator spoken of in the Bible? Samson, because he brought the house down filled with his enemies.

Who was the shortest man spoken of in the Bible? Beldad the Shuhite (shoe height).

Where was paper currency spoken of first in the Bible? Where the dove left the ark and brought a green back.

Why was Noah obliged to stoop on entering the ark? Because, although the ark was high, Noah was a higher ark (hierarch).

Who took the first newspaper? Cain took A Bell's (Abel's) Life, and Joshua countermanded the Sun.

What proof have we that Moses was the most wicked man who ever lived? Because he broke the Ten Commandments all at once.

How long did Cain hate his brother? As long as he was Abel (able).

Where was æstheticism first spoken of in the Bible? Where the Lord made Balaam's ass to utter.

When were walking-sticks first mentioned in the Bible? When Eve presented Adam with a little Cain (cane).

What fur did Adam and Eve wear? Bear (bare) skin.

Who was the fastest runner in the world? Adam, because he was first in the race.

When did Moses sleep five in a bed? When he slept with his fore fathers.

The following is a good sell if properly led up to : Who was the first man? Adam? Who was the first woman? Eve. Who killed Cain? The answer will very likely be Abel.

What did Job's wardrobe consist of? Three wretched comforters.

What three words did Adam use when he introduced himself to Eve which read backward and forward the same? Madam, I'm Adam.

Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest? Because it had no Eve.

How were Adam and Eve prevented from gambling? Their pair o' dice was taken away from them.

What stone should have been placed at the gate of Eden after the expulsion? Adam aint in (adamantine).

What did Adam and Eve do when they were expelled from Eden? They raised Cain.

Why did Adam bite the apple Eve gave him? Because he had no knife.

Why was Eve made? For Adam's express company.

Who was the straightest man mentioned in the Bible? Moses, because Pharaoh made a ruler of him.

What evidence have we that Adam used sugar? Because he raised Cain.

Who was the first man condemned to hard labor for life? Adam.

Why was the giant Goliath very much astonished when David hit him with a stone? Because such a thing had never entered his head before.

Which are the two smallest things mentioned in the Bible? The widow's mite and the wicked flee.

How is it that Methusalah was the oldest man when he died before his father? His father was translated.

How many soft boiled eggs could the giant Goliath eat on an empty stomach? One, after which his stomach was not empty.

What was the difference between Joan of Arc and Noah's ark? One was Maid of Orleans, the other was made of wood.

Where did Noah strike the first nail in the ark? On the head.

Why was Eve not afraid of the measles? Because she'd Adam (had 'em).

What church did Eve belong to? Adam thought her Eve-angelical.

What two animals carried the least into the ark? The fox and cock, because they carried only a brush and comb between them.

Who had the first entrance into a theatre? Joseph, when he was taken from the family circle and put into the pit.

In what place did the cock crow so loud that all the world heard him? In the ark.

What became of Lot when his wife was turned into a pillar of salt? He took a fresh one.

Who first introduced salt meat into the navy? Noah, when he took Ham into the ark.

What animal took most baggage into the ark? The elephant, who took his trunk.

What confection did they have in the ark? Preserved pairs (pears).

What man mentioned in the Bible had no father? Joshua, the son of Nun.

What reason have we to think that Moses wore a wig? Because he was sometimes seen with Aaron and sometimes without 'Air on (hair on).

Why was Noah like a hungry cat? Because he went forty days and forty nights without finding Ararat.

If Solomon was the son of David and Joab was the son of Zeruiah what relation was Zeruiah to Joab? His mother.

NOTE.—Most persons will answer “his father,” not remembering that Zeruiah was a woman.

If “Moses was the son of Pharaoh’s daughter,” then he must have been the daughter of Pharaoh’s son.

NOTE.—Most persons will say that it was impossible for Moses to have been a daughter, etc. It will aid in understanding it to connect the words thus : “daughter-of-Pharaoh’s son.”

Poetical Conundrums

POETICAL CONUNDRUMS

Legs I have, but seldom walk ;
I backbite all, yet never talk.

A flea.

I came to a field and couldn't get through it ;
So I went to a school and learned how to do it.

Fence.

My first I hope you are,
My second I see you are,
My whole I know you are,

Wel-come.

My first's a dirty little brute,
My second's at the end on't ;
My third like many an honest man,
Is on a fool dependent.

Pig-tail.

By equal division—I know I am right—
The half of thirteen you'll find to be eight.

XIII $\frac{VIII}{AIII}$ VIII.

My number, definite and known,
Is ten times ten told ten times o'er ;
One-half of me is one alone,
The other exceeds all count and score.

Thou-sand.

There's a word composed of three letters alone,
Which reads backwards and forwards the
same ;

It expresses the sentiments warm from the
heart,

And to beauty lays principal claim.

Eye

The cat did my first with a curl of her tail,
When the game she had made quite secure
By means of my second and not of my whole,
As she ought to have done, I am sure.

Pur-chase.

Pray tell me, ladies, if you can,
Who is that highly favored man,
Who though he has married many a wife,
May still live single all his life ?

A clergyman.

Can you tell me why a hypocrite's eye
Can better descry than you or I,
On how many toes a pussy cat goes ?

A man of deceit can best count-er-feit ;
And so, I suppose, can best count her toes.

Without my first you'd look very strange,
My second you much want to be ;
My whole is what many a lady has worn,
At a ball, an assembly, or play.

Nose-gay.

Two letters often tempt mankind,
 And those who yield will surely find
 Two others ready to enforce
 The punishment that comes of course.

X-S and D-K (excess and decay).

My first doth affliction denote,
 Which my second is destined to feel ;
 My whole is a sweet antidote
 That affliction to soothe and to heal.

Wo-man !

My first of anything is half,
 My second is complete ;
 And so remains until once more
 My first and second meet.

Semi-circle.

My first makes company,
 My second shuns company,
 My third assembles company,
 My whole puzzles company.

Co-nun-drums.

Safe on a fair one's arm my first may rest,
 And raise no tumult in a husband's breast ;
 To those who neither creep, nor run, nor fly,
 The want of legs my second will supply.
 My whole's a rival of the fairest toast,
 And ~~when I~~ ^{when I} liked the best I suffer most.

Muf-fin.

What is that which is
 The beginning of eternity,
 The end of time and space,
 The beginning of every end,
 The end of every race?

Letter E.

Your initials begin with an A,
 You've an A at the end of your name,
 The whole of your name is an A,
 And its backward and forward the same.

Anna !

We are airy little creatures,
 Each have different forms and features ;
 One of us in glass is set,
 Another you will find in jet ;
 A third, less bright, is set in tin,
 A fourth a shining box within ;
 And the fifth, if you pursue,
 It will never fly from you.

Vowels.

My first a baby does when you pinch it ;
 My second a lady says when she doesn't mean
 it ;
 My third exists and no one e'er has seen it ;
 And my whole contains the world's best half
 within it.

Cri-no-line.

Formed long ago, yet made to-day,
 I'm most employed while others sleep;
 What none would like to give away,
 Yet no one likes to keep.

Bed.

What's that? What's that? Oh! I shall
 faint,

Call, call the priest to lay it!
 Transpose it, and to king and saint,
 And great and good you pay it.

Spectre; respect.

How shall the following be read?

Yy u r yy u b
 I c u r yy 4 me.

ANSWER.—Too wise you are,
 Too wise you be;
 I see you are
 Too wise for me.

How shall the following be read?

U o a o, but I o thee;
 O o no o, but O o me;
 Then let my o thy o be
 And give o o I o thee.

ANSWER.—

You sigh for a cipher, but I sigh for thee;
 Oh! sigh for no cipher, but oh! sigh for me;
 They let my cipher thy cipher be;
 And give sigh for sigh, for I sigh for thee.

How shall the following stanza be read that it may be true?

There is a lady in the land
With twenty nails on each hand,
Five-and-twenty on hands and feet,
This is true without deceit.

ANSWER.—

There is a lady in the land
With twenty nails ; on each hand
Five, and twenty on hands and feet,
This is true without deceit.

French Conundrums

FRENCH CONUNDRUMS

Je suis le capitaine de vingt quatre Soldats,
et sans moi Paris serait pris.

The letter A.

Pourquoi les amateurs du beau sexe vont-ils
souvent à l'hippodrome ?

Afin d'être en cerque assis.

Quelle difference y-a-t-il entre le souverain
de la Perse et le Viceroi d'Égypte.

C'est que l'un est chat (Shah) et l'autre pas
chat (Pacha).

Quel est le peuple le moins gai de l'univers ?

Le peuple Persan, parse qu'el est gouverné
par un Schah (chat), et que le schah fait fuir
les souris.

A French friend wishes to know : Vai ze
Keeng ov Eatalee ees laike von seengair at ze
opera oo ees loozeng ess voice ?

Parce qu'il a perdu sa voix (Savoie).

Pourquoi les Carthagenois portaient-ils tou-
jours des gants ?

Parce qu'ils n'aimaient pas l'air aux mains
(les Romans) !

Quand un gant ressemble-t-il an numero vingt-cinq.

Quand il est neuf et tres étroit (et treeze et trois) !

Un felon peut-il prendu pour devise, — “ Honneur à Dieu ” ?

Non, car il faut qu’il dise, — “ Adieu, honneur ! ”

Je ne suis par ce que je suis ; car si j’etais ce que suis, je ne serais pas ce que je suis, cependant je suis ce que je suis ; devinez que je suis ?

Un domestique qui suit sa maitresse.

Arithmetical Puzzles

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES

Write eleven thousand eleven hundred and eleven.

METHOD.— $11,000 + 1,100 + 11 = 12,111$.

What four United States coins will amount to fifty-one cents?

ANSWER.—Two twenty-five cent pieces and two half cents.

Place three 6's together so as to amount to 7.

METHOD.— $6\frac{6}{6} = 7$

Place three 2's together so as to make 24.

METHOD.— $22 + 2 = 24$

Place three 3's together so as to make 24.

METHOD.— $3^3 - 3 = 24$.

Take one from nine and make it ten.

METHOD.—Write nine thus, IX; take away the I we have X.

Add one to nine and make it twenty.

METHOD.—Nine is IX; cross the I we have XX.

Prove that one taken from nineteen leaves twenty.

METHOD.—Take the I from XIX, and we have XX.

Make four straight lines and then add five straight lines and make ten.

METHOD.—IIII; TEN.

Prove that the half of eleven is six.

METHOD.—In XI draw a line thus, $\frac{VI}{XI}$, the upper half is VI.

Prove that one added to twenty is nineteen.

METHOD.—Add I to XX we have XIX.

What number of three figures multiplied by 8 will make exactly 10?

ANSWER.— $1\frac{1}{4}$ or 1.25.

Does the top of a carriage-wheel move faster than the bottom? If so, explain the reason.

ANSWER.—The top always moves faster than the bottom.

Which is greater, and how much, six dozen dozen or a half a dozen dozen; or is there no difference between them?

The former.

Which is heavier, a pound of gold or a pound of feathers?

ANSWER.—The pound of feathers, because it is weighed by Avoirdupois weight, while gold is weighed by Troy weight.

Take fifty, add a cipher, add five, add the fifth of eight, and the total is the sum of human happiness.

ANSWER.—LOVE.

Six ears of corn are in a hollow stump; how long will it take a squirrel to carry them all out if he takes out three ears a day?

REMARK.—The “catch” is on the word ears. He takes out two ears on his head and one ear of corn each day; hence, it takes six days.

How to prove, by mathematical principles, that two unequal numbers are equal, as $4=2$.

METHOD.—All will admit that $8-8=4-4$. Divide both of these by $2-2$, and the quotient will be equal. Thus,

$$\frac{8-8}{2-2} = \frac{4-4}{2-2}, \text{ or } 4=2$$

Supposing there are more persons in the world than any one has hairs on his head; then there must be at least two persons who have the same number of hairs on their head to a hair. Show how this is.

Place 17 little sticks—matches for instance—making 6 equal squares, as in the margin. Then remove 5 sticks, and leave three perfect squares of the same size.



ANSWER—The method of doing this is indicated in the margin of this answer.



A and B have an 8 gallon cask full of wine, which they wish to divide into two equal parts, and the only measures they have are a 5-gallon cask and a 3-gallon cask. How shall they make the division with these two vessels?

METHOD.—First fill the 3-gallon cask from the 8-gallon cask ; then pour these 3 gallons into the 5-gallon cask ; then fill the 3-gallon cask again, and fill the 5-gallon cask from the 3-gallon cask ; this will leave 1 gallon in the 3-gallon cask ; then empty the 5-gallon cask into the 8-gallon cask, pour the 1 gallon from the 3-gallon cask into the 5-gallon cask, and fill the 3-gallon cask from the 8-gallon cask. There will then be 4 gallons in the 8-gallon cask.

Two men in an oyster saloon laid a wager as to which could eat the most oysters. One ate ninety-nine and the other ate a hundred, and won. How many did both eat?

REMARK.—The catch is on a hundred and *won*. When spoken it sounds as if it meant "one ate ninety-nine and the other ate a hundred and one ;" hence, the result usually given is two hundred. The correct result is one hundred and ninety-nine.

If a room with 8 corners had a cat in each corner, seven cats before each cat, and a cat on each cat's tail, what would be the whole number of cats?

ANSWER.—Eight cats.

Tell a person to think of a number, multiply by 3, multiply the product by 2, divide the result by 6, add 20, subtract the number thought of, divide by 4, and then tell him what his result is.

METHOD.—The result will be five. The reason is clear. By multiplying by 3 and 2 and dividing by 6 he has obtained the number thought of. Add 20, he has the number thought of, plus 20; then subtract the number thought of, and he has twenty. Now I know he has twenty; hence, I can tell him what he has if he divides by 4.

A farmer having an ox-chain consisting of 15 links, broke it into five equal parts, and took it to a blacksmith to be welded together. The blacksmith agreed to repair it for 50 cents for each welding; but when he presented his bill he charged for four weldings, making the bill \$2.00. The farmer objected to the bill, saying that it should have been repaired with only three weldings. How was it to be done?

METHOD.—Each piece consisted of three links; cut open the three links of one piece and use these to connect the other four pieces of the chain.

Think of a number, multiply by six, divide by three, add forty, divide by two; name the result, and I will name the number thought of.

METHOD.—Multiplying by six and dividing by three gives twice the number; add forty we have twice the number, plus forty, divide by two we have once the number, plus twenty; hence, if I subtract twenty from the result he gives me I have the number thought of.

Let a person select a number greater than 1 and not exceeding 10. I will add to it a number not exceeding 10, alternately with himself; and, although he has the advantage in selecting the number to start with, I will reach the even hundred first.

METHOD.—I make my additions so that the sums are 12, 23, 34, 45, etc., to 89, when it is evident I can reach the hundred first. With one who does not know the method, I need not run through the entire series, but merely aim for 89, and when the secret of this is seen aim at 78, then 67, etc.

Think of a number of 3 or more figures, divide by nine, and name the remainder; erase one figure of the number, divide by 9, and tell me the remainder and I will tell you what figure you erased.

METHOD.—If the second remainder is less than the first, the figure erased is the difference between the remainders; but if the second remainder is greater than the first, the figure erased equals 9, minus the difference of the remainders.

Let a person think of any number on the dial face of a watch. I will then point to various numbers, and at each he will silently add one to the number selected, until he arrives at twenty, which he will announce aloud ; and my pointer will then be on the number he selected.

METHOD.—I point promiscuously about the face of the watch until the eighth point, which should be on the “12.” I then pass regularly around toward the “1” pointing at “11,” “10,” “9,” etc., until “twenty” is called, when my pointer will be over the number selected.

Take *nine* from *six* and *ten* from *nine* and *fifty* from *forty*, and *six* will remain.

$$\begin{array}{r}
 \text{SIX} \\
 \text{IX} \\
 \hline
 \text{S}
 \end{array}
 \qquad
 \begin{array}{r}
 \text{IX} \\
 \text{X} \\
 \hline
 \text{I}
 \end{array}
 \qquad
 \begin{array}{r}
 \text{XL} \\
 \text{L} \\
 \hline
 \text{X}
 \end{array}$$

Two-thirds of six is nine, one-half of twelve is seven, the half of five is four, and six is half of eleven.

METHOD.—Two-thirds of SIX is IX, the upper half of XII is VII, the half of FIVE is IV, and the upper half of XI is VI.

Two men have 24 ounces of fluid which they wish to divide between them equally. How shall they effect the division, provided they have only three vessels ; one containing 5 oz., the other 11 oz., and the third 13 oz. ?

METHOD.—The method is similar to the division of 8 gallons in the question on page 78.

Three persons own 51 quarts of rice, and have only two measures; one a 4-quart, the other a 7-quart measure. How shall they divide it into three equal parts?

METHOD.—One-third of 51 is 17; so each must have 17 quarts. To measure 17 quarts fill the 7-quart measure twice and pour into some large vessel, making 14 quarts; then fill the 7-quart measure, draw off 4 quarts in the 4-quart measure, and then pour the remaining 3 quarts in the vessel containing the 14 quarts.

Think of a number composed of two unequal digits, invert the digits, take the difference between this and the original number, name one of the digits and I will name the other.

METHOD.—The sum of the digits in the difference is always nine; hence, when one is named the other equals 9, minus the one named.

Take any number, consisting of three consecutive digits and permute them, making 6 numbers, and take the sum of these numbers, divide by 6, and tell me the result and I will tell you the digits of the number taken.

METHOD.—The quotient consists of three equal digits; the digits of the number taken are: 1st. one of these equal digits; 2d. this digit increased by a unit; 3d. this digit diminished by a unit. The same principle holds when the digits of the number taken differ by 2, 3, or 4. It is a very pretty problem to prove that the sum is always divisible by 9 and 18.

Take any number, divide it by 9, and name the remainder. Multiply the number by some number which I name, and divide the product by 9, and I will name the remainder.

METHOD.—To tell the remainder, I multiply the first remainder by the number by which I told them to multiply the given number, and divide this product by 9. The remainder is the second number obtained.

Think of a number greater than 3, multiply it by 3; if even, divide it by 2; if odd, add 1, and then divide by 2. Multiply the quotient by 3; if even, divide by 2; if odd, add 1, and then divide by 2. Now divide by 9 and tell the quotient without the remainder, and I will tell you the number thought of.

METHOD.—If *even* both times, multiply the quotient by 4; if even 2d and odd 1st, multiply by 4 and add 1; if even 1st and odd 2d, multiply by 4 and add 2; if odd both times, multiply by 4 and add 3.

Suppose it were possible for a man in Cincinnati to start on Sunday noon, when the sun is in the meridian, and travel westward with the sun so that it might be in his meridian all the time. Now it was Sunday noon when he started, it has been noon with him all the way round, and is Monday noon when he returns. The question is, at what point did it change from Sunday noon to Monday noon?

Take any number, subtract the sum of the digits, strike out any digit from the remainder, tell me the sum of the remaining digits, and I will tell you the digit struck out.

METHOD.—Subtract the “sum of the remaining digits” from the smallest multiple of nine greater than “the sum.” The remainder will be the digit struck out.

In the bottom of a well, 45 feet deep, there was a frog which commenced traveling toward the top. In his journey he ascended 3 feet every day, but fell back 2 feet every night. In how many days did he get out?

METHOD.—He gains 1 foot a day, and in 42 days he is 3 feet from the top; and on the 43d day he reaches the top.

Think of any three numbers less than 10. Multiply the first by 2 and add 5 to the product. Multiply this sum by 5 and add the second number to the product. Multiply the last result by 10 and add the third number to the product; then subtract 250. Name the remainder and I will name the numbers thought of and in the order in which they were thought of.

METHOD.—The three digits composing this remainder will be the numbers thought of; and the order in which they were thought of will be the order of hundreds, tens, and units.

If a man had a triangular lot of land, the largest side being 136 rods, and each of the other sides 68 rods; what would be the value of the grass on it at the rate of \$10 an acre?

REMARK.—The “catch” in this is that the sides given will form no triangle.

Says A to B: “Give me four weights and I can weigh any number of pounds not exceeding 40.” Required the weights and the method of weighing.

ANSWER.—The weights are 1, 3, 9, and 27 pounds. In weighing we must put one or more in both scales, or some in one scale and some in another: thus, 7 lbs.=9 lbs.+1 lb.—3 lbs.

Three men traveling with their wives came to a river which they wished to cross. There was but one boat and but two could cross at one time; and since the husbands were jealous no woman could be with a man unless her own husband was present. In what manner did they get across the river?

METHOD.—Let the persons be denoted A, B, and C, and Mrs. A, Mrs. B, and Mrs. C. First Mr. A and Mrs. A go over; then A comes back and Mrs. B and Mrs. C go over; then Mrs. A comes back and Mr. B and Mr. C go over; then Mr. B and Mrs. B return and Mr. A and Mr. B go over; then Mrs. C returns and Mrs. A and Mrs. B go over; then Mr. C returns and takes his wife, Mrs. C, over.

A man having a fox, a goose, and some corn came to a river which it was necessary to cross. He could, however, take only one across at a time, and if he left the goose and corn while he took the fox over, the goose would eat the corn ; but if he left the fox and goose, the fox would kill the goose. How shall he get them all safely over ?

METHOD.—First he takes the goose over, then returns and takes the fox over, then brings the goose back and takes the corn over, and then returns and takes the goose over again.

How may the 9 digits be arranged in a rectangular form so that the sum of any row, whether horizontal, vertical, or diagonal, shall equal 15 ?

ANSWER.—As in the margin.

4	9	2
3	5	7
8	1	6

How may the first 16 digits be arranged so that the sum of the vertical, the horizontal, and the two oblique rows may equal 34 ?

ANSWER.—As in the margin.

1	16	11	6
13	4	7	10
8	9	14	3
12	5	2	15

In what manner may the first 25 digits be arranged so that the sum of each row of five figures may equal 65?

ANSWER.—As in the margin.

1	10	12	18	24
9	11	20	22	3
13	19	21	5	7
17	23	4	6	15
25	2	8	14	16

An old Jew took a diamond cross to a jeweler to have the diamonds reset, and fearing the jeweler might be dishonest, he counted the diamonds and found that they numbered 7 in three different ways. Now the jeweler stole two diamonds, but arranged the remainder so that they counted 7 each way as before. How was it done?

METHOD.—The form of the cross when left is represented by Fig. 1, and when returned by Fig. 2. It will be seen by the figures how the diamonds were counted by the old Jew, and how they were arranged by the jeweler, who “jewed” the Jew.

Fig. 1.	Fig. 2.
7	7
6	7 6 7
7 6 5 6 7	5
4	4
3	3
2	2
1	1

Take 10 pieces of money, lay them in a row, and require some one to put them together into heaps of two in each heap by passing each piece over two others.

METHOD.—Let the pieces be denoted by the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. Then place 7 on 10, 5 on 2, 3 on 8, 1 on 4, and 9 on 6.

A man goes to a store and purchases a pair of boots worth \$5 and hands out a \$50 bill to pay for them. The merchant, not being able to make the change, goes over the street to a broker and gets the bill changed and then returns and gives the man who bought the boots his change. After the purchaser of the boots had been gone a few hours the broker, finding the bill to be a counterfeit, comes and demands \$50 of good money from the merchant. How much does the merchant lose?

REMARK.—At first glance some say \$45 and the boots, some \$50 and the boots, some \$95 and the boots, and others \$100 and the boots. Which is correct?

A vessel with a crew of 30 men, half of whom were black, became short of provisions and fearing that unless half the crew were thrown overboard all would perish, the captain proposed to the sailors to stand upon deck in a row and every ninth man be thrown overboard until half the crew were destroyed. It so hap-

pened that the whites were saved. Required, the order of arrangement.

ANSWER.—W W W W B B B B W W B W W W B W B B W W B B B W B B W W B. This can easily be proved by trial, using letters or figures to represent men.

Suppose a hare is 10 rods before a hound, and that the hound runs 10 rods while the hare runs 1 rod. Now, when the hound has run 10 rods the hare has run 1 rod; hence they are now 1 rod apart, and when the hound has run that one rod the hare has run $\frac{1}{10}$ of a rod; hence they are now $\frac{1}{10}$ of a rod apart, and when the hound has run the $\frac{1}{10}$ of a rod they are $\frac{1}{100}$ of a rod apart; and in the same way it may be shown the hare is always $\frac{1}{10}$ of the previous distance ahead of the hound; hence the hound can never catch the hare. How is the contrary shown mathematically? How far will the hound run to catch the hare.

ANSWER.—The distance the hound runs will be represented by the series $10 + 1 + \frac{1}{10} + \frac{1}{100} + \frac{1}{1000}$, to infinity. The sum of this series can be found by the algebraic formula $S = \frac{a}{1-r}$, in which $a=10$ and $r=\frac{1}{10}$. Substituting the value of a and r we have

$$S = \frac{10}{1 - \frac{1}{10}} = \frac{10}{\frac{9}{10}} = \frac{100}{9} = 11\frac{1}{9}.$$

This may be solved more simply as follows: The hound runs 10 times as fast as the fox, hence 10 times the distance the fox runs equals the distance the hound runs. Then 10 times the distance

the hound runs, minus once the distance the fox runs, which is 9 times the distance the fox runs, is 10 rods; and once the distance the fox runs is $\frac{1}{9}$ of 10 rods, or $\frac{10}{9}$ rods; and 10 times the distance the fox runs, or the distance the hound runs, is 10 times $\frac{10}{9}$ or $\frac{100}{9}$, or $11\frac{1}{9}$ rods.

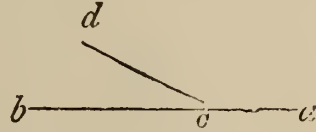
If through passenger trains, running to and from Philadelphia and San Francisco daily, start at the same hour from each place (difference of longitude not being considered) and take the same time—seven days—for the trip, how many through trains will the Pacific Express, that leaves the San Francisco depot at 9 P. M. Sunday, have met when it reaches the Philadelphia depot?

ANSWER.—As the Pacific Express starts from San Francisco, a train which left Philadelphia the previous Sunday reaches San Francisco, which is not to be counted as a meeting of trains. There are, however, six other trains on the way which it will meet. Also, a train starts from Philadelphia on the same Sunday as the train starts from San Francisco, another on Monday, another on Tuesday, etc., up to Saturday—that is, seven trains, all of which it meets, making, with the six trains previously started, thirteen trains in all which it meets. A train leaves Philadelphia on Sunday at the same time the Pacific Express reaches there, but this is not counted as a meeting.

A switch siding to a single-track railroad is just long enough to clear a train of eight cars and a locomotive. How can two trains of six

teen cars and a locomotive, each going in opposite directions, pass each other at this siding and each locomotive remain with, and have the same relative position to its own train after as before passing?

ANSWER.—Let one train and its locomotive be denoted by A, and the other train and locomotive by B, and let the track be denoted by ab and the siding by cd , and suppose train A to be going in the direction of ab , and train B in the direction of ba . Then let locomotive B, with eight cars, run out toward a , past c , and back up on the siding with its eight cars; then let train A run out toward b , past c ; then let B draw its eight cars on to the main track and run out toward a ; then let train A back over toward a , past c , and locomotive A be detached from train A and run over toward b and connect with the eight cars of train B and draw them over past c , and back them up on the siding, and then run off the siding and connect again with its own cars and run on toward b , past c ; then let locomotive B back its eight cars and, turning on the siding, connect the two halves of its train and move off past a , the train A moving on at the same time past b .



A and B went to market with 30 pigs each. A sold his pigs at 2 for \$1, and B sold his pigs at the rate of 3 for \$1, and they, together, received \$25. The next day A went to market alone with 60 pigs, and, wishing to sell at the

same rate, sold them 5 for \$2, and received only \$24. Why should he not receive as much as when B owned half of the pigs?

ANSWER.—The rate of 2 pigs for \$1 is 1 pig for $\$ \frac{1}{2}$, and the rate of 3 pigs for \$1 is 1 pig for $\$ \frac{1}{3}$; the average rate is 2 pigs for $\$ \frac{1}{2} + \$ \frac{1}{3}$, or $\$ \frac{5}{6}$, or 1 pig for $\$ \frac{6}{5}$. The rate of 5 pigs for \$2 is 1 pig for $\$ \frac{2}{5}$. So it is seen that the reason A did not receive as much is that he sold his pigs at a less rate than when they both went to market.

Two hunters killed a deer and sold it by the pound in the woods. They had no proper means of weighing it, but knew their own weights—one 130 pounds and the other 190 pounds. They placed a rail across a fence so that it balanced with one of them on each end. They then exchanged places, the lighter man taking the deer in his lap, and the rail again balanced; what was the weight of the deer?

ANSWER.—Let the weight of the deer be denoted by D; then, by the principles of the lever, we have the proportion:

$$130 : 190 = 190 : 130 + D :$$

$$\text{Or, } 130(130 + D) = 190 \times 190 ;$$

$$\text{Whence, } 16900 + 130 D = 36100 :$$

$$\text{Or, } 130 D = 19200 ;$$

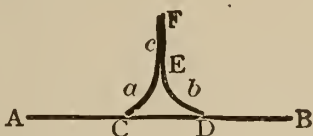
$$\text{And, } D = 147 \frac{9}{13}.$$

Who can solve the following problem?
A hundred and one by fifty divide,
And next let a cipher be duly applied,

And if the result you should rightly divine,
You'll find that the whole makes but one out
of nine.

EXPLANATION.—CI, CLI, CLIO (Clio, the muse of history, one of the *nine* muses).

Suppose the figure to represent railroad tracks, C D and E F being each the length of a car or locomotive, and *a* and *b* each representing a car on the track and *c* representing a locomotive on E F. Now how can the locomotive change the relative position of *a* and *b* so that *b* will be on the track where *a* is and *a* will be on the track where *b* is?



ANSWER.—The locomotive *c* backs *a* down and out toward A, then runs over toward B and backs *b* up on E F, then runs back toward B and goes over toward A, then runs up C E and draws *b* down on C E, then runs over toward A and gets car *a*, draws it over toward B and backs it up on D E. It can also be readily done by first backing *a* down on A C and drawing to and leaving it on C D.

TALKS

CONTENTS

MONOLOGUES

	PAGE
My Experience in the Dry Goods Business	7
A Few Remarks on Pants	10
A Lesson in Etiquette	13
When I was a Baker	16
The Story of the Old Arm-Chair	17
My Son John	20
Patents Applied For	23
Salt Water Adventures	27
Hard Luck	30
Hannah Beasley	33
A Quiet Summer Resort	35
What I saw in Washington	39
The Hebrew Children	41
A Fowl Proceeding	44

	PAGE
My Wife	46
My Boarding Houses	49
The Horse Business	51
The Stock Broker	54
Superstition	58
The Census Enumerator	62

POETIC EFFUSIONS

The Minstrel's Seven Ages	66
Poetic Inspiration	69
Willie and his Esmeralda	70
An Adhesive Poem	72
Only	73
A "Yaller" Dog's Love for a Nigger	75

PARODIES ON POPULAR SONGS

Down on the Farm	77
In the Gloaming	79
The Moss Covered Onion	80
Banana	81
The Blue Alsacian Mountains	83

CONTENTS

5

	PAGE
Think it Over	84
Home, Sweet Home	85
Grandfather's Pants	87
Montravers O'Brien	89

SAMPLES OF MY PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE

Ex-President Cleveland's Anniversary Letter (Written on his 50th Birthday)	96
John McCullough's Indorsement	96
An Invitation from Sara Bernhardt	97
From the Rev. Dr. Houghton	98
"Eli Perkins's" Letter	98
English Wit and Sarcasm	99
From a Composer	100
An Application from an "Artist"	101
The "Shindig" did it	103
A Lost Opportunity	103
Terms Accepted	104
A Good Subject	105
A Rival Intercepted	105

	PAGE
Contrary Opinions	106
Written Under Difficulties	107

CONDENSED TALKS

On Various Subjects	110
Clippings from the Press	115
Advice to Amateurs	123
What Constitutes Successful Management	130
Valedictory	138

MONOLOGUES

MY EXPERIENCE IN THE DRY GOODS BUSINESS

When I was a boy, a little after seventeen—about half-past seventeen—I was compelled to stand behind a dry goods counter all day long, and unless you have had some experience as a “tape wrestler,” you cannot imagine how irksome it becomes to one of a sensitive nature and so highly strung as I am. In fact, all my relations are high strung. I had a cousin who was hanged, but it wasn’t through dry goods, and it was very much against his will. He was fortunate in one respect—he escaped the trying existence of a dry goods clerk.

Just imagine three or four hundred ladies coming in all at one time, asking different

questions and seeing who can give you the most work. For instance, one of them makes you pull down the top bolt on the top shelf. You tell her you have the same shade on the lower shelf. She says she "don't like lower-shelf shade." Then you have to climb up and pull down that bolt of cloth for her. She looks at it, pinches it, holds it up to the light, asks you "will it wash?" "will it shrink?" "is it cut bias?" or "who is it cut by?" Says, "I don't think I'll take it—saw a remnant at Wanamaker's, twenty-four cents a yard—same stuff." All the time she's talking to you she's got her eye on another bolt on the top shelf. You've got to get up after that. By that time she has found out you can climb. Then she says, "won't you please tell me where the ribbon counter is," and walks out of the store.

But that isn't anything. I was paid to do that, and it was my business. But just fancy the questions they asked me, and I only seven-

teen years old. A lady came into the store one day and said, "Young man, have you got any kids?" I bet I blushed—she meant gloves—kid gloves. An old lady came in one day and said she wanted some "More antique." I said, "How much have you had now?" and she said, "Had what?" I said, "How much have you had on tick?" Laws! but she was mad. She took out her smelling bottle, pulled out the cork, and I was laid up with catarrh for three weeks.

A lady came in one day and said, "Can I see your hose?" I said, "Ma'am?" She said, "Could I see your stockings?" I said, "Now?" She said, "Do you keep ladies' hose?" I said, "Yes'm, when we can't sell 'em we keep 'em." Then I asked her, "What color?" and she said, "Solid color." I asked her if she "lived in town;" she said, "Why do you ask?" I told her "solid colors prevail in the country," and suggested stripes. "They're more worn," I said—"worn more, I mean—don't mean

they're worn-out more—but they're worn—more out—outside more.” I got confused a little, but I sold her the hose, at all events.

There was a woman came in the store one day as black as the ace of spades—a colored woman—and she wanted a pair of flesh-colored stockings. I showed her a black pair, and she pulled a stiletto out of her hair and was going to stab me. I said, “Madam, you asked for flesh-colored stockings; this is the nearest match we have.” But she wanted white people’s flesh-colored stockings. I sold her a pair; they must have been as becoming as a stick of licorice in a plate of ice-cream.

A FEW REMARKS ON PANTS

I was coming down the street just now, and upon my word I thought some lunatic asylum had broken loose; everybody was

laughing at me, actually laughing because the pockets of my coat hang down so much lower than the rest of the garment. I don't see anything to laugh at in that. Besides, I couldn't stop and explain the reason to everybody. I couldn't stop and say, eggs, to every one, but that was it—eggs. Yes, I had some eggs, and I was carrying them, and the eggs got bruised—broke, you know—and a bruised egg isn't what it's cracked up to be, and I took it to a cleaner's to have it cleaned, and everything shrunk but the pockets. I think I shall cut the pockets out, for they seem to grow longer every day. It would improve the appearance of the coat. Then, again, if they keep on growing longer, I may get enough out of them to make a pair of pants.

By the way, speaking of pants, reminds me of a conversation I had with a young lady to whom I was paying my addresses. I am averse to paying anything as a rule, but I made an exception of

this particular young lady, and so-- well, that is neither here nor there. This young lady, like most other young ladies, had a dog—a pet dog—and it was nip and tuck between myself and the other d— I mean poodle, as to whose aforesaid addresses the young lady fancied the most. It was a case of dog eat dog.

I suppose you don't see what this has to do with pants, but I'm coming to it. Well, Fido (that was the doggie's dog-on name) was playing with me one day on the lawn. We would bark at each other, then I'd snap and show my teeth, all for the young lady's amusement. Occasionally to vary the monotony, I would throw a little rubber ball and Fido would run and fetch it. Finally Fido became exhausted, and I remarked to my inamorata, "See how the little dog pants." Do you know she took me up in a moment, and said, "Georgy, you must not say 'see how the little dog pants,' it's vulgar. You must say 'see how the little dog trowsers.'"

A LESSON IN ETIQUETTE

What a beautiful thing is etiquette! When I was a boy that was the first thing my mother taught me. That's the reason I am so refined. Why, refinement was all we knew at home. In fact, we kept what you might call a refinery. You could find etiquette all about the house. It's about all you could find; but we lived up to its rules.

Mother was a strict etiquetarian; but there are different kinds of etiquette; for instance, there is table et- and street et- and conversational et-, and et-cetera. Oh, indeed, we made a constant study of Chesterfield—he used to board with us, he exchanged lessons for board. Now, for example, take table etiquette; how simple to live up to it, and be a gentleman. “Chesty”—we always called him “Chesty,” for short—always impressed upon us that we should never eat soup with a sponge;

and then, again, he says: In the best society—the bon-ton, if you belong to the 400—it is not good etiquette, when you sit down to dinner, to take your shoes off.

But when we had asparagus, ah! that's what used to tax our etiquette. We didn't have it very often, but you know how, etiquettly speaking, you have to dally with it. We used to take a towel—we had no napkins. Well, you take the towel, and you wipe your "spar," so-see—just a plain towel!—no soap—just a plain, dry wipe, thus—so it can't slip, when you are prepared to seize it. Then you turn your back to the guests at the table, and they all close their eyes and look out the window. Then you clutch the "spar" between your index thumb and your convex finger, slide down in your chair to an angle of twenty-five degrees, throw your head back, open your mouth, and let her slide.

Then, again, we have conversational etiquette—that was my strong point, but there

are so many different views on this particular branch; for instance, there is the Boston and Chicago; see how they differ. I'll show you an example that came under my observation a short time ago. A Boston young man and his Chicago lady love; he—the young Bostonese—breaking the silence one evening, said to his Chicagoeses: “Rosalie” (she, coming from Chicago, he called her Rosalie, the Prairie flower) her name wasn't Prairie flower, it was Rosalie Foot—you know what a Chicago foot is—but I digress. He said, “Rosalie, I have been musing on Browning, immortal Browning; his words are ever like a mystic throb, and Swinburne, too; what a divine master of sensuous perspective. I hardly know which I poetically adore the most. Tell me, Rosalie, which do you like the better?” That's Boston. Then what do you think the Chicago young lady replied? “Cheese it, Jim, you're off your base.” There's a contrast.

WHEN I WAS A BAKER

Among my various pursuits in life I know of no occupation that ever impressed me more forcibly than the bakery business. Yes, I was once upon a time a baker. There are many worse men than bakers; history, that is, ancient history, tells us that the bakers are a rising generation. When I was in that line I used to board in a house with seven other bakers. We all slept in one bed, and when we wanted to turn over we all had to turn at once. I was the one that used to say "turn," and another fellow used to say "ready." As soon as they were all ready I'd say "turn," and the other fellow would say "ready" and over they'd go.

One night there was a new boarder at the house, another baker, and he made eight; he was a stranger, and when they all got ready to turn, the other fellow said "ready," and I said "turn," but the new man didn't

understand it, and he got his arm broken.

I was a moral young man when I was a baker. I used to go to church every Sunday, but there is one particular Sunday that is vividly impressed upon my mind. The preacher was telling us all about what was right and what was wrong, but unfortunately I was half asleep. I don't exactly remember which half, but the preacher was very earnest, and he told us to prepare ourselves, and he shouted out "are you ready?—are you ready?"—just then I woke up quick and said "turn." I was so ashamed of myself that I didn't go to church again for two years.

THE STORY OF THE OLD ARM-CHAIR

I want to tell you a little story about an old lady. To begin with, or, that is, to finish with, to begin my story and to finish the old lady, she died. Of course, an old

lady dies every day, but not this particular old lady to whom I refer. Well, as I was saying, this old lady was very rich, she was worth one hundred thousand dollars when she died, and you know it's as hard for a rich person to die as it is for a camel to go to Heaven. I think I've reversed that, but I want to give the camel a chance.

Well, when the old lady died she was dead, and she didn't know her destination, but she sent for her summer clothes. You see, the papers said she died intestate, but she died in New York State. She had two boys, both sons, and she left one of the boys, the other one the money, and the other, other one, son, boy, got just a common arm-chair. Of course, the other boy, son, why he laughed a sarcastic laugh at his brother, but he just took the chair, and he got married. After he got married his wife took the chair.

And all this time the other son was having a high old time with his hundred thou-

sand dollars, buying lottery tickets and peanuts, and all sorts of luxuries.

Business was awful bad with the other boy that had the arm-chair. You see, he was a musician ; he used to play the banjo at funerals ; he would get a dollar and a quarter a funeral, but the people round about where he lived were so healthy they wouldn't die, so he set up in a new business. He was a fretter. I guess you don't know what that is, so I'll explain it. You see, if anybody in town was worried or owed any money or had to meet a note and couldn't do it, why they used to hire him to fret for them, and they could go home and sleep or go about their business. It was a great relief to their minds, but there was so much opposition he had to give it up. So one day he came home loaded with grief and something stronger, and he threw himself in the old arm-chair just as hard as he could throw his two hundred and fifty pounds—you see he weighed quite some—

and the concussion of all those pounds coming down so unexpectedly on the venerable old chair caused a demolition. The old chair went into splinters, and, lo! and behold, hid in its own concealment, in the bottom of the chair was two hundred thousand dollars; and he went to his brother, the other son, who wouldn't give him anything, and gave him the same, and said, "Wouldn't you like to have the old arm-chair?"

Then he went to Congress, and nobody has ever heard of him since.

MY SON JOHN

Talk about boys! I've got one, and for downright stupidity he certainly is beyond anything I ever saw in all my life. The word stupid is not strong enough, it does not half express it. He does some of the most outlandish things I ever heard tell of.

Now, for an example. My wife sent him to the butcher's one day last week to see if he had pig's feet. He came back and told his mother he couldn't tell, the butcher had his shoes on. Stupid and lazy! Well, the fact is he was born tired. Why when we want to get him up early in the morning we have to wake him up two hours before he goes to bed.

He goes to Sunday-school, and what do you think he said last Sunday? You see, the teacher always asks the same questions every Sunday. She says to the first boy, "Who made you?" Then the little boy replies, "The Lord made me." Then she asks the next boy—that's my boy, he's No. 2—"Who was the first man?" And he says, "Adam," and so on down to the foot of the class. Well, last Sunday the first boy was absent, so that made my boy first, and the teacher began with "Who made you?" My boy said, "Adam." Then the teacher corrected him and said, "No, no, the Lord

made you." Then my boy said, "No, sir; the little boy the Lord made didn't come to-day."

Oh! he's a great boy, and to add to his other accomplishments, he's the biggest coward of his size I ever saw. He is frightened to death at thunder and lightning. Last night he was up-stairs in his bed, his mother was in the parlor, and it was raining very hard, with an occasional burst of thunder. Suddenly his mother heard him cry and scream at the top of his voice. She ran up-stairs, frightened to death. She thought he had a fit, or something. He was sitting straight up in bed and screaming that he was afraid of the lightning. His mother said, "Don't be afraid, Johnny, remember the Lord is with you; nothing can hurt you." "Is He here now, in this room?" he asked. "Yes," his mother said, "He's always with you." She went down-stairs after reassuring him, but she had hardly reached the foot of the stairs when there

was a terrible clap of thunder that shook the whole house, and Johnny shouted, "Say, mother, you come up-stairs and stay with the Lord, and I'll go down in the parlor."

PATENTS APPLIED FOR

I have a friend; that is, he isn't a friend, but he lives next door to me. His wife borrows coal from my wife, and he's a peculiarly eccentric individual. He's always talking about inventions, and going to Washington to patent them. You see, when you get out anything new, and want to secure it, you have to go to Washington, and go up to the Patent Office, and ask for Mr. Patent, and tell him what you have got, and he says ten dollars, or ten hundred, it just depends upon what kind of humor he is in, and that protects you—till some other fellow gets out an invention just like it, and don't go to Washington. Then you

both engage lawyers, and when you get through, the lawyers own both the inventions, and have mortgages on your life-insurance policies, and all the other little delicacies.

My neighbor, the one I was speaking of, has talked inventions to me till I must confess I have the patent fever myself, but not so bad as Blobsom—that's my neighbor's name—he is certainly in a fair way to go to an insane asylum on the subject—he would if it wasn't for the coal. He called to me over the fence last Wednesday. "Hello, old man," says he. "What's wrong, Blöb?" says I—I call him Blob for short, short Blob. But his name isn't Blob for short—though he's usually in that condition. Well, to continue, he said, "I've got a great invention." "What is it?" said I. "I've got an invention for removing stains from coal—I mean clothing." Of course, being a little interested in inventions, I asked him the nature of the new discovery. He

replied, "You take a pair of pants with a big spot on them, see?" I told him I was not in the habit of taking spotted pants if they didn't belong to me. Then he lucidly explained—so that I comprehended his meaning—and said, "You take the pants, and hold them in your left hand thus, and in your right hand take a pair of scissors, and you cut the spot out." "But," said I, "you ruin the pants." "I know," said he, "but I get the spot out."

Then he told me about an invention for removing the odor of paint from a house. What do you think it was? To "fry onions." I asked him how he was going to get rid of the smell of the onions, and he said, "Put on a fresh coat of paint." Oh! he is a wonderfully inventive genius.

But I am going to apply for a patent on one of my own inventions in a few days. It will be a great benefit to the laboring classes—a blessing to the poor working-man, who comes home from a hard day's labor, and

has to climb up five stories. His wages won't permit him to live any higher, and the stony-hearted landlord makes him keep his coal way down in the cellar. I think it is simply barbarism—home the poor fellow comes, tired out, eats his supper, goes to bed, gets up at six, and has to carry the coal up those five flights of stairs to build the fire. Now, he can obviate that, he can do as I do—send his wife down.

But that isn't the patent, that one's a little convenient invention of my own. I'll take you into my confidence, and tell you what my patent is. It's a rat-trap, for trapping raps—I mean for rapping traps—I should say for trapping rats. It's very simple. It's a round, oblong, square sort of an oblique, triangular object. Well, you get a piece of cheese, about as large as an ordinary piece of cheese, and you put it in the trap, attaching it to the automatic valve, on the left of the perpendicular observatory, and then you get a rat. If you haven't got one, you borrow

one from the neighbors. If you can't borrow one, you find a convenient rat-hole. Then you place the trap in front of the hole, and you take a newspaper. Then you sit down on the floor close to the cheese—I should say trap—and hold the paper in front of you, and stay there till the rat comes out. Then he goes in the trap and eats the cheese, and finally, if you keep perfectly quiet, he will devour so much of the cheese, will get so overcome, through his gluttony, that he can't move. Then you remove the newspaper, and make faces at him till he dies.

SALT-WATER ADVENTURES

I am very fond of the briny deep. I always had a desire to lead a seafaring life, and yacht-racing was always a weakness of mine. There was a big yacht-race arranged last summer, and all the crack crafts from

every part of the navigable country were to take part. "Thousands of vessels will go down there loaded with people," I said to myself; "and there won't be pilots enough there for all of them." So I concluded to go down and get a position as pilot and make a little money. Perhaps you don't know what a pilot is, so I will explain. A pilot is a man who steers vessels across the bar. Of course, you know that a bar is a place where water is scarce and danger is near. Now, when I got down there I commenced steering too many schooners across the bar and I had to come back. When I was tacking, I struck another bar and came near swamping. But I could live on the water—with an occasional accompaniment.

My brother Bill and I went to sea once. It wasn't our fault, but we were both so incorrigible that mother concluded to put us out of harm's way, but before she sent us on board ship she concluded to give us another trial. She was very fond of us, though, but

she was afraid of us. She heard there was going to be an earthquake down our way—she didn't care any more for earthquakes than she did for father, so she wrote a note to my Aunt Cynthia down the country and told her to look out for Bill and me. She said she was going to send us down to stay a couple of weeks till the earthquake was over. We only stayed down there about ten hours, when Aunt Cynthia sent us back to mother and sent word to send down the earthquake. That settled it. The very next day we were shipped before the mast—that is, we went the same time the mast did. Bill didn't like it a bit. I'll never forget one night on board. You see, there was a cannon on board. I said to Bill, "Let's fire it off." He said, "The captain might hear us." "I guess not," said I; "we can fix that." So I told Bill to take a bucket that was on deck and hold it over the mouth of the cannon to deaden the sound; so he held it over the muzzle and held on to the rail.

The cannon went off, and Bill went with it. The captain came on deck, looked around, and asked for Bill. I told him he had gone to fetch a bucket of water. Then he asked me when he would be back, and I said if he came as quick as he went he was due now.

Mother never knew what became of Bill after that, neither did I.

HARD LUCK

I think I am the most unfortunate man in the world. Of late everything I undertake seems to go the wrong way. Last night, however, I thought I was going to have my luck changed. A man came up to me and said, "George, I'll give you a dollar and a half to go out to Manayunk and back for me if you will do it in twenty minutes."

I knew I couldn't do it, but I needed the money, so I looked all around for a hack. They wanted two dollars, a dollar and seventy-five cents, and a dollar and a

quarter. I couldn't get any one to go for a dollar and a half. Finally I ran across one of these old night-hawks. You've seen them; they tie their hacks together with strings. They usually have a rope and pulley for harness to keep the poor old horse on his feet.

Well, I got inside, and the "Jehu" slammed the door. I couldn't get out if I wanted to. No doubt you've seen the kind of hacks I refer to. I told him to drive fast, and he went along at a six-forty gait, and when I shouted faster, he started the old nag up, and how it did shake that poor dilapidated rig! Then I screamed aloud, "Not so fast," but he thought I said faster, and on he went. Presently we got down to the crossing and the bottom fell out of the hack, and I had to run all the way inside of it out to Manayunk.

But it was just my luck. Why, if it was raining soup I'd be caught with a fork in my pocket. Speaking of soup reminds me. I

was so hungry the other day that I could hardly close my teeth, but my natural pride forbid my making known my condition. I could have eaten anything. Finally I passed by a beautiful residence, with a nice lawn in front. You can hardly believe it, but I was in such a state, I opened the gate, went right in on that lawn, and the grass looked so green and tempting I began to eat it. Just then a very beautiful young lady looked out of the upper window at me with a most pitiful expression, and said, "Are you hungry, young man?" I said, "Yes, Miss, I am starving." I could not keep the secret any longer, so she said, "Wait a minute," and then went away. I saw visions of boned turkey and terrapin in the distance, but presently she returned and said, "Young man, pa says you can go in the back yard, the grass is longer there."

HANNAH BEASLEY

I hope nobody saw me as I came around the corner just now. I happened, by the purest accident, to meet Miss Beasley—Hannah—and she walked all the way up to the corner, and she talks, laws! you can hear her half a mile. She takes up more room with her voice than any one I ever saw—her voice does travel! But she is a nice girl, and she's a little bit gone on me I think, but I can't help that. If I don't reciprocate, it isn't anybody's fault.

She has a nice gait though, but her nose! Well, you talk about noses. She wore it off looking through window-panes at parades. She isn't very pretty, in fact, she never dares go out on Sunday with her face, she'd break the Sabbath with it; but she can't help that. It was a birthday present. And then her feet! Well, they're of such dimensions that she has to wear her brother's shoes. I never saw such feet, and **they** aren't mates, either.

But I don't like to talk about her, poor girl; she isn't well—far from it—she is quite ill. Her brother says she has one foot in the grave already. There is one consolation for the family, she'll never get the other one in, not in the same grave, at all events. I didn't think she would speak to me to-day—in fact, I heard she was around looking for me with a Wade & Butcher, but I explained the matter and my mind is easier.

It was such a foolish thing to get mad about—just about a dog—a common yaller dog. I promised her the dog and he died, so I wrote her a letter, and I just said in it, “Dearest Hannah, I write to let you know the dog I promised you is dead, and I hope these few lines will find you the same.” Now what trifles some women will get mad about! She's not bright, and sometimes says very peculiar things. What do you think! I was passing a grocery store with her just before I came here, and there was a basket of cocoanuts out in front, and she

hollered right out, "O George! just look at those potatoes with whiskers."

The first time I met Hannah was down at Atlantic City, two years ago, come summer before last summer. She was bathing—she weighs about 350 pounds, and if you could only see her float! She had her feet with her, too, and she dives with such agility for a fleshy lady—head first—she has to, if she went feet first she'd never come up again. This particular day when I saw her she was floating along, on the top of the water, her feet up above the tide, and a thousand people stood on shore waving their handkerchiefs.

They all thought it was a boat race.

A QUIET SUMMER RESORT

Last summer I made up my mind to have a quiet, old-fashioned, peaceful time. I had tried Saratoga, Long Branch, the Catskills,

Atlantic City, and in fact all the fashionable resorts, but I longed for a real old, go-to-bed-at-nine-and-get-up-at-five resort. So I determined to find some spot away from the railroads, some sequestered farm-house that could accommodate me during the heated term. At last, after reading the advertisements in a morning paper, I struck one that seemed to suit my fancy, and I opened negotiations at once.

At the end of a week I was ensconced on old Job Robinson's farm in upper New Jersey. Oh, it was such a change!—try it; you have no idea what an appetite it gives one. Just think of it! You get up in the morning at five o'clock, take a walk out in the back lot, about a quarter of a mile from the house, and pump water in an antiquated tin wash-pan, and with a piece of brown soap that's left from Monday's wash you proceed to take your morning's ablution. Then you dry your face and hands with the grass, sit down on a hard bench and look at

the cows for about an hour, until breakfast is ready. Such a delightful breakfast! Ham! But the breakfast is not to be compared with dinner, for then you have—ham. Then you go out in the sunny fields and watch them plough, and for novelty's sake you take a turn at it yourself. Oh! it is such amusement to yell “jee, whoa” and “gee up” for about five hours; it expands the lungs, and it gives one such an appetite for supper. That is the great meal of the day—and consists of—ham! After the third ham—I should say meal—you all sit down in the parlor and sing hymns till bed-time, and then finally retire to a nice airy room.

I could hear the rain patter on the roof, and whatever skipped the roof pattered all over the bed. I got up one rainy night to look for a life preserver, and my foot went down through a stove-pipe hole. After I extricated myself I stepped on a lot of chestnut burs, and to add to my rural bliss.

when I went to jump back in bed I ran a scythe in my eye. My bed was evidently framed on a new patent. I think they called it a toboggan couch. I kept sliding down all night. I woke up one morning with both feet in a milk-can.

I shall never forget one morning about daybreak, after going through one of my usual evenings of broken repose, I espied on one of the rafters a bottle with an old familiar label, bearing the appearance of age, and though the cobwebs had settled on it I could, from the point of view I occupied, just distinguish those two gladdening words, "Old Crow." I said to myself, "How thoughtful of the dear old farmer"—and as I proceeded to revel in its contents, I forgave them for the ham and chestnut burs. I forgot the scythe and stove-pipe hole, and with one gulp I swallowed half the contents of the bottle before I discovered what it was. Horrible to relate—it was goose grease!

WHAT I SAW IN WASHINGTON

I have just returned from Washington, D. C. I dare say you can tell that by the look of anguish on my countenance. Henceforth forever and hereafter I forswear politics. What is the use of a man sitting up all night helping a candidate to spend his money, if, after the aforesaid candidate is elected, he forgets how, when he has shouted, "Set 'em up," you have responded to his patriotic appeal.

Politics are a thing of the past with me, and Washington—well, I have up my mind to forget that such a place exists. I couldn't find my friend; he was on the Committee of Ways and Means. He always had a mean way about him, anyhow. I went up to the Capitol and asked an old gentleman there if he knew my friend, and he said he thought he belonged in the House. I said I thought so too, at least at bed-time, but he

never was there. He said, "Where?" I said, "In his house." The old gent laughed and quit me. Then I inquired of another party, and he said he was on the Investigating Committee. I ventured to ask him in what scheme they were going to invest, and he said, "A scheme to make chickens lay boiled eggs." I asked, "How?" And he said, "By pouring hot water down their throats."

Talk about there being no more cranks in Washington! Why, there are more cranks to the square inch than you will find on all the base-ball grounds in the Players' League. I was bound not to leave there until I got some satisfaction. So I went up to the White House and saw "Bennie." I didn't call him by his first name then. I simply rang the bell and told the man that came to the door that I had come a long way and wanted to see Mr. President Harrison. And he said, "Your name?" And almost as soon as I told him, I was shown

into the Blue Room. By the way, that is a very appropriate name for a reception-room for office-seekers. I said, "Mr. President, do you recognize me?" And he replied, "Oh! yes; I recognize you, but I can't place you." He said I should have the first vacancy, so I wandered around for a day or two and became very disconsolate. Suddenly, one morning, while walking along the banks of the Potomac, I saw the body of a man floating in the river. I recognized it as one of the watchmen of the Treasury building. I rushed up to the President at once and told him about the vacancy. What do you think he said? "Too late—I've just appointed the man that saw him fall in."

THE HEBREW CHILDREN

Some of the best friends I have are Hebrews, and when you find them as such they are staunch ones, and besides a He-

brew can appreciate a joke—even at his own expense—as long as it is within the limits of reason. There are quite a number of them where I board. Isidore Yesky is staying there now. He don't belong in town; he's a merchant up on the Hudson. They tell a story of Isidore something like this: He had bought a great many bills of goods from Cohen, Cohen & Cohen, and that firm, feeling magnanimous, concluded to remember him. So they sent the drummer, Moritz Plovosky, who had made the sales to Yesky, and gave him a necktie to present to Isidore. Now, Isidore naturally became angry at so trifling a present, whereupon the drummer returned and told the senior partner that Isidore wouldn't take the necktie. So the senior partner said: "Did he buy much goods, lately?" (meaning Isidore). "Yes," said the drummer, "he bought a thousand-dollar order last week." "Did he pay cash?" asked the elder Cohen. "Five hundred dollars cash, and he gave

us his note for five hundred dollars," said the drummer. "Well, then, give him the note." So Mr. Drummer came back to Isidore and remarked: "The firm have reconsidered about the necktie, and they have concluded to give you, for a present, your note." Then Isidore asked: "Did the firm endorse my note?" "No," was the reply. "Then give me the necktie," said Isidore.

There's another Hebrew gentleman and his family boarding up at our house—Mr. Rosenthal, and he has a very bright little boy, Jakey, who is only seven years old. Jewish children I find to be, as a class, particularly sharp. They seem to have a natural instinct for shrewdness. Last week there was a new arrival in the Rosenthal family—a darling little baby boy, and Mr. Rosenthal called little seven-year-old Jakey in to see the little stranger. He said, "Jakey, come up-stairs; I want to show you the little baby brother I bought you for a

present." Jakey obeyed the summons, looked the baby over, and after a close inspection discovered a birth-mark behind his left ear. Then taking his paternal aside, he whispered to him, "Fader, take him back again, he's damaged."

A FOWL PROCEEDING

If there is one thing more than another I am fond of it is chickens. I have a perfect mania for raising fowls of every description, except in base-ball; those are not the fowls I allude to. I mean fowl chickens. Chickens that are fowl—that is to say—well, chickens. I have made a study of them and I consider the chicken a wonderful bird. Just see how much sense—good, common, sound sense—a chicken possesses, how knowing, and withal, how patient and how absorbed they are in attending to their own business. I really believe they are intellectually our equals.

A friend of mine went down to the market to buy some eggs. Now a chicken don't have to buy eggs. Well, he bought a dozen and took them home and gave them to the cook for the morning's breakfast; the cook, who went out to see her beau, came to look for the eggs in the morning and found that she had mislaid them. Now that is something a hen never does. And as for patience—see how patient a hen is. Why, she will sit on a couple dozen of eggs for hours at a time. If a man had to sit on one for five minutes he would kick. I've been in the commission business and know whereof I speak.

I used to handle eggs. They are very nice to handle, but to have them handed to you is not so agreeable—that is, handed at a long distance—particularly if the egg is premature—to come from a long distance it takes a long time, and age will creep o'er the spirit of that egg ere it reaches you, and when it becomes aged, when it has

passed its prime into the "seer and yellow," to which Shakespeare so beautifully refers—when it becomes a bald-headed egg and wears spectacles, it should then be sent to a home for indigent eggs, that it might not waste its sweetness on the desert air.

MY WIFE

If I had taken the advice of my sister Clarissa and profited by her experience, I never would have entered the connubial bonds of blissful married life. Poor Clarissa, she married a man by the name of Dust—Clarence Dust. After she had been married about a week they commenced to fight, and one morning about one o'clock she rang the bell. The old man—pa—poked his head out of the window and said, "Who's there?" She said, "It's me, pa—Clarissa—Clarissa Dust. I can't live with that man any longer. I want you to take

me back." But pa wouldn't do it, he just looked at her and said, "Dust thou art, and to Dust thou shalt return."

So Clarissa's living with me and my wife now, and it does her heart good to see us fight—that is, my wife, she does all the fighting. Why it's got so bad, I had to call in a policeman one day and have her arrested. He took her before the judge, and after hearing all the particulars the judge fined her ten dollars. But that wasn't the worst of it. I had to pay the fine. She got after me the other night because the baby was crying. She said, "Do quiet that baby, will you?" Well, I didn't consider it my place, and I said, "Now, Letitia, you quiet the baby yourself." Whew! you should have seen how mad she got. She called me a brute, and said it was "my place." And then she shouted out, loud enough to wake all the neighbors, "You know it's your place, you black brute, to quiet that baby; it's as much yours as it is

mine. It's half yours, aint it?" she screeched. I said, "All right, then quiet your half and let mine alone." That settled the matter right there and then, but she got even with me.

One day a tramp came up to the house, and she called him in and gave him my dinner. He was very hungry, too, so she considered she was doing him an act of charity, as well as punishing her poor hubby. Well, that tramp eat so much he could hardly breathe, and then in the goodness of her heart she said, "Poor man, isn't there something else I can do for you?" The tramp paused for a moment, then he thrust his hand in his pocket and pulled out a button, and said, "Yes, please sew a shirt on this for me." Then I laughed till I woke the baby up, and I haven't been home since.

MY BOARDING-HOUSES

About three months ago I made up my mind to change my boarding-house and I haven't been settled since. I thought it would be a proper scheme to get a little distance out of town, so I secured a room in a boarding-house just the other side of the cemetery. I wanted to get a home beyond the grave. The house was kept by Mrs. Tough, and oh! dear, but it was a tough place—tough in every respect; tough beds, tough beefsteaks, tough everything. The landlady (Mrs. Tough) used to say, "Will you have an egg, or have you had one?" They didn't have any bell to acquaint you with the fact that the frugal repast was ready. So the cook used to wring a towel for dinner. They used to tell time by the beds—a slat would drop out every fifteen minutes. They occasionally had what they called spring chickens—wagon springs! And the coffee! I know

you won't believe me, but the coffee was so weak it had to use crutches. I had to leave the place one day. There was a fight at the table, and that settled it. The butter, the cheese, the coffee, and molasses got into a scrimmage. The butter run, the cheese skipped out, the coffee settled on its own grounds, and the molasses got licked.

I finally moved farther in town. But worse and worse! There they actually had hash three times a day. I didn't mind that so much if they had not put raisins in it on Sundays and served it as mince-pie. We used to have chicken occasionally at that place, too, and there was one boarder sat opposite to me I had every reason to suspect was rather delinquent on Saturday nights in coming to the front with the usual five. It was a "five-straight" boarding-house, and the peculiar expression I would trace upon the landlady's face when she looked at him gave me an assurance that the necessary five was in arrears. I finally

had the most positive proof of his financial standing, and without consulting *Bradstreet*, for I noticed when the aforesaid chicken was served he always got the neck, and as I have had the neck so often I can come pretty near telling what it signifies.

THE HORSE BUSINESS

Once I was quite a singer, but I lost my voice—caught a cold—and then I went in the ho(a)rse business. When I say I went in the business, I wasn't exactly interested, but I worked in a stable. I was the chambermaid. I used to make beds for the horses. I always was fond of horses. I think the horse is the noblest animal that lives on four foot. I don't mean to insinuate that he lives on four-foot measures or two-foot rules, and is obliged to exist on them as substance. I am alluding to his pedal extremities merely as his means of support

and existence.

I like a bay horse. Give me a nice dark brown mouse-colored bay horse, with just a tinge of chestnut, and I am happy if I can only go to his boudoir in the early morn and feed him sugar—just for a stall. When I was employed in the livery stable, I was quite a favorite with all the boarders. There was a black sorrel horse they called “Love,” because he was blind. He was a nice horse, though, and could go it blind just as well as Liverpill, his mate. He was the fastest horse in the stable; they called him Liverpill because he was hard to down. We had several trotters there. One beauty, his name was Cabbage. He entered a race once at Monmouth; there were six other starters. Let me see, there was Knockter Prott, Cast-away No. 2, Judge To-morrow, Come-to-pawn, Loose Angelus, and Cabbage. It was a great race, but Cabbage won by a head. I was a very handy man around our stable. When the horses got foundered, I took them

to the foundry. When they wanted new shoes, I took them to the shoe store—and saw that their corns were pared. When they had ringbones I took the rings off. Oh! I was quite a man among them; when they got too old to chew their hay, I used to chew it for them.

I remember one time one of these veteran airy doctors came along with a new patent for giving horses medicine when they had the epizootic. It was a long tube in which the medicine was put. I used to take it, and when he opened the horse's mouth I would put the tube in it and blow the contents of the tube down the horse's throat. One day, what do you think? I went to blow the medicine down the horse's throat, when the old fool coughed and I swallowed the dose. That settled it; I was laid up for six months with the blind staggers.

THE STOCK-BROKER

I'll never forget as long as I live my experience on the board; that is to say, my experience on one particular board. Of course, as a boy, I had many different experiences on as many different boards—see-saw boards, checker-boards, etc., and, as I bordered on manhood, there was a different board still—boarding-houses—and border dramas at the theatres, but this one board to which I refer is the board of trade. If a man wants to be bored, he should get on that board.

You see I had made a failure of everything in life, so I made up my mind, that is, what is left of it, to commit suicide. I had about concluded to try strychnine when I thought of the river, but I never did fancy water. One day I confided my intentions to a bosom friend, and he said, if I had made up my mind to die, he could tell me

the easiest plan. I said, "Tell me, I beseech thee," and he said, "Go into stocks;" and I said, "What kind of stocks?" He answered that it was immaterial. "Just get in Wall Street," he said, "and they'll bury you before you know you have passed from this mundane sphere." I only had eight dollars, and to a man with one-third, and a third of a quarter of a twenty-five dollar bill, the horoscopic vision of Wall Street was not luminous.

However, my friend was a stock-broker. So he took me down one day. When I say he was a stock-broker, I mean he was posted on the activity of the market. He drove a butcher-wagon.

Well, to make a short story long, we went down there one day, and he introduced me to what he was pleased to call the bulls and bears—two-legged bears and bulls without horns; that is, visible horns. I said to my friend, "Charlie, is that a bull?" "Yes," said Charlie. Then, says I, "Where are his

horns?" And Charlie says, "He is not that kind of a bull." I thought he might be a pretty good fellow to know, and if he was a bull, he might give me a steer. Just then Corneil came up—Corneil Vanderbilt—he sort of half nodded, and I finished it for him, and he says to me—he says—"How's wheat?" I said to him, "Don't know much about wheat. I'm better posted on rye." Then he says, "Are you going to buy B. & O?" And I says, "What's B. & O?"—just like that, and Corneil says, "Baltimore and Ohio. Are you going to buy?" Now, the idea of my buying Baltimore, let alone Ohio, with only eight dollars in my pocket!

Then an old gentleman came up—I think they called him Cy—Cy Field, yes, that's it—and he said something about "puts" and "calls," and I says to Charlie, "What's 'puts' and 'calls'?" and Charlie says, "Why, don't you see, that means it's a Jack Pot; you put in two dollars, and the other fellow calls, you've got Jacks, and the

other fellow stood pat with a full." I met a friend of mine on the floor, Fitz—I don't think you know him—I asked him what he was doing. He said he bought lead. I asked him if he cleared anything, and he said yes—his bank account.

Oh! it's a great place. They all talk at once. I could hardly get in a word side-edge, edge-side, ways-edge, side-wedges—I mean sideways. Charlie says to me, "Now's your time to take a flyer on North Western preferred." "In what way?" says I. "Why, buy short, and sell long." I told him I couldn't buy very long on eight dollars. Talk about suicide—a man forgets all about it when he gets there. It's not suicide—it's another kind of side. Everybody is trying to cut everybody else's throat—metaphorically speaking. It's homicide, and I left those brokers, bulls, bears, three per cents., longs, shorts, and all, satisfied that life was worth living as long as a man kept out of Wall Street, and didn't

have his life insured with his mother-in-law holding the policy. :

SUPERSTITION

Did it ever strike you how utterly insane it is to be superstitious? Some people carry it to an extreme about the most trivial occurrences. Now, for instance, there are so many people in this wide world of ours who believe in what they term the unlucky thirteen. When our great and glorious country first became a republic, when Georgie Washington and Tommy Jefferson and the rest of the boys made us a present of these United States, how many were there? Thirteen. Thirteen States, including New Jersey. And where can prosperity be better illustrated than right here?

Then, again, who wouldn't rather have thirteen dollars than twelve? I once knew a family of thirteen. There were ten chil-

dren, and the wife and the wife's mother, and the husband, who was supposed to be the head of the house—it was only a supposition, though, for his wife's mother usurped that prerogative. You never saw such a mother-in-law. She was cross-eyed and had whiskers. She used to travel with a circus and was the bearded lady. He said something to her one day at dinner about the wind blowing, and she threw a plate at him, but it struck one of the children, and about two years afterwards the child died with the measles, and everybody said, "There it goes. Thirteen in the family—how unlucky!" But the old woman did not live long after that. She got shaved one day and caught the pneumonia. Nobody said anything about that being unlucky. Her name was Storey—Eliza Teller Storey was her name in full—and over her remains there was an inscription which read,

" Here lies Eliza Teller Storey
She's taken her last bier.

She has been called away to glory
But she left her whiskers here. '

There are people who are superstitious concerning Friday. Now what would Robinson Crusoe have done without Friday? Some people object to traveling on Friday. I called on a young lady of my acquaintance last Friday and her father set the bull-dog on me. I didn't object to traveling! To tell the truth, about that time I didn't stop to consider whether it was Friday or next Tuesday come Wednesday—I traveled!

Then, again, they say it is unlucky to go to bed with your shoes on. I took a friend of mine home the other evening and he went to bed, shoes and all. But it was something stronger than superstition that superinduced his superabundance of superlative superciliousness.

I've heard it whispered that if you wish before eating any new fresh product of the market, at its first appearance, your wish will

come true. We never get fresh products where I board, they are all canned, so I can't vouch for that, although one day I saw an old colored woman selling hot corn on the street, and I said to myself, "Here is a chance to test the wish." So I bought an ear of corn, and ere I proceeded to demolish it I wished—I wished my landlady would have strawberry short-cake for dinner. She had prunes!

Then there's that superstition about the four-leaf clover, that if you find a four-leaf clover it will bring you luck. I looked for one for two months and at last my diligent search was rewarded. Last Thursday was a beautiful moonlight evening. Our house faces its back to the garden of our neighbors, and that garden is full of clovers. So about twelve o'clock on my way home, I jumped over the fence and crawled around in that grass till the knees of my trousers looked like the map of Ireland. Finally, my fondest hopes were realized, and just as

I grabbed that clover a policeman leaped over the fence and grabbed me. The next day the Judge fined me ten dollars and costs for trespassing. He wouldn't swallow the clover story.

So I've come to the conclusion it's better to be born rich than superstitious.

THE CENSUS ENUMERATOR

I got a position to take the census this summer, and I nearly lost mine before I got through. There were three men appointed in my district. One of them was thrown out of a three-story window, and resigned for cause. The other fellow was more resigned; he had a wash-boiler full of hot water thrown at him. But, as I had been a base-ball umpire, I went at it without fear. My! the questions we had to ask was enough to disturb the equanimity of the most peacefully inclined housekeeper in the

world. Just think of going up to anybody's door, and asking them if they are married, if so, how many times, and what color they are, and when did you take a bath, was the water hot or cold, and such questions. The first call that I made in an official capacity the lady of the house came to the door. I asked her how many people lived in the house. She took me for a tramp, and set the bull-dog on me. The next place I went to, when I asked the lady if she was married, I didn't know that she had only been a widow two days, and she caught me by the neck and asked me who was circulating those horrid stories about her. Oh, I had a delightful experience!

Then I made a call at the house next to the widow's, and an elderly lady came to the door, and I said to her, "Pardon my seeming rudeness, but I am compelled to ask a question which may seem abrupt." Then she asked me in to sit down; she was the most rational customer I yet had to deal

with. She asked me if I'd have some cake. Well, I didn't know what to make of her hospitality, but I made up my mind to be just as polite as she was. Finally she said, when we had drifted entirely away from business, "Do you know I have been burning with curiosity —natural with my sex, isn't it?" Then she commenced to tee-hee and giggle. She had seen about fifty summers, and as many winters, and she began to simper like a fifteen-year-old girl. I said, "Can I allay your curiosity?" I had almost forgotten what I had come for. I think the cake had gone to my head. Then she said, "What is the question you wish to ask?" Then I got down to business again, and I said, "I beg your pardon, but are you married?" What do you think? She threw herself in my arms, and said, "Oh! this is so sudden, but I cannot refuse; I am yours!" She was an old maid, just think of it! I took up my hat and flew. She sued me for breach of promise, and

made up my mind that if the government wanted me as a census-taker again it would have to supply me with a Gatling gun, or else give me a route that only took in the cemetery.

POETIC EFFUSIONS

THE MINSTREL'S SEVEN AGES

Shakespeare tells us seven years constitute
of life a span ;

There are seven ages also in the life of minstrel man.

First, the boy who fills the buckets for a
pass to see the "show,"

Ragged urchin, shoeless, hatless, in our
way where ere we go.

Next we find him selling song-books, yelling out his lungs with force,

Tries to drown the singers' voices, till they
all are laid up hoarse.

Next the "props" he wields in earnest,
learns the cornet for to play,

Then he gets his maiden salary—if there is
a salary day.

Dexterous bills for "props" he'll fix, that
fill up a score of pages ;

These are days he tries managers' souls in
the minstrel's seven ages.

Next the song-and-dance he "tackles;" al-
ways calls his shoe his "vamp,"

Hat is "lid," and ear is "sail," foot is
"wheel," and eye is "lamp;"

Sports a rhinestone in his necktie, no mat-
ter what the stage is—

These are the days he makes his "bluffs,"
in the minstrel's seven ages.

Then at last the "end" he tackles, first the
inside then the out,

Salary gradually increasing, and he knows
what he's about,

"Gag's" that he's originating (?) though
they're older than the flood,

Others use, and loud he "hollers" they are
stealing his life's blood.

Next, the prosperous manager is he, nightly
turning crowds away,

Drives fast horses, dines on courses, and at
"faro" high he'll play;

Dresses flashy, slightly "mashy," lives by

easiest of stages,
These are the happiest days of all in the
minstrel's seven ages.
Last of all, 'Time has outgrown him—he is
far behind the age ;
Boys hand round subscription papers for this
"relic" of the stage.
Now, that fortune's frowned upon him, by-
gone friends have swiftly flown ;
Empty pockets, sunken sockets, penniless,
he's left alone.
Still retains his "alum" cluster; moustache
dyed, and trousers frayed ;
Tells of how the business shattered, when
they cut the street parade ;
Sighs at some one's mild referring to the
days of long ago,
Longs for Unsworth's good old stump-speech
or an "essence" with the show.
Tottering goes he to his lodgings, broken-
hearted at his fate,
Cannot understand the public, why its taste
should vitiate ;

Dreams of Bryant, Buckley, Christy, and
the past's great sages—
These are the last, the bitterest days, in
the minstrel's seven ages.

POETIC INSPIRATION

The little stars sang sweetly to the birds up
in the sky,
The bull-frog chirped his matin song where
the drooping codfish sigh.
The emerald moon its ruby lips was pouting
'neath the willows,
The ocean's waves were hushed to sleep, so
bilious was its billow.
The village church bells sang the praise of
the potato bug serene,
While the grasshopper shed bright pearly
tears—he'd been eating Paris green.
But up in the vine-clad desert, where the
whip-o'-wills were ripe,
A maiden fair, with azure hair, stood gath-
ering moss-grown tripe.

When from a burst of thunder cloud tha,
 parched the verdant air,
An ancient crow, in accents wild, was part-
 ing his back hair.
And still the mother wept tears of joy,
 though sad her life had grown,
For, lo! the wandering minstrel boy hað
 pawned his diamond stone.
And yet I would not ask you why, which
 one of those are these,
The German air wafts perfume sweet, its
 odor, new-mown cheese.
Now take this lesson to your heart, in those
 halcyon days afar;
There's many a tramp has carved his name
 on a gilded cattle car.

WILLIE AND HIS ESMERALDA

Fair Willie and his Esmeralda
 Roamed the hills and dells together;
Balmy was the breezy sky.

And the air was filled with weather.

Up from the sky in milky way
The moon looked down with rapturous
glances,
The star of night shone as the day
On Willie's Sunday summer pantses.

Babe she called him—he called her bird
Wingless bird without a feather;
Suddenly without a word
The air was filled with balmy leather.
(N. B.—That was her father.)

The bull-frog chirped his note so clear
The star of love shot like a rocket,
And there was a sad, sad feeling
Close to Willie's pistol pocket.

AN ADHESIVE POEM

My Maudie sat in her cushioned chair
Chewing away on her gum,
The crimps and curls were so tight in her
hair
That the pain was too awfully some.

That evening she looked for her Gussie to
come
And loosened the bangs of her hair,
Then from her sweet mouth she ejected the
gum
And tossed it aside on a chair.

Augustus waxed warm and warm waxed the
wax,
And he drummed a te-doodle-de-dum.
He was stuck on his Maudie, and, oh! holy
smoke,
He was stuck on that horrible gum.

And thus did he reason with mind all a
rac

His thoughts were all mixed in a whirl,
Was it better to carry that chair on his
back

Or leave his best pants with his girl?

But her father he settled the question for
him

As he twirled his long claws in his hair
And hustled him out of the door with a vim,
And Augustus went off with the chair.

ONLY

Only a little tomato-can,
Only a piece of twine,
Only a little doggy
With a stumpy tail behind.

Only a little urchin—
So wan, and thin, and pale,
Who ties the little tomato-can
To the little doggy's tail.

Only a fat policeman,
Walking lazily on his beat,
And the little doggy
Makes a dive for "coppys" feet.

Only a little cuss word
Was uttered by the "cop"
As he came down on the pavement
With an agonizing flop

And now that little doggy,
And the little boy also,
Have gone to join the angels,
Where the "coppies" never go.

But what of the tomato-can,
From doggy's tail remote?
It couldn't join the angels,
For 'twas swallowed by the goat.

A "YALLER" DOG'S LOVE FOR A NIG-
GER

Dar's a grave on de oder side ob de creek
Dat knows no Decoration Day,
For him as lef' dar alone to sleep
Is only a nigger dey say.

He died an old vagunt, untirely unknown,
And lef' not a soul to be sad.
Dey gave him his freedom, but took way
his home,
And an ole yaller dog was all dat he had.

Dey dug a rude hole and dey laid him away,
Dis poor old citizen slave.
Not a prayer for his res' did any one say,
And de ole yaller dog laid down on his
grave.

And still you may see him dar, day after
day,

At eve, at morn, or at noon,
For dar's no inducements can call him away
From his place 'side de grave of a coon.

Dar's a mighty fine monument standin'
right nigh,
But to me dis poor mound looks bigger,
For dar's a monument money can't buy—
A yaller dog's love for a nigger.

PARODIES ON POPULAR SONGS

DOWN ON THE FARM

When a boy I used to be, like most other
kids you see,

I worked upon the farm for my old dad,
But the pranks I used to play, on the old
man night and day

Bring back memories that still make my
poor heart sad.

How from my cot I'd steal, and in the dark-
ness feel

My way to strike the light, while all else
slept.

Then the chickens' legs I'd tie—pour some
coal-oil on the pie,

In my childhood's happy home down on
the farm.

Sweet visions of raw hide,
Tender memories of cow hide,
Dearer than all to me.
While they soundly slept in bed, I would
paint the gray mare red,
And I'd tie her to the dog-house in the
yard,
Then I'd take the old man's shoe, fill it up
with Spalding's glue,
And the kitchen stairs I'd grease with
mother's lard.
Then to poor old Towzer's tail, I'd tie the
new milk-pail
Just to keep the playful doggie out of
harm,
But as dad would early rise, on my pants
he'd exercise
With that Spalding's gluey shoe, down
on the farm.
Sweet recollections of cow hide,
Oh! visions of soreness,
Dearer than all to me.

IN THE GLOAMING

In the gloaming of the gleaming I was
gloaming through the gleam
To call on Mary Ann McGlone, and she's
the glooming of my dream.
But her papa's bull-dog Towser gloomed my
trousers gleefully,
It was best to leave you then, dear, best for
the trousers and best for me.

In the gloaming, on my glooming, when
'tis raining, snow, and hail,
I will glimmer that dog Towzer, and glue a
tin can to his tail.
Then with dynamite, gun-powder, nitro-
glycerine, and a large fuzee
I will send him to the angels, where he
came near sending me.
It were best to keep this quiet—best for the
dog, and best for me.

THE MOSS-COVERED ONION

(Air, "The Moss-Covered Bucket.")

How dear to my heart is the loud-smelling
onion

Which restaurant keepers provide at each
meal,

The color of silver—the size of a bunion,

With night-blooming corns wrapped up
in each peal.

It stings like a *skeeter*, it burns like an em-
ber,

And smells like a horse that is silent in
death.

And yet with affection and love we remem-
ber

The early spring onion that scented our
breath.

The loud-smelling onion, the sweet-per-
fumed onion,

The Lubin-like onion that clings to your
breath.

You drown it with beefsteak, you boil or
you bake it,

But still it retains its *smelodious* charm.
And after you've done all you can to forsake
it,

It clings to you fervently, fearing no harm.
Though dangers o'ertake you and troubles
awake you,

At home or abroad, on land or at sea,
The scent of that onion forever will make
you

Desert all your friends or they will shake
thee.

That moss-covered onion, that iron-bound
onion,

That old "gamey" onion that clings to
you still.

BANANA

(Air, "Tit-Willow," from the Mikado.)

On a brick by the curb-stone a little peal lay,

Banana, banana, banana.
Its yellow-tint surface seemed to quietly say,
 Banana, banana, banana.
Now this tropical fruit, for its sweetness far-
 famed,
In its unblushing ignorance seemed to ex-
 claim,
For my slippery surface I am not to blame,
 Oh! banana, banana, banana.

A saffron-tint damsel on pleasure intent,
 Banana, banana, banana,
Had occasion to pass, to a skating-rink bent,
 Banana, banana, banana.
In an unguarded moment this damsel so
 fair
Sat down on the curb-stone, her shoes in the
 air.
Now her new-fashioned bustle is not fit to
 wear,
 Oh! saffron, banana, oh! bustle.

BLUE ALSACIAN MOUNTAINS

In a row of tenement houses,
Dwelt a maiden young and fair,
Her papa wore the trousers,
When her mamma was not there,
When her mamma was not there.
Maiden with the dimpled eyebrow
And a voice so loud and clear.
Maiden with the "yaller" bull-dog,
That followed her everywhere.

CHORUS.—Each day, each day, each day,
Some family would move away,
For that row of tenement houses
Never seemed to please or pay.

To that row of tenement houses,
Came a farmer in the spring,
Just to talk of sheeps and cowses,
And to hear the maiden sing—
And to hear the maiden sing.
He spoke about his barn-yard—

Of his chickens and his hog,
But she thought he was giving her taffy,
So she called her "yaller" dog.

CHORUS.—Hooray, hooray, hooray !
The farmer he flew away,
But left the bosom of his trousers
For the dog to chew that day.

THINK IT OVER

(Air, " My Maryland.")

Cross-eyed cats don't live on cheese—
Think it over!

Chestnuts don't all grow on trees—
Think it over!

Canary-birds' milk won't cure the croup,
You can't shoot shad on an Arch Street
stoop,
Nor find oysters in a church-fair soup.
Think it over!

If you take your girl out for a ride—
Think it over!

When she snugs up closely to your side—

Think it over!

And tells you to love you how hard she has
tried,

But she's mashed on another fellow beside,

Don't then and there commit suicide—

Think it over!

Don't play seven-up with every strange
cove—

Think it over!

Before you sit on a red-hot stove—

Cover it over!

If your mother-in-law is cross and blunt,

And for peace and comfort you have to
hunt,

Take her down to the river-front—

Throw her over!

HOME, SWEET HOME

There's a song that's very popular that's

sung in every clime,
Its title is suggestive of its worth.
It's a comfort to the mariner, it don't take
him long to find
That there's no place like home upon this
earth.
If you're out upon a lark and get locked up
over night,
As up and down your narrow cell you
roam,
When you take the "Black Maria" there's
time then to reflect
That there's no place like home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
If you're out upon the sea and as sick as
you can be,
There's no place like home.

I was single and quite happy not so many
years ago,
When a captivating charmer that I met,
Won me over and I wed her, thinking mar-
ried life was bliss,

But it's blister since I married her, you
bet.

She always wears my boxing-gloves to
meet me at the door,

When her temper's up from out her mouth
she'd foam,

When she tries to make it pleasant I ap-
preciate the fact

There's no place like home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

When the landlord wants his rent and you
hav'n't got a cent

There's no place like home.

GRANDFATHER'S PANTS

(Air, "My Grandfather's Clock.")

My grandfather he, at the age of ninety-
three,

Got disgusted and made up his mind to
die.

He was very well to do, and the neighbors
that he knew

They all came in from Townsendtown to
cry.

Of course he left a will, and he left to
brother Bill

His advice to grab whene'er he had a
chance,

A mortgage on the farm, and the hinges on
the barn,

And he left to me his old brown pants.

How they tittered, how they'd yell,

Even my brother and my sister Nell.

Gave me the laugh whene'er they got
a chance,

'Cause grandpa only left to me his old
brown pants.

One day my brother Bill went down to
Barnses' Mill,

Took off his clothes, jumped in the race
to swim,

When a neighbor's William goat chewed
the buttons off his coat

And ate his pants, for summer they were
thin.

That left Bill in a plight, there he had to
stay all night,

I took his girl Maria to the dance.

Poor Bill began to cry, then to sympathize,
said I,

Wouldn't you like to have the old brown
pants ?

How they tittered, how they'd yell,
Even my brother and my sister Nell.
Gave me the laugh whene'er they got
a chance,

'Cause grandpa only left to me his old
brown pants.

MONTRAVERS O'BRIEN

(A Parody on "Shamus O'Brien.")

Just after the season, in the year '82,
When the boys were all home, for the sum-
mer quite blue,

'Twas the custom whenever an angel was got
To show him the "Square," when they hung
round that spot.

Ah, it's thim was hard days for an honest
"legit,"

If he missed at the agents, he'd meet with
no "sit."

And whether the managers or stars pro-
nounced sentence,

It's plenty of time he had for repentance.

And it's many the fine boy was short on his
keepin'

With small share of actin' or eatin' or
sleepin'.

For a pestilence came to the legitimate stage
And musical comedies grew all the rage.

And because he loved art and scorned to
sell it

A prey to such "trash," how well he would
tell it.

Unsheltered by night, and no chance to play,
With the Square for his barracks, and no
salary day!

Yet the boldest and hardest up "fake" of
them all

Was Montravers O'Brien of the town of
Great Gall.

"These so-called 'comedies,' ye gods," he
would say,

"They will ruin the business, they've
turned my hair gray."

But he swore to have vengeance, as each
job he'd miss,

And one fatal night a farce skit did he hiss.

'Twas in Quincy town, in the good State of
Ill.,

He happened one night to be out of the bill.

And these "mummers," who never had held
a position,

Had openly opened in dead opposition.

To dream of 'twas sad, but to know it was
hard,

The "legits" had in barely a corporal's
guard,

While the house round the corner was
packed to the doors,

And the air it was heavy with triple encores.

One night about eight, with the crowd pouring in,

He went to the office and planked down his
"tin."

For art could not bend to these mountebanks
fresh,

And he'd too much pride to say, "Pass the
profesh."

So he seated himself in the very front row
And began his attacks on this "measely"
show.

With hissing and hooting and galling display

He called them "barn-stormers," causing
utter dismay,

Till the theatre policeman, alarmed by the
din,

Took Monty O'B. and quick run him in.

Next day the town justice he faced without
dread,

And Monty O'Brien made answer, and said:
"My Lord, if you ask me if in my lifetime
I ere lost a season or gagged any line

That could call to my cheek as I stand
alone here

The hot blush of shame, or coldness of fear,
Though I 'stood up' my landlady and then
had to go,

Before man and the world I would answer
you no.

But if you would ask me regarding this
matter

If I'd fought in rebellion against the ham-
fatter

And stood by my art from the first to the
close

And would shed my stage blood for its bit-
terest foes,

I answer you yes. And I tell you again,
Though I stand here for judgment, I will
say in the main,

In her cause I was willing that salary be shy.
But I could not eat bread, while they feasted
on pie."

Then the silence was great, and the justice
smiled bright,

And concluded the sentence he'd make
rather light.

Then he said, as his smile seemed to broadly
increase :

"Ten dollars and costs for disturbing the
peace."

"O Judge! darlin', don't," said the dashing
soubrette,

"He's the kindest creature you ever met
yet."

"Don't part us forever," the leading lady
cried,

And the "heavy man" wept and the "ju-
venile" sighed,

And the group of "utility" people looked
sad ;

They knew he was broke and his prospects
were bad.

But the window was open, and O'Brien, with
one bound,

Leaped out in the courtyard on to the ground.

The actors ran this way, the officers that,
And the "second old woman" lost her two-

dollar hat.

To-night he will sleep in an east-bound
freight train,

And the devil's in the dice if they catch
him again.

He has pawned his new tights, and soon he
will be

Back in the Bowery where the lunch coun-
ter's free.

SAMPLES OF MY PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE

EXECUTIVE MANSION
WASHINGTON, March 17th, 1887 }

Gentlemen.:—With many thanks for your kind offer to place a box at my disposal, to enable me to witness one of your performances, I write to say that I shall gladly avail myself of the privilege thus tendered

Yours very truly
GROVER CLEVELAND

JOHN McCULLOUGH'S INDORSEMENT

Thursday morning
George Thatcher, Arch Street Opera House
My Dear Sir.:—Permit me to thank you for a most enjoyable evening passed in witnessing the very excellent entertainment given by yourself and your associates. I

shall always bear it in mind for its cleanliness, originality, and superabundance of really excellent humor.

Yours sincerely

JOHN McCULLOUGH

SARA BERNHARDT'S INVITATION

(Translation)

Saturday morning

Gentlemen :—I can hardly find words to express my enjoyment of your delightful performance. Accept my thanks for the courtesy of extending a special performance to me. I should feel flattered if you would accept the hospitalities of the theatre this afternoon, and have reserved a box for your occupancy.

Very sincerely

SARA BERNHARDT

FROM THE REV. DR. HOUGHTON

242 West 58th St., }
NEW YORK, January 16th. }

My Dear Sir :—I am very much obliged to you for your really courteous note. I was present at the performance last evening and enjoyed it exceedingly. So much so that at some future day I shall again avail myself of your kind invitation.

I remain, yours very truly

G. C. HOUGHTON

“ELI PERKINS” HEARD FROM

44 EAST 76TH STREET }
NEW YORK, June 3d }

Mr. George Thatcher :

I've had to write about you a good many times, and I expect to write about you a good many times in the *future*. It always gives me pleasure to witness your performances and listen to your original droll sayings. You may look for me Wednesday night, June 6th, close to the front.

“ELI PERKINS”

ENGLISH WIT AND SARCASM

GARRICK CLUB }
LONDON, July 15th, 1880 }

Mr. Thatcher, St. James' Hall, Picadilly :

Pardon me if I ask you to explain what evidently was a bit of your American wit, but for the life of me, old fellow, it is so obscure, I failed to see the point. Last night at the club some of the lads, don't you know, were exceedingly amused at my expense or yours. I am at loss to understand which. It happened in this way. My friend Chumley introducing us, said, to use his own words, "Mr. Thatcher, my friend Mr. Hart." You said something about a bob-tail flush, don't you know, and everybody howled, but I—and I felt like an ass. Now, old boy, I am going to take a jaunt over to your little country after Lord Mayor's day, and if you have any clubs in America and will show me the droll side of that little remark, possibly I could use it over there and make

some other fellow feel like an ass, don't you know. Respectfully

ARTHUR CLEVERING BARRINGTON HART

FROM A COMPOSER

Mr. Thatcher :

I have written a new song which I would like your troupe to sing to-night. I am well known in town here, and if they will sing the song I think you will get a big crowd. I inclose the chorus. If you like, I will come around and teach you the rest. This is the chorus. I forgot to say the song is called, "Papa, kiss me before I depart." It goes like this :

Papa, kiss me before I depart

Mother's hair is turning gray,
Sister expects to join the angels,

Papa, kiss me right away.

Kiss, kiss—o-h !—kiss, kiss me papa,

O-h ! kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, o-h !

It's all just as good as the above, but

there are only six kisses in the last verse.

Truly, etc.,

H—— C——

INDIANAPOLIS, October 25th, 1888

AN APPLICATION FROM AN ARTIST

SYRACUSE, Sept. 26th, 1889

*Dear Colonel:*¹—My “pipes”² are all right again, and the “plumber”³ says I can tackle the road once more. I am in pretty good shape, all but my “wheel”⁴ and my left “lamp.”⁵ I hope “biz”⁶ is big and want to join on next season. What’s the show for a “sit?”⁷ Red’s “sails”⁸ have gone back on him; he had them frost-bitten in “Roch.”⁹ or “Buf.”¹⁰ He is here with a new “lid”¹¹ and “quilt,”¹² and a pair of darling “vamps,”¹³ and “he’s out of sight.”¹⁴ I aint worked since I left the show, and the landlady’s getting fresh, but she aint “heeled”¹⁵—if she had the “stuff”¹⁶ in her “kicks”¹⁷ she’d put it on the “spread.”¹⁸

Me and Red is willing to go next season as
 "Henry Clays"¹⁹ with "trimmings."²⁰

Yours and mine

BILLY R. J—

~~For~~ For the benefit of the reader it will be necessary to add a Key to interpret the expressions made use of so fluently by my friend William:

¹ Colonel—An abused title in this instance.

² Pipes—The organs of the throat.

³ The Plumber—The doctor.

⁴ Wheel—The foot.

⁵ Lamp—The eye.

⁶ Biz—An abbreviation of business.

⁷ Sit—An abbreviation of situation.

⁸ Sails—The ears.

⁹ Roch.—Abbreviation of Rochester.

¹⁰ Buf.—Abbreviation of Buffalo.

¹¹ Lid—A hat.

¹² Quilt—An overcoat.

¹³ Vamps—Shoes.

¹⁴ Out of Sight—Looking well.

¹⁵ Heeled—Having money.

¹⁶ Stuff—Money.

¹⁷ Kicks—Pockets.

¹⁸ Spread—The table.

¹⁹ Henry Clays—Two for twenty-five.

²⁰ Trimmings—Expenses.



THE "SHINDIG" DID IT

Tuesday

To Boss of Show to-night:

We are going to have a shindig up at old Sam Allen's to-night. It's his birthday, so we can't go to the show, but if you want to come up after you git through and bring your music up—why we'll give you all the cider you can put away.

Yours

THE COMMITTEE

LOST OPPORTUNITY

——, N. J., Aug. 1st

Mr. George Thatcher:

I would like to have your troupe play in my hall. You would git as much as fifty dollars in the hall sure. It has seats for ninety-four. I just put in some new lamps and ten bran new cane-bottom chairs, and a new heaven for little Eva.

Yours truly,

B. S——

TERMS ACCEPTED

A brief correspondence with a professional wag, whom I had found necessary to dispense with, but whose determination was not to be balked.

BOSTON, March 6th

George Thatcher.

Dear Sir:—What are the best terms you can offer me for the rest of the season?

G. H. B——

PHILADELPHIA, March 7th, 1879

G. H. B——

Sir:—I would not have you on any terms.

GEORGE THATCHER

BOSTON, March 8th

George Thatcher.

Dear Sir:—Terms accepted. Will be on immediately.

G. H. B——

A GOOD SUBJECT

BALTIMORE, May 4th, 1871

Mr. Thatcher :

Do you want to hire a boy? I would like you to take my son John and see what you can do for him. His mother and me has tried everything, but it's no good. We have had him working on a farm, and he has been in the reform school twice. He's no earthly good to anybody, so we have made up our minds to put him on the stage.

Please answer.

A. R——

—— Arlington Ave.

A RIVAL INTERCEPTED

NEW YORK, August 14th, 1889

George Thatcher.

*Deer Sur :—*I wood like a job. i am a yung man, with too voices. i can sing like a reel gurl, or a man besides. Muny haint

no object, an i think i kin be as big a fool
as you air, if i git a sho. Pleas rite or send
back stamp herewith in close.

Yours trooly,

P. G. P——,

Statun F Po.

CONTRARY OPINIONS

CHICAGO, June 18th, 1884

Dear Sir :—I would like to go to your performance to-night if there was a guarantee of anything new. The last two minstrels that were here sang songs I used to hear my grandfather sing, and told chestnuts, and looked just the same as they did when I used to go to see them as a boy. The circus now has changed, we have three rings where we had one. The theatre has improved, it gives us more art, more realism. Why must the minstrels still persist in singing the Swanee River, and dressing like mourners?

JOHN R. B. L——

George Thatcher.

Sir :—Pray pardon my seeming boldness, but I want to ask you if minstrelsy of to-day is what it should be. Why do you not, as one of its important factors, use your influence to restore it to its old-time prestige? We want not tinsels and gaudiness, but the plain, old-fashioned semicircle, such as Bryant, Buckley and Christy gave us. We long for the good old minstrel songs of old. Our ears tingle to hear the Old Folks at Home, and Stephen Foster's old-time gems, and the once more familiar sound of such wit as Eph Horn's story of the chew-chew locomotive.

Yours,

CHAS. L. S——

LYNN, MASS., December 1st, 1884

WRITTEN UNDER DIFFICULTIES

Possibly the reader may have undergone the experience of trying to compose a letter

in a room occupied by others who are holding various conversations on as many different themes. The following letter is supposed to have been written by a commercial traveler in a hotel office, while surrounded by the usual after-dinner gathering. He, in an unconscious mood mixed his missive with such a conglomeration of remarks that gave his better half such uneasiness as to cause her to pause between insisting upon an examination before the board of lunacy or a divorce court. It runs thus :

My Darling Wife :

How I long to see you, dear. *Corn's quoted at 67 3/8*. I miss your loving face every hour of the *what bosh ! rubbish*. I was thinking just now of poor Lucy. *I'm mashed on her sister*. You know, my dearest wife, there is not a moment *pork is dull* and I shall always regard our home with *too much beer* to me it is the only spot *you're off*, even now I can see your sweet *tariff reform* before my

clean towels in 27. Tell your dear mother she's spavined. I would not trade the children are all well. And Aunt Hannah says she can trot in 16. I shall call in the morning and have one with me. I am not feeling well, so shall take three cards please believe me my thoughts are always a dollar harder.

Your loving husband,

Jack Pott.

CONDENSED TALKS

Everything equalizes itself in this world. The rich man has ice in the summer and the poor man in the winter.

Why is Jewish bread like the Brooklyn Bridge?

Because it's made to pass-over.

I knew a man in Jersey who was the meanest, stingiest man I ever saw. He had a wart on his neck and he was so mean that he used it for a collar-button.

A young lady of my acquaintance had the loveliest hair I ever saw. I told Joe about it and he said it was a chestnut; but it wasn't, for she bought it yesterday. She gave her chestnut hair to her sister.

It's astonishing the jealousy existing in rival cities in the West. Now, for example, take the twin cities, Minneapolis and St. Paul. They actually talk of taking the Bible out of the public schools in Minneapolis just because it mentions St. Paul and don't say anything about Minneapolis.

Old Mrs. Simmons had a christening up at her house yesterday. It was twins—they both came in the world at the same time, so she named one "Simul" and the other "Taneus." Simultaneous—see?

If you don't know why they always speak of a city as she I can tell you. It's because there is so much bustle about it.

Here's a little point I've just discovered in Astrology. The sun is the father of the moon. It's not much credit to him though, for the moon gets full once a month and generally does it on its last quarter; but

then the sun is just as bad—he never shows up till morning.

Why is a cigar like the opera? If it's good you'll take a "box," but if it's bad, no matter how much "puffing" you give it, it will not "draw."

I saw a friend of mine to-day. He said he was so glad to hear of my success. He said it pleased him to know I began at the bottom and worked up. I told him I was sorry he couldn't do the same in his business—he's a well-digger.

I was made a godfather yesterday. I stood up for a young lady in a street-car.

When I was a boy going to school, we used to have fine fun. There were two teachers, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Hugg. Johnson used to teach the boys and Hugg the girls.

I called on a young lady last evening and lost my overcoat. When I came in she said, "Take off your overcoat—you won't feel it when you go out." And I didn't!

Did you hear Germany had gone prohibition? Bismarck took water.

I had trouble at my boarding-house this morning. I complained to the landlady that everything about the place was going from bad to worse, and as I sat down to dinner I told her the napkins were damp. She cruelly remarked that she rubbed them on my board bill and it was all over due.

A friend of mine went down to Coney Island the other day and took a dip. I asked him how he found the water, and he said, "Easy enough. It was all around the island." I went down there frequently last summer. I didn't like it, though. I was under medical treatment. My physi-

cian told me it was necessary to take a stiff drink after coming out of the water, but I had to give it up. It kept me going in the water all the time.

You don't know why a water-melon is so full of water? It's because they are planted in the spring.

That little brother of mine, Jimmy, swallowed a silver dollar yesterday, and we called in a doctor. He vaccinated him two or three times, and fished around with a hook and line for five hours, but he couldn't find the dollar. Then he stood him on his head, and put mustard-plasters all over him, but all to no avail. But it's all right, Jimmy's going with Barnum's circus. Barnum says there's money in him.

I went to meeting last Sunday. Laws! how it did rain! I took my umbrella with

me, put it under the seat, and when I came out it was raining harder than ever. I looked for my umbrella—it was gone—some one had stolen it. I went right back, and before anybody got out, I stood up and said, “Brothers and sisters, somebody has stolen my umbrella. I am not going to say who took it, but if that umbrella isn’t in my back yard by six o’clock to-morrow morning I’ll come round next Sunday morning and tell the whole congregation who stole it.” What was the consequence? When I woke up next morning the back yard was full of umbrellas.

CLIPPINGS FROM THE PRESS

Wanted.—A treasurer for a bank; one without arms preferred.

Wanted.—A young Christian gentleman desires to exchange religion for good board.

Lost.—A little dog, by a gentleman with a muzzle, who answers to the name of “Fido.”

Lost.—A black goat, by a widow lady with a broken horn.

For Sale.—A magnificent rosewood piano, by a gentleman with carved legs.

To Let.—Delightful summer residence, two minutes' walk from station, one mile to nearest saloon, and directly opposite insane asylum.

For Sale.—Two lots, by a gentleman next door to the brick-yard; can be had at a bargain, as the owner is not expected to live.

Business Opportunity.—Two young gentlemen are willing to go into business, on capital furnished by any charitably inclined person.

Wanted.—A first-class cook desires a position as housekeeper with some wealthy widower who does not object to onions and genial companionship.

I never knew how much ice-cream a young lady could eat until I went home and con-

sulted my arithmetic, and it distinctly says, and I have no right to dispute it, that one gal. is equal to four quarts.

Did you hear about Peterson jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge? The papers said it was a case of suicide, but it wasn't, it was a case of *drop-see*.

Asparagus is the most æsthetic of all vegetables, because it's too awfully butt.

My young lady is an awfully sweet talker. She has no teeth, and all her words are gum drops.

That's a peculiar sign in front of that cyster house on Canal Street, "Wanted.—A young man to open oysters seventeen years old."

What do you think! Joe Miller says he showed his girl my picture one day last

week, saying it was taken for him, and she hasn't spoken to him since.

My Uncle Zeb had the baldest head I ever saw—just about six hairs on each side—and when he tried to brush them over his baldness he put me in mind of a rabbit dog. He would make a little “hare” go a long way.

If you were to die and I were to marry your wife, what relation would I be to her? Why her step-husband—you would step out and I would step in.

If I were going to marry I would want my wife to resemble an almanac, for then I could get a new one every year.

A speaker once remarked at a mass meeting, “The great voice of the people demands a change in the division of money. It is not equally divided and it should be by all

means. If I had my way, I'd call in all the money in the country, then I'd get everybody around and share and share alike, and say: now go off and spend it and have a good time," when a voice broke in, "Yes, but after they had spent it all, what then?" "Why," said he, "I'd call it all in and divide it all over again."

Did you ever know the New family? They used to live out in Denver. Oh! my what a large family it was! There were seventeen children, all boys. There was John New, and James New, and Henry and Joseph. There were so many that they ran out of names. The last boy was named Nothing New. Then there was a little baby girl—the first one. They named her Something—Something New.

The latest thing in shoes. Feet.

Did you ever notice how everything about

the post-office suggests the gentler sex? In the first place, all the mails go there, and anything that suggests the feminine gender naturally attracts the males. And then, again, every lady represents a letter, or something pertaining to the post-office. Take, as an example, a young married woman. She represents a letter that has reached its destination. The young lady who has been crossed in love resembles a letter that has been missent. The nurse girls represent the carriers' department. Our millionaires' daughters, who are looking for titles, are always after the foreign mails (males), and an old maid represents a letter lost in the general delivery.

If there were only three women in the world, two of them would occupy their time getting together and talking about the other one. And if there were only three men, their time would be occupied running after the three women.

It's bound to occur—a tin can to a yellow dog's tail!

A neighbor of mine is an unhappy specimen of matrimonial existence. He's a carriage maker by trade. He says his wife never "spoke" kindly to him, and her wagging (wagon) tongue makes him *tire*.

You will observe I am suffering from a cold this evening. I went out for a ride in a *driving* rain, got a *hacking* cough and am a little ho(a)rse.

A fellow had the impertinence to come up to me on the street and say he would like to borrow my face for five minutes. When I asked him what for, he said a young lady had fallen in love with him and he wanted to "shake" her.

The other day I asked a friend of mine a question, and he allowed his patriotism to

get the better of his common sense. I said to him, "If you were about to depart from this earthly sphere, would you rather die an American or an Irishman?" He responded quickly, with a spread-eagle wave of his e-pluribus-unum arm, "I would rather die an American." Now that's where he was wrong. If you die an American that's the end of it, but if you die an Irishman they wake you.

I went out to the races last week and a "tout" gave me some tips. He told me to bet on "Tapioca"—it was a pudding. Then he told me about a horse named "Hydrant"—he ran well. Then I plunged on "Broom"—it was a clean sweep. The next race I took a horse named "Hebrew"—he won by a nose, and in the last dash I took a fine-looking animal called "La Grippe"—and he led at the quarter, half, and three-quarter. Everything looked favorable for "La Grippe," who was a length ahead in the home-stretch, but just as they came under the wire, in flew Enza (influenza).

ADVICE TO AMATEURS

The last few years it seems to be the rage among amateurs to present minstrelsy at their home entertainments, and the question is often asked how to begin the preparations for such performances. When the few points, which I shall endeavor to explain, are carried out as far as practicable, I think the task can be accomplished without much difficulty. First, the projectors should form themselves into different committees, that the different departments may have a thorough management. They should not conflict, and each committee should take entire control of its special department. I would suggest for this purpose the following:

Committee on Finance, whose duty should be that of taking charge of all monetary affairs (should the performance be given with a view of benefit), and to control the receipts.

Committee on Entertainment, to select the gentlemen who are to take part in the performance, to see that they are provided with ballads, comic songs, jokes, etc., and to arrange them in consistent order upon the programme, to procure costumes, and if necessary engage music, etc.

Committee on Printing and Advertising, to take charge of tickets, programmes, newspaper advertisements, and whatever may be deemed advisable in the way of printed matter for distribution.

To reach an estimate of the expenditures, it would be well to inquire into the expense that will attend the following:

Rent of hall	.
Musicians necessary	.
Printing tickets	.
" programmes	.
" (extra)	.
Advertising in local press	.
Rental of costumes and wigs	.
Burnt cork	.
Price of tambourines and bones	.

Orchestral arrangement of ballads and comic songs	
Part arrangement for singers	
Ushers and doorkeepers' services	
Fans, gloves, boutonniers, etc., for performers	
Stage properties required	
Express charges	

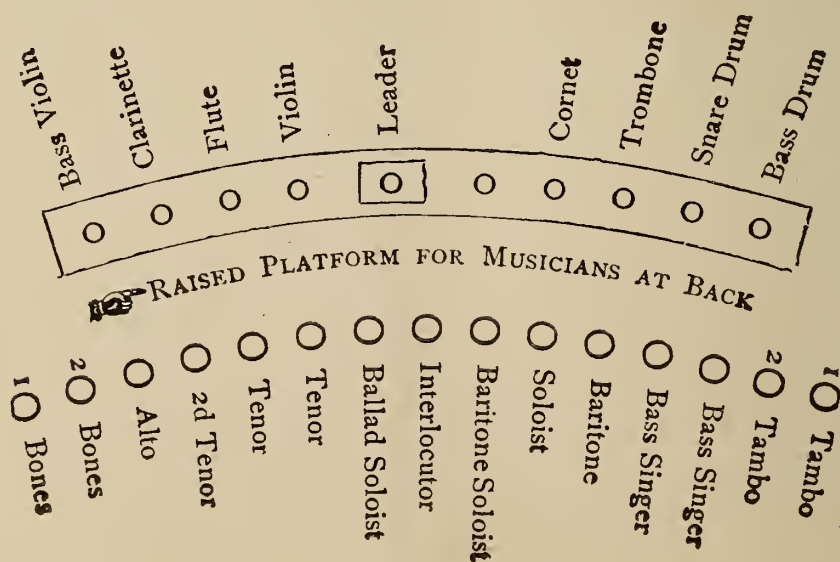
Having gone thus far into the details, the next important move for the Committee on Entertainment is to notify those who are to take part as to the time and place of rehearsals, to which fully two weeks should be given, one each day or evening, lasting in every instance from three to four hours, according to progress. Upon every one should be impressed the importance of punctuality and strict attention.

The Committee on Entertainment should in the meantime call a special meeting, appoint the performers, and make selections of songs, jokes, etc., before the initial rehearsal.

At the first rehearsal the chairman of the above committee should announce the se-

lections to the persons present. He should then hand each gentleman his particular part for solo or chorus, and with the aid of a piano the singers should familiarize themselves with these selections. Little or no headway beyond this can be made at the first rehearsal or meeting.

At the second rehearsal, and always thereafter, the stage should be arranged with chairs as follows, occupied by the performers in every instance, the end-men on all occasions using bones and tambourines to perfect themselves in harmonious movements.



The order of the programme should then be followed, carefully repeating each number as many times as may be necessary to show an improvement to the committee. As a guide to such procedure I would suggest the following outline for an order of entertainment:

Overture (of popular airs) . . . *Orchestra*
 With grand choruses, plenty of tambourine and bone-work, and a lively finish.

PART FIRST

ROLLICKING JUBILEE SONG, by Bones and
 Tambo

JOKES BY BONES

BALLAD, ... by Tenor

JOKES BY TAMBO

COMIC SONG, . . . by Bones

BALLAD, ... by Baritone

JOKES BY BONES (2)

COMIC SONG, . . . by Tambo

BALLAD, ... by Bass

JOKES BY TAMBO (2)

SELECTION FOR QUARTETTE

PART SECOND

BANJO OR OTHER INSTRUMENTAL
SELECTION

DANCING SPECIALTY

STUMP SPEECH

COMIC QUARTETTE

AFTER-PIECE

There is no costume more becoming for the minstrel First Part, than the full-dress suit, with a distinction for the comedian, effected by removing the buttons and using brass ones, wearing a large collar with points, and an extravagant necktie. The others in the circle wear the regulation evening dress, with white ties. In preparing to color the skin use nothing before applying the prepared burnt-cork, which can be had of every wig-maker in the country, and in removing it use only cold water, a soap that is free to lather, and a bath-sponge. All kinds of devices are offered, but in an experience of over twenty years I find that plain soap and water is

more effective than any modern invention I have ever found.

The last rehearsal on the day of the performance should be merely a running over of crude points. The gentlemen taking part should be rested as much as possible before facing the ordeal. And, allow me to say, my dear amateur, if you have never before faced an audience and fancy it is not an ordeal, you will doubtless have an opportunity to change your mind when the curtain rises and you find yourself born to blush unseen—hidden by a layer of burnt-cork and glaring over the footlights into a vast sea of human faces.

WHAT CONSTITUTES SUCCESSFUL MANAGEMENT

Liberality without extravagance should be the motto of every manager who wishes to achieve distinction in any branch of the amusement world. Penuriousness and success are not synonymous words. It is an impossibility to succeed in the profession unless a cautious, open-handed policy is strictly followed, and good judgment is displayed even in the most minute matters pertaining to the business. To imagine that the manager's lot is a bed of roses is a fallacy. And a knowledge of the undertaking before plunging headlong into the vortex is as essential as in any other calling.

For the benefit of would-be managers, I modestly make these assertions, and bid them beware.

That you may be posted in one kind of

public business, it does not follow that there is nothing to learn in still another branch. "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*"

Capital plays a most important part in the drama of "Ambition;" Experience enacts the role of the Teacher, and Folly appears as the heavy villain, who, in the last act, after playing havoc all through the drama, gives way to Reason, the hero!

The aspirant for managerial laurels, who, through some other calling for which he is particularly fitted by nature, has been fortunate enough to lay by a few hundred dollars, and longing for notoriety in the profession, is generally doomed. He invests his all in all, and when he sees his name in flaming letters on a three-sheet poster as the "Sole Manager," the zenith of his ambition seems to have been reached. But how soon the majority realize to their sorrow that something besides their little savings are necessary. There is not a week passes over our heads, but "one more unfortunate" is

added to the list of those gone before, who have been led into the trap by some wary schemer with a "new play," or a "star of the first magnitude."

During all the years I have been in the profession, and for many as a manager, I find there is something to learn every day. The manager never graduates; he must keep up with his class, whether Freshmen or Sophomore, *ab initio*, to the end.

The great majority of managers of wealth and standing to-day are men who have suffered the vicissitudes of a menial position, and have made themselves practical professionals, by application and careful study, which experience alone can furnish.

I find the minstrel business, in many instances, differs very little from the operatic, dramatic, or other branches, which the vulgar are pleased to term "show" business. Show me a comedy, with a weak beginning and finish, even though its middle be well filled, and I will show you

a failure. Point me out a minstrel performance with inferior singing and a dull, insipid afterpiece, no matter what its "Olio" may provide, and I will show you the same result. Everything—as in life—should begin well, and finish better. The public are capricious, and pay their money to judge for themselves, and expect *their* tastes, not the managers, to be suited. If they want *beef a la mode*, he cannot surfeit them with boiled ham.

I remember a well-known manager who died a few years ago, who had a decided objection to his patrons' dictation. He was a clever actor, and as eccentric as he was talented. He had built a very handsome theatre at his native place in the Southwest, and the elite of the city had taken unto themselves to make Friday the fashionable night. Consequently, while the receipts suffered every other evening of the week, there was always a cultured, dressy, crowded attendance each Friday. The city finally

became known as a **Friday-night town**, or a one-night stand. This so angered my old friend that he determined to break it up. He remarked he would run his theatre his way, and the fashionable play-goers must not be their own judges. His motto was identical with that of a well-known millionaire—"The public be ———." My friend, Manager M——, set about his task after this manner: He announced Friday nights as the "People's Nights," and placed the prices for that particular evening at one-half the usual rates of admission. The result was that the fashionable world of that little aristocratic city stayed away altogether, and the "people" responded only on Friday evenings. The box-office returns continually showed him the error of his ways, and after a desperate struggle he changed his policy, and returned to first principles, fully convinced that it was not in his province to dictate to his patrons.

I have been personally connected with

several partners, during my managerial experience, and differences, as a consequence, have frequently arisen. In one instance, a gentleman with whom I was associated had the rather vague impression that if the song and dance was perfection, the rest of the performance was as naught. He was under the strange hallucination that the public came only to see a terpsichorean specialty, and to hear six or eight young men in flashing tights warble :

“'Neath the flowers in the sunlight,
Happy moments we will while ;
As we dance to merry strain-lets,
In our captivating style.”

Of course I had no reasonable objection to make to the “merry strain-lets,” or their “captivating style”—I knew the public liked it, but they wanted other song-lets and joke-lets and they did not care to have us retrench in other departments. They came, in plentiful numbers, to hear good balladists, good specialists, good songs and dances and

marches—in fact, everything first class, in accordance with the liberality of their patronage. With considerable effort, though only a voice in the matter, and after much persuasion, I succeeded in gaining the point regarding the public demand, only to renew again, upon re-organization, my same argument; and I am conceited enough to say, if you will pardon me, that to these concessions in my favor a portion (N. B.—I am modest enough to admit a portion) of the success achieved was due to my well-taken point.

Therefore, in conclusion, let me advise every one of non-experience, who has a thought of one day entering the managerial field, to bear in mind the words of Davy Crockett:

“Be sure you’re right, then go ahead.”

Do not attempt too much; begin as our leading managers began. If you know it all before commencing, take my advice and don’t go at it. If your mind is fully

settled and you are assured that destiny has selected you for an operatic impressario, a theatrical or minstrel manager, then begin, by all means, by gaining the respect of the people, socially and professionally, with whom you are brought in contact. Secure the commendation of the public, the esteem of your brother managers, and the confidence of your creditors, and you will succeed in lightening the burden of responsibility that is necessarily attached to the arduous duties that constitute successful management.

VALEDICTORY

In closing this conglomeration of occasional originalities and superfluously liberal supply of antediluvian and preadamite preamble, I most humbly beg the reader's leniency in the matter of criticism, and pray that he or she, as the case may be, will not think I have assumed too much in presenting these plain, unvarnished tales. I have taken as my text that good old proverb:

“ A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men.”

I do not assume for one moment that I am *au fait* as a *literatus*, nor have I, as they say in Latin, a *cocoethes scribendi*, but still I dare to hope that amongst all of these little inconsistencies there may be a *bonne bouche* that perchance may act as a *brutum fulmen* on the risibility of the non-skeptical critic, who by accident or from causes unknown, may in a misguided moment have selected this

little book to bestow upon it a tithe of their time. While I shall be deeply flattered by any attention that may be conferred upon it, I will not lay the flattering unction to my soul that it is inspired by any (portrayal) of genius on my part. Man proposes and his publisher disposes. Therefore, in saying Adieu, my dear reader, let me request you to consider the motive which alone, and to its fullest meaning, is described so fluently in the two lines above, quoted from the immortal Ben Jonson and so

Vive vale (farewell and be happy).

JOKES



An Infant Hercules.

“Is the baby strong?”

“Well, rather. You know what a tremendous voice he has?”

“Yes.”

“Well, he lifts that five or six times an hour.”

The Young Idea.

Merritt.—“Was your father wild when you mother let the iron fall on his toes?”

Little Johnnie.—“Yes; he was hopping.”

Caught on.

"Did you get on to that banana peel on the stairs?" asked one office boy of another.

"Yes," replied the other, with an expression of feeling, "I tumbled."

What he Wanted.

"I am surprised, Bobby, that you should ask for more pie when you have plenty yet on your plate."

"Why, that aint pie, ma ; that's crust. What I want is pie."

Quite a Different Thing.

Tommy Traddles came into the house crying, and in a very mussed up condition.

"Now, Tommy," said his mother, "haven't I told you time and again not to play with that wicked little McCarthy boy?"

"I hain't been playin' with him," sobbed Tommy ; "he's been playin' with me."

She Wasn't Sure.

Little Girl.—"What's the matter, little boy?"

Little Boy.—"I'm crying because my mamma has just gone to Heaven."

Little Girl.—"Oh ! but p'haps she hasn't !"

One of De Boys.

"Well, my little man, are you cold this morning?" said a benevolent old gentleman to a gamin who was dancing on the sidewalk to keep his toes warm.

"Na-a-w. Not much I aint. I aint one 'o' the cold kind, I aint."

"Well, but you have no overcoat or mittens."

"Oh! I'm none o' them blokes what's done up by their mammies, afraid they won't look pretty. Say, mister, haven't you smoked that stub down short 'nough? I wouldn't mind a little suthin' warm under my nose."

The benevolent old gentleman moved on, discouraged.

Danger in Cold Water.

"I trust, Robert, when you grow up you will show yourself on the side of temperance and morality by voting the Prohibition ticket?"

"Oh! rats! Why, aunt, water's killed more folks'n liquor ever thought of doing."

"I am ashamed of you, Robert! Can you think of one instance in which water judiciously applied, has caused death?"

"Well, what's the matter with the flood?"

Equal to Anything.

Patronizing Old Gentleman.—“I wonder whose little boy this is?”

Small Boy.—“There’s two ways you could find out.”

Old Gentleman.—“How so, my son?”

Small Boy.—“You might guess, or you might inquire.”

Hub School “Compositions.”

THE POLICEMAN.

“Policemen is N. G. I no a Cop and he kicked a small feller threw a Gate for Puttin’ mud on to a milk Mans hors, and puttin’ some of it into his Eers, and so when the boys mother come out with some hot water to put on the cop he got scart and run Feerful fast.”

Robert Asks Another Question.

“Who is that lady dressed in black, mamma?” asked Bobbie, as he sat with his mother on a ferry-boat.

“That is a Sister of Charity, my boy,” replied his mother.

Bobby pondered deeply for a moment, and then he said, “Which is she, mamma, Faith or Hope?”

The True Reason.

“ Papa, why do they call a beaver hat a high hat ? ”

“ Because, my son, it costs eight dollars. ”

Coasting.

A POME.

Nice
Ice
Hill,
Bill,
Sled,
Dead.

The End of Gus.

An examination in the public schools :

Professor to pupil.—“ In which of his battles was Gustavus Adolphus killed ? ”

Pupil (after reflection).—“ I think it was in his last battle. ”

Jay Gould Style.

Mamma (to Flossie, who had been lunching with a little friend).—“ I hope you were very polite, Flossie, at the table, and said, ‘ Yes, please,’ and ‘ No, thank you ! ’ ”

Flossie.—“ Well, I didn’t say, ‘ No, thank you,’ because, you see, I took everything. ”

An Approximation.

A little friend of mine, on returning from church last Sunday, when questioned by her father about the sermon, said naively, "I only remember that he said Paul planted and had Apollinaris water!"

A Kindergarten Series.

"Now, children," after reading the old story of Washington's exploit with his hatchet, "write me all you can remember of that pretty story I have just read to you."

THE RESULT.

Slate I. (Teddy, eight years old).—George Washinton is our father did he tell a lie no he never did he did it with his hachit.

Slate II. (Ethel, seven).—gorge washinton was the father of is contre hes father sed did you do it he sed i wud not lie i did it with mi Hathit and then he busted in tears.

Slate III. (Georgie, nine).—George Washington is the father of our country and he did it with his hatchit and he said father I did it did the boy deny it o no did he try to put it on some other feller No He did not tell no lie he bust into tears.

Two Pieces of Pie.

"Ma, can I have another piece of mince pie?"

"No, my child, you'd dream of your grandmother."

"I like to dream of my grandmother, ma. She used to give me two pieces of pie."

Not Beautiful.

An old lady, visiting one of her friends, found a child of the latter, a mite of five or six years, sobbing bitterly, and apparently in great distress.

"You shouldn't cry like that," said the visitor; "that's what makes little girls ugly!"

Dolly looks up through her tears, and gazes at the visitor:

"What a lot you must have cried when you were a little girl!"

The Boy Was Also Fresh.

Old Lady (to grocer's boy).—"Be them eggs on the counter fresh?"

Boy.—"Yes'm."

"How long have they been laid?"

"Not very long, ma'am. I laid 'em there myself less'n half an hour ago."

Sticky Music.

"They poked a porous plaster into it, and then it began to play," is the way a boy described an orguINETTE.

A Banker.

"What's the matter, sonny?" said a kindly-faced gentleman to an urchin on the street. "You must be very poor to wear such shoes as those this kind of weather. Have you any father?"

"Well, I should say I have."

"What does he do?"

"He's a banker, he is."

"A banker!"

"Yes, sir. He's the feller that piled the snow up on this here sidewalk."

A Plausible Idea.

"Pa," said Bobby, who was looking over his picture book, "isn't that a picture of Jonah and the whale?"

"Certainly not," replied the old man impatiently—he had been answering foolish questions all the evening—"if it were, wouldn't Jonah be there, too?"

"Perhaps he's inside the whale," suggested Bobby.

Thoroughly Posted.

Cigar Dealer.—“ Yes, I want a boy here. Have you any experience ?”

Youthful Applicant.—“ Lots.”

“ Suppose I should mix up the price marks in these boxes, could you tell the good cigars from the bad ones ?”

“ Easy 'nough.”

“ How ?”

“ The wust cigars is in the boxes wot's got the purtiest pictur's.”

Precept.

The Rev. Alban Cope.—“ Well, my little man, what are you going to give up as a Lenten sacrifice ?”

Bobby.—“ I don't think I'll give up anything, sir. Papa told me once that it wasn't manly to give up.”

One on the Old Man.

“ I declare, Robert,” said the old man, irascibly, “ you are the most stupid boy I ever saw. I wonder at your ignorance. It seems to me I'll never be able to learn you anything.”

“ Do you mean teach me anything, Pa ?” asked Bobby, calmly picking a toothpick.

The Reason.

Teacher.—“Why is it you don't learn your Sunday-school lessons as you do those on week days?”

Bad Little Tommie.—“'Cause you can't lick a feller at Sunday-school.”

New Style Comedy.

“Willie, you've been writing at that desk a long time. What are you doing?”

“I'm writing a play. It's a comedy. I've got to the last act, and I'm killing off the characters.”

“Killing off the characters, Willie? Why, they don't do that in real comedies at the theatres, my son.”

(Writing away busily) “I know it, papa. That's where my play is just going to knock the socks off most of the comedies you see in theatres.”

He Was Out of Reach.

Bobbie.—“Say, pa, a bee hums, doesn't he?”

Father.—“Yes, my boy; but run away and don't bother me.”

Bobbie.—“Well, pa, if that's so, aint a bee a humbug?”

On the Instalment Plan.

As was his custom, little Johnnie entered the parlor one evening while his sister Cora was entertaining Mr. Merritt. He was wearing a pair of new slippers, of which he seemed very proud.

"Where did you get the pretty pair of slippers, Johnnie?" asked Mr. Merritt. "Did your mother give them to you?"

"No," replied little Johnnie, recalling, as he often did, the unpleasant phases in his young life, "she never gives me more than one at a time."

The Young Idea.

Mrs. Brown (in toy shop).—"Would you like one of these long whistles, dear?"

Little Johnnie.—"Naw. What's the use of giving me one when you'd lick me for blowing it?"

Heavy Journalism.

Old Lady.—"I hope, my boy, you don't sell papers on Sunday?"

Small Newsboy (sadly).—"No, mum; I aint big enough to carry a Sunday edition yet."

Probably Forgiven.

"Johnnie ! Johnnie !"

"What, ma."

"March yourself into the house. I thought I told you not to play with that bad boy."

"I wa'n't playing with him, ma ; I knocked an eye out of him."

Angling for Pie.

Mrs. Salstonstall (of Boston).—"Tommy, will you have a piece of mince pie?"

Tommy Beaconstreet (who is taking dinner out).—"Yes'm, and I trust that your apportionment will be commensurate with my esteem for yourself."

Gave it Up.

Revivalist.—"My son, when that great day comes, where will we find you, with the sheep or the goats?"

Small Boy.—"Jiggered if I know. Ma, she says I'm her 'little lamb,' and pa calls me 'the kid,' so I guess I'll have to give it up."

Her Remedy.

Tommy.—"What did your mother do for your cut finger?"

Little Johnnie.—"Licked me for cutting it"

Only One Fear.

Old Lady.—“What’s the matter, little boy?”

Street Urchin (whimpering).—“’Fraid.”

Old Lady.—“Afraid? Well, I do declare! I didn’t know you street gamins were ever afraid of anything, seen or unseen, in this world or in the next.”

Street Urchin.—“Y-e-s, we’re ’fraid of—of each other.”

In No Hurry.

Little Girl.—“If I should die and go to Heaven would I have wings?”

Mamma.—“Yes, my pet, and a crown and a harp.”

Little Girl.—“And candy?”

Mamma.—“No-o.”

Little Girl (after meditation).—“Well I’m glad we’ve got a good doctor.”

Sharp.

“There is no rule without an exception, my son.”

“Oh! isn’t there, pa? A man must always be present while he is being shaved.”

“My dear, hadn’t you better send this child to bed. He’s too clever!”

Told the Teacher.

A little boy had spent his first day at school.
 "What did you learn?" was his aunt's question.
 "Didn't learn anything."
 "Well, what did you do?"
 "Didn't do anything. There was a woman wanting to know how to spell cat, and I told her."

Bobby Knew Them.

Miss Clara (to Mr. Paperwate, at dinner).—
 "Mr. Paperwate, will you have a hot biscuit? I made them myself."

Mr. Paperwate.—"Delighted, Miss Clara, and I'm doubtful if one will suffice."

Miss Clara.—"Oh! thank you, Mr. Paperwate. Will you have one, Bobby?"

Bobby.—"No, sir-ree!"

Jammed.

Male Parent (sternly).—"Now, sir, young man, I have caught you—stuck in the jam, as usual, when your mother is away."

Culprit.—"I'll bet a quarter ma's stuck in the jam too."

Male Parent.—"Where?"

Culprit.—"Down in the millinery opening."

Grandma in a Box.

Bobby (who is visiting his kind old grandmother).—"I wouldn't mind eatin' some of that nice hot bread, grandma."

Grandma.—"Well, Bobby, you can have all you want of it."

Bobby.—"Yes, but ma won't let me eat hot bread."

Grandma (testing the lad's moral strength).—"She won't know anything about it, Bobby."

Bobby.—"All right, grandma, just give me a piece, please."

Not a Part of Speech.

Teacher.—"Johnnie, what part of speech is nose?"

Johnnie.—"'Taint enny."

"Ah, but it must be."

"Mebbe your'n is because you talk through it, but the only part o' speech that I've got is my mouth."

Go Up Head.

Teacher.—"What was there remarkable about the battle of Lookout?"

Little Dick (at the foot of the class).—"It caused bangs on the brow of a mountain."

Children and Fools.

"Remember me to your father, like a good boy," said the minister.

"It's not worth while," replied little Johnnie. "I heard the old man say he would never forget you after that big dinner you put away at our house."

That Settled It.

"Pa," asked sleepy Bobby, "can I ask you a question if it aint foolish?"

"Ya'as!" almost shouted the old man, who was trying to read.

"Well, if a toad had a tail, pa, would it interfere with his jumpin', or would it help him like it does the kangaroo?"

In less time than it takes to tell it Bobby was between the sheets.

Down Grade.

Little Bobby.—"Don't you want to take me up to the toboggan slide with you some day, Mr. Jinks?"

Mr. Jinks.—"I never go to any toboggan slide, Bobby; never even saw a toboggan."

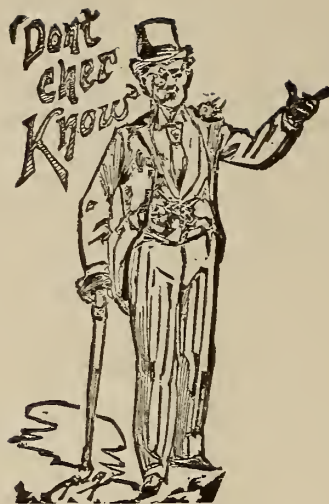
Bobby (a trifle nonplused).—"That's funny; I heard pa say something about your going down-hill at a furious rate."

All Mixed Up.

Tomlinson.—"Hello, Bodger ! What makes you look so excited ?"

Bodger.—"Why, you see, they've got twins at sister's. One of 'em is a boy and one of 'em is a girl, and blamed if that doesn't make me an uncle and an aunt both !"





Anglomania.

“Oh! youah mistaken, me boy. Towker is weally a gentleman.”

“What makes you think so?”

“Well, I saw a bill from a London tailor in his mail, don’t you knowah?”

A Sufficient Reason.

Brown.—“Hello, Robinson, I thought you were taking in the musicale to-night?”

Robinson.—“I just left there.”

Brown.—“What made you leave so early?”

Robinson.—“A sixteen-year-old young man trying to sing ‘Larboard Watch, Ahoy.’”

Coming Down.

"My new mustache is coming up nicely, isn't it, Lulu?"

"No, Freddy (icily), it's down."

Dood Muscle.

Fitz Dood.—"I'm going in foh athletics, Gawge."

Swellville.—"Don't say so, ol' chappie."

Fitz Dood.—"Got to do it—doctah ordahs it."

Swellville.—"Going to try the Indian clubs?"

Fitz Dood.—"No; I fawncy I will twy rolling my own cigarettes."

As Good as an Englishman.

Lady (to applicant for coachman).—"Are you an Englishman?"

Applicant.—"No, mum; I was born in Ireland; but I've lived so long in Ameriky that I s'pose I do seem quite English, you know."

She Cawn't.

Young Charlie Gunther (whose pa is rich).—"Jack, she just rejected me, and I actually think she is laughing in her sleeve at me."

Jack—"Oh! she cawn't do that, deah boy. Her dwess is sleeveless, don'tcherknow?"

Slightly Old.

"Heard my last joke? It is great—positively Shakespearian."

"Yes, I heard it. I thought it was earlier than Shakespeare, though."

A Fashionable Pair.

Dudekins.—"Aw, Mistah Snip, are these twowsers all wool?"

Snip.—"All wool, Mr. Dudekins, and a yard wide."

His Taste.

Miss Smythe (languidly).—"Are you fond of music?"

Young De Jones (rapturously).—"Oh—Ah! —y-e-a-s weally, Miss Smythe; if there's one thing I *do* admire it is a *vocal* voice."

Quite an Idea.

Sister.—"Why do they call some balls fancy balls, Gussie?"

Brother.—"Hay? Oh! Yass. Well, y'see, my deah, they cawl 'em fawncy balls becawse a fellaw can tawk to any strange gal he fawncies."

Sister.—"Oh! for shame."

Brother.—"Yaas! Oh! yaas! Pwecisely."

One or the Other.

Dasher.—“ I hope you don't object to my smoking.”

Rev. Mr. Mylde.—“ N—not in the least, if —you don't object to my being sick.”

Evidently Thrown In.

Pell.—“ By Jove, old man, that's a pretty necktie you have on !”

Mell.—“ Yes ; I flatter myself that I have good taste in selecting neckties. Have a cigar ?”

Pell.—“ Thanks. (Lights it.) Umph ! (Puff.) Did this cigar come with the tie ?”

Confused.

“ I—I say, Miss Musicale, won't you favah me with a little song ?”

“ Certainly, Mr. Bajove, and what shall it be ?”

“ Why, I think I should enjoy that one about weturning the w-wabbit.”

(Thoughtfully) ; “ Returning the rabbit ?”

“ Yaas, you know (humming), ‘ Weturn my wabbit again, again.’ ”

“ Oh ! I think you mean ‘ Bring back my Bonnie to Me.’ ”

“ Yas, that's it, Miss Musicale ; ‘ Bwing back my Bunnie to me.’ ”

Keep it Warm.

Dude (entering Delmonico's, to waiter; the dude carries a heavy stick with an enormous horse's head): "Hat, waiter!"

Waiter.—"Yes, sir."

Dude.—"Coat, waiter!"

Waiter.—"Yes, sir."

Dude.—"Cane, waiter!"

Waiter.—"Yes, sir. Have it blanketed, sir?"

Not Safe.

He (tenderly).—"It is a mistake for a man to travel through life alone."

She.—"Yes, indeed. Why don't you get your mother to chaperon you?"

Where Poor Poetry is Dangerous.

A young poet and his friend were lounging in Central Park menagerie near the orang-outang's cage.

"By the way, Fred," said the poet, "I have just completed that poem I spoke to you about. Shall I read you a few verses of it?"

"Certainly; I shall be delighted; but don't stand too near the cage; the orang-outang might grab you."

Not That Uncle.

Griggs.—“Hello, Jack! Where have you been the last two weeks?”

Seedy Friend.—“Staying with my uncle.”

Griggs.—“So; who took you out?”

Practical Sympathy.

“Sad about Cholly, wasn’t it? Got his cane head in his mouth, you know, and couldn’t get it out.”

“How much was it worth?”

No Relation.

He.—“Were you ever in love?”

She.—“Never, until now.”

He.—“Ah! then you do love me.”

She.—“Oh, no! the one I love is not even an acquaintance of yours.”

In Philadelphia.

Cholly.—“I always sleep well.”

Miss Snyder.—“So I should judge. You never seem more than half awake.”

Been There.

First Cadet.—“Did you ever smell powder?”

Second Cadet.—“Yes.”

“Where?”

“On a Vassar girl.”

A Puzzle Solved.

Paperwate.—“What I cawn’t understand about it is that Bylker should come and pay me back that five dollars he bowowed fwom me without my awsking faw it.”

Lambrequin.—“Perhaps he wanted to borrow ten.”

Paperwate.—“By jove! He made it twenty!”

Not so Bad for an “Old Chappie.”

First Old Chappie.—“Think we’ve time for a cigarette, old chappie?”

Second Old Chappie.—“Well, old chappie, considering thirty years are supposed to elapse between this last act and the next, I think we have.”

In Paris.

“Here, Charlie, you studied French at home. Suppose you call the waiter.”

“All right,” says Charlie, his bosom swelling proudly. “Ah! jargon, jargon, allez vous ici.”

He Didn’t Have to go Far.

Augustus Doody (to chambermaid).—“Aw—aw—I’m tired of boarding—aw. I’m looking for a flat.”

Chambermaid.—“An’ did ye have to lave home to find wan?”

Kindly Met.

Scene.—A dance at the Portman rooms (late Mme. Tussaud's).—Ingenious Masher (to ancient chaperone).—"Aw—I say—awfully draughty here, don'tcherknow. Won't you go and sit in the 'Chamber of Horrors?' They've got a stove, and you'll feel so much more at home there, don'tcherknow!"

What Did She Mean?

Poseyboy.—"Do you moisten a pencil before you write it, Miss Southmayd?"

Miss Southmayd.—"Yes, never use one without putting it to my lips."

Poseyboy.—"I wish I was a pencil."

Miss Southmayd.—"You are—all except the lead."





Women as Engineers.

Blobson. — "Ha, ha! Here's an article which says that before the close of the nineteenth century we shall see women running locomotive engines on our railroads."

Mrs. Blobson. — "Well, why not? Don't you think they would make good ones?"

Mr. Blobson. — "In some respects, perhaps. They would keep a good lookout, ahead, anyway."

Mrs. Blobson. — "Why so?"

Mr. Blobson. — "Because they would have their heads out of the cab window all the time to show their new bonnets."

Saved from a Boycott.

"So you are married!" exclaimed one as they met in front of the Post Office.

"Yes."

"And to Mr. Blank?"

"Yes."

"But I thought you broke your engagement with him?"

"I did—almost, but he threatened to have me boycotted and I thought it best to marry him."

A Salt Lake City Episode.

Citizen (showing the town to a famous baseball player).—"Hello! there goes Elder Plural's nine."

Baseball Player (excitedly).—"Where? Let's have a look at the boys."

Citizen.—"You mistake me. I mean his nine wives."

She Had Not Been Idle, Though.

Mrs. Caller.—"Have you taught your baby how to say 'Mamma' yet?"

Mrs. Southend.—"No; I've been very busy teaching Fido some lovely new tricks. Fido, stand up for the lady."

Social Felinities.

Bagley.—“Don't you think that Miss Barrows has a pretty face, Clara?”

Clara.—“She would have, but for three things.”

Bagley.—“What are they?”

Clara.—“A crooked nose, a homely mouth, and dull eyes. Miss Barrows's ears are very pretty.”

The Higher Education of Women.

Miss Bacon (they have been discussing orchids).—“And now, Professor, I want you to tell me all about the plant from which electricity is made.”

Professor Hohonthy (aghast). — “The which?”

Miss Bacon.—“You certainly must have heard of it. Father says its high cost prevents the general use of electric lighting—I mean the electric plant.”

Too Eager.

Sorrows of the cross-eyed man.—“Miss, may I have the honor of the next waltz with you?”

Two ladies (eagerly rising).—“With pleasure.”

A Foreign Article.

Fond Mother.—“Doctor, what seems to be the cause of Willie’s trouble?”

Doctor.—“Some foreign substance in the stomach, I should say.”

Fond Mother.—“Oh! yes, those dreadful Irish potatoes! I will tell our grocer to-morrow that he positively must bring us some American potatoes.”

Original.

Clara.—“Your Boston friend, Mr. Beenebecker, is a most surprising youth. He is faultless in dress, but absurdly original in manner.”

Ethel.—“That’s his great charm in my eyes. It is so remindful of a good old patriotic air, you know. I am kept wondering what my Yankee dude’ll do.”

A Slight Difference.

“And you may give me two boxes of strawberries, please,” said the young housekeeper.

“Hi, Jimmie!” said the butcher; “two boxes of straw for Mrs. Byrnes.”

“No, James,” cried Mrs. B.; “not two boxes of straw, but two boxes of berries.”

Sure of Her Ground.

He.—"Will you marry me?"

She.—"Wait a minute." [Exit.]

(Reappearing with a shotgun.—"Hold up your hands! Higher yet! I am sorry to say, Mr Brown, that I can only be a sister to you. You must pardon my seemingly rude conduct, but so many young women are getting killed nowadays by rejected suitors that I thought a little precaution would not be out of place."

A Maiden's Artifice.

Artful Amy.—"Algernon, in parliamentary usage, what does the presiding officer say when a matter is to be put to a vote?"

Unsuspecting Algernon.—"Are you ready for the question?"

Artful Amy.—"Y-yes, Algernon, I think I am."

Turns the Crank.

The Advance of Science.—"Yes," she remarked proudly, "my husband is a member of one of the foremost professions of the age. He is an electrician."

"Is he with Edison?"

"No; he is a brakesman on one of the new Fourth Avenue cars."

The Penitential Season.

Rector.—“ Good morning, Miss Devout ; delightful weather, is it not ? True spring weather, indeed. By the way, Miss Devout, are you denying yourself anything during this penitential Lenten season ? ”

Miss Devout.—“ Oh ! yes, I’ve left off my sealskin sacque.”

A Sure Indication.

Mrs. Rogers (just returned from a walk).—“ I am afraid I am growing old and fading very fast.”

Mr. R.—“ Nonsense, my dear. What causes you to imagine so ? ”

Mrs. R.—“ Why, the policemen never hold my arm now when escorting me across a crowded thoroughfare.”

Preferred Another Brand.

Mrs. Brown.—“ My husband is one of the most generous of men.”

Mrs. Terwilliger.—“ That’s nice.”

Mrs. Brown.—“ Yes ; I made him a present of a box of cigars for Christmas and he has given them all away to his friends. He hasn’t smoked a single one himself.”

The Shrine of His Devotion.

Mrs. Allgood (to Mrs. Malaprop, as her nephew leaves the room).—"Your nephew seems to be very fond of music?"

Mrs. Malaprop.—"Yes ; especially religious music. He is a constant visitor to the Archbishop's Ca-ca—Casino on Fifth Avenue."

When Women Hold Office.

Female Sheriff.—"Is your husband at home?"

Wife (suspiciously).—"He is not. What do you want of him."

"I have an attachment for him."

"You have ! Why, you shameless thing !"

Not so Popular.

She (after the opera).—"Topical songs are not so popular, are they?"

He.—"Why do you think so, dear?"

She.—"They never introduced one in 'Aida' to-night."

A Drawback.

Lady.—"Oh ! what a lovely chair. It is an antique, is it not?"

Salesman.—"No, madam ; that is modern."

Lady.—"Oh ! what a pity ! It was so pretty."

The Marriage is Off.

Raker (to Miss Brown, who is aged thirty-seven and as rich as she is not lovely).—"Miss Eva, I love you, I adore you! Will you be mine?"

Miss Eva (blushing).—"Yes."

Raker.—"Oh! you dear old girl!"

Got Left.

Fitzjones.—"Did you go to the theatre last evening, Percy?"

De Brown.—"No; I attended a sleight-of-hand performance."

Fitzjones.—"Where?"

De Brown.—"I went to call on Miss Le Smythe, and offered her my hand, but she slighted it."

Good Reasoning.

Jack was waiting for his wife to get ready for the theatre, and impatiently exclaimed: "For goodness sake, Mary, why do you have six buttons on your gloves? It takes you forever to get started. Wouldn't two buttons do just as well?"

"No, dear; if there were only two buttons, that would leave four vacant button-holes. Now, just tie my veil—that's a good man."

Had Something Left.

New Yorker (to friend).—"Did you read about that young lady being robbed in broad daylight on Sixth Avenue?"

Friend.—"Yes, I read about it."

"Singular, wasn't it?"

"What was there singular about it? Such things happen every week."

"But didn't you read that she had \$5 in her pocket-book, and that she had just returned from shopping? That a woman should quit shopping while she had \$5 is the most astonishing thing I have ever known."

A Well Punctuated Nine.

"Yes," said the proud Boston mother, "Winthrop is doing well at college. He writes me that he is the comma of his nine."

"Comma?"

"Yes; I believe that is what they call the short stop at Harvard."

Old Times.

Susan B. Anthony greatly admires Mrs. Potter's Cleopatra. Miss Anthony knew the original Cleopatra when her brother Marc was attentive to the Egyptian Queen.

Attractive.

Bessie (on top of stage).—"Pa told me business was improving."

Jennie.—"Yes, everything seems to be looking up."

Not a Methodist.

Mrs. Casey.—"What's the matter wid yer goat, Mrs. Sullivan?"

Mrs. Sullivan.—"She's not falin' well. Last Sathurday she ate a *Mail and Express* wid a bishop in it, and it nearly kilt the poor crachure."

In Shape for Publication.

Young Lady (to editor).—"I see, Mr. Shears, that you published my article."

Mr. Shears.—"Yes, we used it; but we had to cut it down a good deal. We had the boy who runs the adjective-killer at work on it pretty nearly all day."

A Cause for Meekness.

Jinks (at a party).—"I don't see what's the matter with that pretty woman over there. She was awfully flirty a little while ago, and now she won't have anything to do with me."

Stranger.—"I have just come in. She's my wife."

Polite but Practical.

"I have spent a very pleasant evening and must thank you very much," said Bilk to the hostess, as he was leaving after the dance.

Hostess (from the wild West).—"That's all right, young fellow, but what's the matter with taking your own hat? You've got my old man's."

Setting the Matter Right.

Magistrate (to elderly witness).—"Your age, madam?"

Witness.—"Thirty."

Magistrate.—"Thirty what?"

Witness.—"Years."

Magistrate.—"Thanks. I thought it might be months."

A Pretty Picture.

Mrs. Rural Emde (on Chestnut Street).—"Look at that sweet little girl. Did you ever see anything more angelic?"

Mr. Emde (a country doctor).—"Yes, she is certainly a pretty picture. She has that soft, delicate, ethereal, sewer-gas style of beauty seldom met with outside the large cities."

Motherly Solicitude.

"What a fine little fellow," said the patronizing old gentleman who had been elected Representative for four successive times from his Congressional district. His remark was addressed to a kind-faced lady, who held in her arms a little fellow who blinked gravely at all that was going on.

"Yes," replied the lady. "His father and I set a great deal of store by him."

"Well, he's a bright-looking little fellow. Maybe he'll be a Congressman some day."

"Maybe he will," said the mother. "But," she added, earnestly, "I'm going to do my best to raise him right."

Afraid He May Leave.

Mrs. Frontpew.—"I think it is shocking—the interest our minister is taking in base-ball. Why, I saw him out playing yesterday afternoon with a lot of boys from the college."

Mr. F.—"Oh! I don't know that there is anything wrong about base-ball."

Mrs. F.—"I don't say that it is really immoral, but by and by he'll get a curve pitch, as they call it, and either leave the pulpit or want \$10,000 a year."

A Woman's Reason.

Jane.—“ I hate to have the policeman take hold of my arm in crossing the street.”

Ethel.—“ Yes, it is very impertinent of him.”

Jane.—“ Oh ! I don't mean that ; but I almost die of mortification, my arm is so thin.”

The Modern Maid.

I.

“ Where are you going to, my pretty maid ?”

“ I'm going to the cooking-school, sir,” she said.

II.

“ And what do you do there, my pretty maid ?”

“ Make waffles and biscuits, kind sir,” she said.

III.

“ And then do you eat them, my pretty maid ?”

“ The good Lord deliver us, sir,” she said.

Saving Wear and Tear.

Miss Slimdiet.—“ A new boarder came while you were out—a young lady.”

Mrs. Slimdiet (boarding-housekeeper).—“ Is she pretty ?”

“ Awfully.”

“ Well, put an extra strip of rag carpet in front of her mirror.”

Mamma is An —

Son.—“ Papa, how do you catch lunatics ? ”

Cynical Father.—“ With large straw hats and feathers and white dresses, jewelry and neat gloves, my boy.”

Mamma (musingly).—“ Yes, I remember that's how I dressed before we were married.”

Feminine Spite.

Bessie.—“ I'm going to marry De Garry.”

Jennie.—“ I'm so glad.”

Bessie.—“ Oh ! you dear girl.”

Jennie.—“ Yes ; he was bothering the life out of me to marry him.”

Sure Enough !

“ Hello, Jones ! I hear that Charley has married Miss Smith.”

“ Who solemnized the marriage, Mr. Textual or Parson Creed ? ”

“ Neither, my dear boy. It was Miss Smith's mother. She's living with them.”

An Undecisive Struggle.

In an argument with a man, a woman invariably has the last word. But death alone can decide the victory when the battle is between two women.

Wanted to Know the Particulars.

Mr. Findout.—“ Sad about Mrs. S——, died this morning while trying on a new dress.”

Mrs. Findout.—“ No, you don't say so; what was it trimmed with?”

Hard Times.

Kind Lady.—“ Your husband has not been drinking lately, I notice.”

Mrs. Mulhooly.—“ No, mum; he's been out o' worrk, an' divil a cint has the poor mon had fer enjoyin' hisself at all, at all.”

Unexpected.

Bella.—“ Don't I look like a perfect fright in my new sack, though?”

Clara (absent mindedly).—“ Yes.”

Bella.—“ You mean thing! I'll never speak to you again as long as I live!”

Forgot Himself.

Mr. Lakeside (of Chicago, in an art gallery).—“ How much is that Rosa Bonheur?”

Dealer.—“ Five thousand.”

“ My stars! Why you can buy live sheep and hogs for—”

Mrs. Lakeside (with dignity).—“ Come, now; don't talk shop.”

This is Aughl.

There was a young man from St. Paughl,
 Who went to his girl's house to caughl ;
 She was berating the servant
 In language quite fervent,
 Now he doesn't go near at aughl.

To Marry the Machine.

Policeman.—“Come, young woman, you must not loiter here after the audience has dispersed.”

Young Woman.—“Please, sir, I have business here.”

Policeman.—“Well, what is it?”

Young Woman (blushing).—“I am the—the young woman that's engaged to the automaton chess-player, and I am waiting for him to take me home.”

Partly Blind.

Yeast.—“Do you believe that love is blind?”

Crimsonbeak.—“Sometimes I do. Now, there is a young couple that have only been married three months living in the flat under us. The husband hit his birdie in the eye with a plate the other morning, and I am quite sure that his love is somewhat blind.”

Scene on the Elevated.

Effusive Young Lady (not too young).—
 “Oh! Why do you give me your seat?”

Bright-Faced Old Man (not too old).—“Because, madame, I have the happiness to have a mother, a wife, and a daughter.”

Used to Them.

Mrs. De Trop.—“I don't think, **Mr. De Trop**, that your sarcasm levelled at our décolleté ball dresses is called for. Your own brother, the Captain, takes a much more liberal view of society matters.”

Mr. De Trop.—“Undoubtedly. Captain Bob has just returned from Samoa.”

These Days Have Their Martyrs.

Dr. Schmerz.—“You have a very bad cold, **Miss Ball**. Have you exposed yourself any way?”

Miss Charity Ball.—“Yes, Doctor. I took off my fawn-colored overgaiters because it was Lent.”

Dr. Schmerz.—“H'm! Why not wear black ones?”

Miss Ball.—“Oh! they look so very common, Doctor!”

Something Wanting.

'Rosa Bonheur as an artist is not true to nature,' remarked the snake editor.

'How is that?' asked the horse editor.

'In her picture, 'The Horse Fair,' appear several white horses, but not a single red-haired girl.'

A Slight Diversion.

Matilda.—'What a ridiculous little dog, Jane! Why does he take it along with him?'

Jane.—'Well, if he didn't, you know, everybody would be laughing at him.'

His Present.

Sweet Girl.—'Mother, George told me solemnly that the pretty hairpin-holder he gave me cost \$5; yet to-day I saw exactly the same kind on sale for ten cents.'

Mother.—'You know, my dear, George is very religious. Most likely he bought that at a church fair.'

A Wallflower.

Clara.—'Did you notice how beautifully my dress sat at the Harvard assembly?'

Bessie.—'Yes, I noticed it sat most of the time.'

Only Waiting.

He (who has been hanging fire all winter).—
“Are you fond of puppies, Miss Smith?”

She (promptly).—“What a singular way you have of proposing, Edgardo. Yes, darling.”

And now the cards are out.

What Broke the Baker Up.

Baker.—“Good morning, madam, can I serve you with anything to-day?”

Young Housekeeper.—“I would like to get a dozen nice sweetbreads, newly baked, if you please, Mr. Alum.”

Vile Cigars.

“Alfred, love, you don't seem to like the cigars I gave you.”

“Oh! yes I do, but they are too choice to smoke for common. I don't bring 'em out except when some of our gentlemen friends drop in to enjoy them with me.”

“That reminds me, Alfred, that none of them have called here for some time. They were always so sociable. I wonder what the reason can be?”

Albert makes no reply, but thinks it may have been the cigars.

Can't See Callers.

Adele (handmaid).—"Impossible for you to see madame. She is indisposed and cannot receive callers."

Visitor.—"So ill as that? Has she had a doctor?"

Adele (whispering).—"No, she doesn't need one. She's only mad because she broke her glass eye in the bath this morning, and now she can't go to the reception to-night to show off her new Worth dress."

Taking Time by the Bang.

Mrs. Younghusband.—"Erastus, I cooked the dinner to-day."

Mr. Younghusband.—"All of it?"

Mrs. Y. (proudly).—"Yes."

Mr. Y.—"Well, have it served, and send John for the doctor."

Naked Eyes.

Aunt Susan (to Boston girl who had just returned from New York).—"And how did you enjoy yourself, Carrie?"

Carrie.—"I had a very enjoyable visit, aunt; but it was positively shocking to see so many people without glasses."

A Big Barrier.

"No, Mr. Meredith, you must put away this madness. I can never, never be yours ; there is an insurmountable obstacle."

"Do not say so ! Tell me what that insurmountable obstacle is, love, that I may crush it as I would a worm in my path."

"It is a husband in New York."

She Had Been There.

She had only been married a few weeks, and was telling her bosom friend how nicely her husband could write. "You should see some of his love-letters," she cooed.

"Yes, I know," was the freezing reply ;
"I've a drawer full of them up-stairs."

Tableau.

What Our Artist has to Put up With.

He.—"By Jove, it's the best thing I've ever painted !—and I'll tell you what : I've a good mind to give it to Mary Morison for her wedding present !"

His Wifey.—"Oh ! but, my love, the Morisons have always been so hospitable to us ! You ought to give her a real present, you know—a fan, or a scent bottle, or something of that sort !"

Effect of the License Law.

In the parlor at 12.30 A.M.

“Excuse me, Harry ; papa is calling.”

“Certainly, Eveline.”

Eveline (on her return to the parlor).—“I’m sorry, Harry, but you’d better go. Papa says he hasn’t got a license for running an all-night place.”

A Bare Possibility.

Miss F.—“I think I shall go as Cleopatra, but I don’t know where to go for the costume.”

Mrs. A.—“You will find all you need at Tiffany’s.”

A Sad Funeral.

Mrs. Bromley.—“Oh ! I attended such a sad funeral this afternoon, Mrs. Jackson.”

“Whose?”

“Mrs. Frummy’s little daughter, a bright, pretty little girl of ten. Her parents fairly idolized her. I never saw such a sorrowful scene in all my life.”

Mrs. Jackson.—“Too bad ! Too bad ! What was it, scarlet fever?”

“No, she jumped the rope six hundred times without stopping.”

Some Social Slips.

"I beg your pardon, madam, but you are sitting on my silk hat" exclaimed a gentleman.

"Oh! pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."

A Nose for Music.

Mrs. A.—"Does your husband snore?"

Mrs. B.—"Yes; delightfully."

Mrs. A.—"Delightfully?"

Mrs. B.—"Yes. You see he is an Italian baritone, and always snores selections from 'Trovatore' and 'Lucia.'"

His Branch.

"You say your son is a painter, Mrs. Browne. Is he a landscape-painter?"

"No, I think not. His last job was on the Galway flat house. He is more of a fire-escape painter."

Leading to the Point.

Chorus Girl (in restaurant).—"Are you a little duck?"

Fledgling.—"Of course you are."

Chorus Girl.—"Then tell the waiter to bring me a canvasback."

Her Own.

They stood beneath the stars, and, silent as the heart-beats of the night, looked far away into the diamond-studded shirt-front of the sky.

"Is that Mars?" he whispered, as he slipped his arm around her waist and gazed upon a glittering orb in that distant blue.

"No, it isn't," she exclaimed, jerking away; "it's mine, and if you think you are embracing mother you are mistaken."

Reflection on the Old Maid.

Merchant's Wife (suddenly appearing in her husband's office).—"Hah! I thought you said your typewriter girl was an old maid?"

Merchant (much confused).—"Um—er, yes, m' dear, of course, of course; but she is sick to-day, and she sent her little granddaughter as a substitute."

Caught in the Act.

Mrs. Faddleby.—"What a rude woman Mrs. Hiflier is. She always looks back at people who pass her."

Mr. Faddleby.—"How do you know?"

Mrs. Faddleby.—"Why, I've caught her at several times myself."

Once More the Course Runs Rough.

He (philosophizing).—"Ah! how much unnecessary discord there is in life. Don't you often think so? And yet—"

Fair Pianist.—"Thank you; yes."

Closes piano with emphasis.

Why the Milkman Fainted.

Young Mother.—"Mr. Waterman, do you keep any young calves?"

Milkman.—"Yes, a few, madam."

Young Mother.—"Well, then, I wish you would bring about a pint of calf's milk every day, as I am afraid cow's milk is rather strong for baby."

Qualified.

"Do you think your son has the necessary qualifications to become an artist?"

"I'm sure of it. He can do without food for three days and he knows the position of every free lunch in the city."

Oh! Lovely Woman.

Bessie.—"How dreadfully ill-fitting all Miss Dowdy's things are."

Jennie.—"Yes. She'd need to have apoplexy to get a fit."

A Gentle Hint.

They were on their way home from the theatre.—“We had an interesting discussion last night at the debating club,” remarked George; “the subject was, ‘What shall we do with our raw materials?’”

“I know little about matters of that nature, George,” returned the girl, timidly, “but I think some of our raw materials should be disposed of on the half-shell.”

A Just Reproach.

He (tenderly).—“May I see you pretty soon?”

She (reproachfully).—“Don’t you think I am pretty now?”

What Did She Mean?

Mrs. Prairyavnoo.—“Gwendolen, that young Mr. Wobbyshavnoo is too fresh and too presumptuous. We shall have to sit down on him.”

Gwendolen (sweetly).—“Let me alone for that, mamma. I’ll attend to it the next time he comes.”

Mamma looks suspiciously at daughter, but says nothing.

Paid in Advance.

Bridget.—“ Shall I lave the hall lamp burnin', ma'am ?”

Mistress.—“ No. I am pretty sure Mr. Jones won't be home until daylight. He kissed me three times before he left and gave me \$20 for a new spring bonnet.”

Time Flies Fast to Lovers.

(As they say their last “good-bye” a clock strikes 10 ! 11 ! 12 !)

George.—“ How the hours do fly when you are at my side, dear !”

Daisy.—“ Yes, George ; but that's Pa in the dining-room, setting the clock !”

Lovely Eyes at Delmonico's.

Edward (who has taken his girl to Del.'s and given her a \$30 dinner).—“ Well, darling, what do you think of Delmonico's ?”

Girl.—“ I think that French waiter has the loveliest eyes I ever saw.”

Jealous to the End.

Dying Husband (to jealous wife).—“ Ah ! darling, I am dying ; I am going to heaven.”

Jealous Wife.—“ Yes, I know it. Just like you. You want to meet some girl up there !”

A Ticket for his Friend.

"Mother doesn't think she will go to the theatre with us to-night, Albert."

"Is that so? I've got three tickets. What shall we do with the third one?"

"Give it to the man that you always go out to see between the acts. He can sit with us and you won't have to go out to see him."

The Idea.

Census Taker.—"Madam, how old are you, please?"

Madam (under fifty, just a little).—"I'm not old at all, you horrid thing."

Needs no Salt.

Young Husband.—"Did you wet the lettuce, love?"

Bride.—"I did my best. I expected you home at 2, here it is 6. I cried over it for four hours; it's soaked."

A Deep Cut.

Miss Travis.—"Don't you think my new dress is too sweet for anything?"

Miss DeSmith.—"Oh! lovely, exquisite; I do believe your dressmaker could make a bean-pole look graceful."

Not So Bashful.

Julia.—“ Yes, Tom’s a good fellow—handsome and has plenty of money—but he’s so awfully timid and bashful, you know. He’s been coming to see me twice a week for nearly a month, and he’s never attempted to kiss me.”

Clara.—“ Well, he certainly appears to possess good taste, among his other excellent qualities, but really he was not so timid when he called to see me the other evening.”

They don’t speak now.

A Misapprehension of Terms.

Mr. Hollister.—“ Aw, what did Mrs. Winchell have on !”

Mrs. Hollister.—“ Oh ! that same old still !”

Mr. Hollister.—“ Why-y-y, Alice !”

Mrs. Hollister.—“ I don’t mean to be slangy, dear, but she actually didn’t say a word during the whole tea.”

A Broad Hint.

Clara.—“ Did I hear you say good-night ?”

De Bore.—“ No, my dear. You must have dreamed it.”

Clara.—“ Perhaps I did. I’m sleepy enough to dream.”

The Locality of It.

De Budge (looking over the family album).—
“Who’s this old gentleman in uniform?”

Miss Bendix.—“That’s old Grandpa Bendix.
He failed to leave us a lot of money we expected.”

De Budge.—“Did he die intestate?”

Miss Bendix.—“Oh! no; somewhere down
near Seabright, New Jersey, I believe.”

Village Hatreds.

He.—“Your unexpected refusal, Miss Edith,
has rendered me desperate. I’m a broken-
hearted man to-night. God bless you—good
night, good night.”

Miss Edith.—“Surely, Mr. Whittington, you
will do nothing desperate?”

He.—“Yes, I shall move to Rome, N.Y.—
and may Heaven have mercy on my soul.”





Slow Time.

Tom (excitedly).—"Say, Jerry, your watch is gone."

Jerry (feeling leisurely in his pocket).—"Well, no matter. It can't go long enough to get far away."

A Grand Legacy.

Lobbs.—"Did the old gentleman leave much when he died?"

Bobbs.—"He left the earth. What more could I expect?"

Celebrating.

A Rochester man celebrated Washington's birthday by putting an egg under his hen and telling her to hatch it.

His Plan.

Charley.—“Pa, this book says the earth moves. Why does it move?”

Pa (thinking of something else).—“Because it's cheaper than paying rent, I suppose.”

Ambiguous.

“Doctor, how do you find your patient to-day?”

“Oh! Mr. Ransom is no worse.”

“Do you anticipate a fatal result?”

“Mrs. Ransom, my medicine has never yet failed to do its work.”

True to Life.

On the tombstone of the late Mr. Tightgrip appeared a bas-relief like this :



“That's old Tightgrip exactly,” said Jones, as he surveyed the monument; “he never ordered more than one beer at a time in his life.”

Too Late.

They were standing in the Hartford depot as the cars moved slowly out, when a distracted man rushed through the station, fell over his valise and unloaded considerable profanity into space. "Who is that man who is swearing so?" asked Spicer's friend, and the other responded, "He's Mr. Train."

A Sign That Failed.

"A nasty howling dog woke me up about midnight," said McJuggins.

"Why, the howl of a dog like that is a sign of death," replied Brant, who is somewhat superstitious.

"It wasn't this time, for my revolver missed fire, and before I could shoot again the beast was gone."

A Touching Recognition.

Mr. Oldfriend.—"I've not seen you in a long time. You have changed so very much I hardly knew you."

Mr. Sadly.—"Yes, every passing year sets its mark on a man."

"That's so. I ought to have known you by your year marks."

Short and Sweet.

She.—“ Did your uncle leave you anything, Henri ?”

He.—“ He did.”

She.—“ Henri, I am yours.”

He.—“ He left me his blessing.”

She.—“ Henri, I am not yours.”

Reassured.

Mr. Rambo (at dime museum, in great alarm).
—“ Nancy, do you see anything in that cage near the monkeys ?”

Mrs. Rambo.—“ Yes, there’s a lot of snakes.”

Mr. Rambo (with recovered self-possession).
—So they are. Fine specimens, too, aren’t they ?”

Accepted Half.

Bjones.—“ I hear De Garry gave Miss Rapidde a pound of caramels with his love.”

Merritt.—“ Yes ; he told me she accepted the caramels.”

Giving Herself Away.

Charlie.—“ Jennie gave herself away last night.”

Bessie.—“ Where ?”

Charlie.—“ At the nickel machine.

Miseries of Trade.

Druggist (awakened at 2 A. M.).—"What do you wish?"

Voice (at the door).—"If you'll let me look in your directory to see how to address this letter, I'll buy the postage stamp of you."

Good-bye, George.

George.—"Will you miss me, Maude, when I am away?"

Maude.—"Yes, George!"

George.—"I shall be very happy!"

Maude.—"So shall I be happy!"

George.—"How so?"

Maude.—"Happy to miss you."

One for the Doctor.

At the Ball (Miss Keane to handsome young physician).—"O doctor! how do you do? You look quite killing this evening."

Young Physician (quietly).—"Thank you, but I'm not! I'm off duty, don't you know?"

A Ferry Good Answer.

"I believe the Albany boat leaves this pier, does it not?"

"Leaves it every trip, ma'am. Never knew it to take the dock up the river yet."

Anything but Humor.

Young man (to office boy).—"Give tha humorous article to the editor, please, and ask him if he can read it right away."

"Office boy (returning with humorous article).—"De boss returns the article with thanks. He says he's all upset with the mumps, and prob'ly won't be able to read anything funny for a week."

A Matter of Business.

Farmer.—"I didn't have any money for the paper, so I thought I would bring you in a load of turnips."

Editor.—"Yes; that's as good to me as money. Er—before you go, Mr. Hayseed, there's a little matter I'd like to speak to you about."

Farmer.—"Well, what is it?"

Editor.—"You don't want to buy a load of turnips, do you?"

A Bad Errand.

Mr. Gibbs (meeting his son late at night).—"Where are you going at this time of night, John? On no good errand, I'll warrant."

John.—"No, sir; I was going to look for you."

On the Press.

Dapper gent (former employer).—"Well, Bowser, how are getting on? What are you—?"

Bowser.—"Thanky, sir, very well, sir, I'm on the press now, sir."

Dapper gent.—"Oh! indeed! Editor?"

Bowser.—"No, sir. I direct the wrappers sir."

A Lasting Wrong.

Fred (bitterly).—"That woman did me the greatest injury woman can do to man—gave solemn promise of marriage."

Harry.—"And broke it?"

Fred.—"No, kept it, and made me keep it, too."

A New Patent.

Bingley.—"Well, have you patented any thing lately?"

Inventor.—"Oh! yes. I have jst received letters-patent for my new 'Prize-fight Suspender Button.' Biggest snap of the century."

Bingley.—"What makes you call it the 'Prize-fight?'"

Inventor.—"It never comes off."

Surprised.

"May I look through your waste basket?" inquired the young man, entering timidly.

"Certainly," said the editor. "What do you want to find?"

"A little article on 'Mortality' that I sent in yesterday."

"My dear sir, that article was accepted and will appear to-morrow. I will draw you a check for \$25, and I assure you—"

But he spoke to lifeless ears. The young man had fallen to the floor. The shock had killed him.

Not a Harness.

Gadgly.—"That's a pretty harness your dog wears, Harold—"

Harold.—"Harness?"

Gadgly.—"Yes."

Harold.—"That aint what sister calls it. She says it's his suspenders, and he has to wear them to keep up his pants."

Regret.

Little Johnnie.—"Were you made of dust?"

Merritt.—"Yes, my boy. But I have little of it now."

Literally True.

He.—“I tell you, the Ponsonbys have got a fly house.”

She.—“Oh! dear! I thought you said you wouldn't use slang any more in my presence, Algernon?”

He.—“And I'm not. It is a fly house. There are two wings on it.”

The Deadly Tea Biscuit.

Ted.—“Poor Younghusband will be disfigured for life. What did his wife hit him with?”

Ned.—“One of her home-made tea biscuits.”

At a Musicale.

Miss Arlington.—“How beautifully Miss Bangs plays the piano!”

Mr. Witling.—“Plays!—works, I should say.”

Aged.

Jenks.—“Ha, ha, ha! That's a pretty good story, isn't it, Binks?”

Binks.—“Very good.”

Jenks.—“I told it well, too; didn't I?”

Binks.—“Well, I think my nurse used to tell it better.”

His Attention Was Diverted.

Johnson.—“I saw Mat this morning.”

Jackson.—“Ah! ha!”

Johnson.—“Yes, and I had a great mind to speak to him. He owes me \$50.”

Jackson.—“I hear he has been sick. How was he looking?”

Johnson.—“Well, he was looking the other way when I met him.”

Gone to Destruction.

The proud New England man entered his home with dragging step and bowed head.

“Elizabeth,” he said, with trembling voice, “I have heard at last from our wayward son William.”

“Is he dead, Jonathan?”

“Worse than that,” groaned the wretched father. “He is in the Indiana Legislature!”

A Poor Guesser.

Father.—“Well, how did you come out on the bean-guessing contest?”

Dull Boy.—“I guessed there was 150 beans in the jar, and there was 9,200.”

Father (sadly).—“I’m afraid you’ll never be fit for anything but a weather bureau chief.”

Ought to have been a Porter.

Miss Emma Karns has sued Charles Boyer, a Pullman conductor, for breach of promise, claiming \$10,000 damages. Emma evidently labors under the impression that the Pullman conductor is as wealthy as the Pullman porter.

The Ice Corner.

Gus (sadly).—"I hear the mild winter is likely to advance the price of ice-cream next summer."

Jack.—"Cracky! I must either break my engagement with Clara or marry her."

The Old Man's Reason.

Daughter.—"But, father, we can't marry now. We must wait until after Easter."

Father.—"Suit yourself, then. If you get a new bonnet, though, you will have to stick him for it."

No Objection.

Tenaweek.—"Sir, I wish to marry your daughter."

Gruff Father.—"My daughter, young man, will continue under the parental roof."

Tenaweek.—"No objection will be raised to that, sir!"

In Paris.

Impecunious but Enthusiastic Collector.—
 “Let me see, what is the price of that picture?”

Art Dealer.—“Eighteen hundred francs, Madame.”

Impecunious but Enthusiastic Collector.—
 “Eighteen hundred francs! Why, this is the third time I have asked the price of that painting within three days and it is 100 francs more each time I ask!”

Art Dealer.—“Yes, but Madame must remember it is antique, and that it grows older every day.”

A Public Relief.

Blobson.—“I understand that Borer has gone South for the rest of the winter.”

Popinjay.—“Yes, and for the rest of the community, too.”

A Sad Deficiency.

“Talk about the luxury of the White House!” remarked Russell, scornfully, the other day; “why, there’s a bath-room there, and lots of towels; but, do you know, there isn’t a wash-rag in the whole place!”

You Bet Your Life.

Mrs. Lightpurse.—“ Here is an article in this paper entitled ‘ The World’s Debt to the Jews.’ Shall I read it ? ”

Mr. Lightpurse.—“ No ; that’s a chestnut, I guess. Nearly everybody is in debt to the Jews ; we all know that. Here put this last pawn-ticket with the others.”

A Preference.

“ Do you believe that Dr. Holmes was right when he said ‘ poverty is a cure for dyspepsia ? ’ ”

“ It may be. I’d rather have the dyspepsia.”

Home Rule.

Henpecked Husband (reading the paper and rocking the cradle).—“ Ahem ! the bustle is going out, I see.”

Too Risky.

Insurance Officer.—“ I understand that Mr. Richman hasn’t a cent of insurance on his life. Why don’t you go for him ? ”

Agent.—“ Won’t do. He was born lucky and makes money out of everything he touches. If we should insure Richman to-day ten chances to one he’d die to-morrow.”

Tar Too.

“Did they receive your warning?”

“Did they? Well, rather. They made it so hot I left on the next train. Here is a souvenir feather.”

An Even Thing.

Irate Father.—“Young man, I am amazed, astounded, sir, that you should seek to marry my daughter on so short an acquaintance. You are almost a stranger to her.”

The Young Man.—“Well, she don’t take any more chances than I do. She’s almost a stranger to me, too.”

New Turn to the “Sister” Joke.

Ned.—“So she said she would be a sister to you?”

Jack.—“Yes.”

Ned.—“What did you say to that?”

Jack.—“I told her we would compromise on ‘aunt’—I was too young to be her brother.”

How True.

Mr. McCorkle was showing some visitors over the house. Arriving at the nursery he remarked, “This, gentlemen, is the bawling-room.”

Ice Will Be High.

"Clara, who was that young man that spent last evening with you?"

"Papa, that was Charlie Cool, the son of Mr. Cool, the ice man."

"Has his father got any ice?"

"A little, Charlie says."

"Marry him, my dear; he'll be a millionaire."

First Steps.

"Thump-rattle-bang," went the piano.

"What are you trying to play, Jane?" called out her father from the next room.

"It's an exercise from my new instruction book. First steps in music," she answered.

"Well, I thought you were playing with your feet," he said, grimly; "don't step so heavy on the keys, it disturbs my thought."

Too Previous.

"Mr. Barker, do you think we will go to the seaside or mountains next summer?" asked the power behind the throne, as the family sat about the evening lamp.

"Mrs. B.," answered her husband "I have not paid for the Christmas present you gave me yet," and a dull silence reigned.

Went to the Wrong Place.

Tom.—“ My doctor told me to go somewhere and enjoy a good laugh as a cure for torpid liver, so I went to the theatre last night.”

Jim.—“ Yes ; and did you laugh heartily ?”

Tom.—“ I didn't.”

Jim.—“ No. What was the play ?”

Tom.—“ A comic opera.”

The Nicest Type-writer.

Mrs. Temperton.—“ Henry, father wrote me yesterday that he wants to get a type-writer. What is the best kind, do you think ?”

Temperton (immersed in stock quotations).—
“ I like 'em about 24, with dark-blue eyes.”

Method in her Kiss.

Bachelor (whom Brown has brought home to dinner).—“ Does your wife always kiss you, Brown, when you return from the office ?”

Brown.—“ Yes, always, never fails.”

Bachelor (with a sigh).—“ Ah ! it must be delightful to have a cozy home like this and a lovely little wife to greet you with a kiss !”

Brown (also with a sigh).—“ Yes, she kisses me to discover if I have been drinking anything.”

Didn't Think.

Mr. Jason.—“A nice fool you made of your self at the sociable last night !”

Mrs. Jason.—“Me ! How ?”

Mr. Jason.—“Yes, you. Telling Mrs. Chally that her baby looked good enough to eat.”

Mrs. Jason.—“Well, what's the matter with that ?”

Mr. Jason.—“Oh ! nothing, only you know that they start as missionaries to the Cannibal Islands next week.”

In Hard Luck.

Giles.—“Did De Jinks pay you the V he borrowed ?”

Merritt.—“He offered to match me to see whether it would be double or quits. I won.”

Giles.—“You're in luck.”

Merritt.—“I can't see it. He now owes me a tenner.”

Method in his Silence.

“Bolton told me he had borrowed some money from you. I was surprised, because I never heard you say anything about it.”

“No ; I still hope to get it back.”

Skipped Belgium.

"I was badly bitten by flies in every country in Europe except Belgium."

"Have they none there?"

"I don't know. I didn't go there."

Good News.

Country Editor's Wife.—"How happy you seem to-night, Edward. Have you had any good luck to-day?"

Country Editor.—"Well, I should say I had. You can have that silk dress now."

"What has happened?"

"Farmer Henderson, who hasn't paid for his paper for seven years, came in to-day and stopped his subscription."

Did His Part.

"My friend," said a solemn man, "have you ever done aught to make the community in which you live the better for your living in it?"

"I have done much, sir," replied the other humbly, "to purify the homes of my fellow-beings."

"Ah!" continued the solemn man with a pleased look, "you distribute tracts?"

"No, I clean carpets."

A Pleasant Prospect.

Blinks (who has moved into the suburbs).—
 “Here’s an idea. The paper says one of the handsomest residences on the Hudson has the flower bed laid off with old beer bottles.”

Mrs. Blinks (doubtfully).—“Well, at a distance the effect of the glass borderings might be pretty.”

“Yes, indeed. I’ll order a gross or two from Swiebeer & Co., and when the bottles are empty you can have them.”

Too Much Pedestrianism.

Smith.—“Jones, why in the world don’t you get married?”

Jones.—“On account of my business. I’m a floor walker, you know, and couldn’t stand that kind of thing night and day, too.”

Where They Met.

Angry Wife (after a quarrel).—“Seems to me we’ve been married about a hundred years. I can’t even remember when or where we first met.”

Husband (emphatically).—“I can. It was at a dinner party, and there were thirteen at table.”

A Sad Remembrance.

Major Stofah.—“I say, Hawkins, what do you think of that cigar I gave you?”

Hawkins (weakly).—“I don't think of it at all. I'm trying to forget it.”

Married Rich.

Gus.—“I hear George has married an heiress. He's in clover now, I suppose.”

Dick.—“No; he's working like a horse, trying to pay his board at a \$40 a week hotel. Her father pays hers, and she won't live anywhere else.”

Real Mean of Brown.

Smith.—“I don't know, but sometimes I'd just about as lief die as not. It would save me a mighty lot of worry, and I'd never more be bothered with bills from the grocer, the butcher, or the coal dealer.”

Brown.—“Especially the coal dealer.”

Use Both Ears.

Bagley (at the telephone).—“There's no use in talking, Bailey. I can't hear the first word you—”

Bailey (at the other end).—“Why don't you fold both your ears around the instrument?”

Out.

Mrs. Gushington (missing her spouse).—

“Where is the light of my life?”

Mr. La Conic.—“He’s gone out.”

Think.

“Now, sir, if you want a good photograph put on a pleasant expression. Think of something agreeable. Think of your wife.”

The victim (severely, but without changing his pose).—“I have just been divorced, sir.”

“Ah! is that so? Well, then, think of the divorce.”

After a Family Scene.

Bobby.—“Popper, was Solomon a wise man?”

Papa.—“Yes, my son.”

Bobby.—“Then why did he have 600 wives?”

Papa.—“I give it up.”

A Mild Hint.

Ethel (as the old gentleman enters).—“Well, papa, what is it?”

Old Scroggs.—“Here’s an umbrella I’ve brought for George. It looks as if it would rain before morning.”

Good Reading.

Smith.—“What are you reading, Jones?”

Jones.—“A novel.”

S.—“Is it interesting?”

J.—“You bet!”

S.—“Who is it by?”

J.—“A young lady.”

S.—“Ah! Spicy.”

Want It All.

On the Chicago Express. Passenger (who is acquainted with the conductor).—“Hello, Ed! You look warm—as if you had been having some pretty hard work.”

Conductor.—“Yes, I have. I spent twenty minutes in the second coach packing hogs. It was full of drummers, and every one of 'em had four seats apiece and passengers were standing in the isle.”

A Sober Thought.

Guzzlerre.—“I had an awful fall last night. My head hit the flagstone and I saw more stars than I ever did before.”

Soberre.—“There's nothing strange about that, old boy. There are four more stars on the flag than there used to be.”

The Last Straw.

He had been walking up and down the room with the baby for two hours.

"John," said his wife, from among the pillows, "you don't look very well of late. I'm afraid you don't get exercise enough."

John laid the baby in the crib with its feet on the pillow, and went to sleep.

Things one would rather have left unsaid.

Scene.—A Concert for the Poor.

Distinguished Amateur (about to make his first appearance in public).—"Oh! I do feel so nervous!"

Sympathetic Friend.—"Oh! there's no occasion to be nervous, my dear fellow. They applaud *anything*."

An Invisible Color.

Prof.—"Microscopical investigations lead us to believe that there are colors too delicate to be discerned by the human eye—invisible colors, we may call them."

Student.—"I know the name of one of them, sir."

Prof. (surprised).—"Indeed! What is it?"

Student.—"Blind man's buff."

Can't Get There.

Miss Screecher, at the piano, is vocally reiterating, "What are the wild waves saying?"

Snappy (gloomily).—"It's no use. She never can find out."

Pappy.—"Why not?"

Snappy.—"She can't reach the high C."

The Very Youngest.

Jones (who is canvassing the Borough).—"Oh! what a very charming baby. I've always taken such an interest in very young children. A-how old is it?"

Elector's Wife (with pride).—"Only just fourteen weeks, sir."

Jones.—"A-and it is your youngest?"

Not up in Art.

Gasley.—"That's not a bad sort of picture Brown Madder has in the exhibition this season."

Critick (disgustedly).—"Don't say a word about it. His technique is wretched."

Gasley (doubtfully).—"Is that so? I got on to the cows, but I didn't notice the technique."

A Question of Dress.

Lemuel.—“ I tell you men may prate as they will about woman’s extravagance, but she can dress well on a sum that would keep a man looking shabby.”

Simcoe (dryly).—“ That’s true. Now, the sum that my wife dresses on keeps me looking shabby year in and year out.”

No Shamming There.

Bagley.—“ I understand your wife is sick ?”

Bailey.—“ Yes, she hasn’t spoken a word for three days.”

Bagley.—“ By gracious ! She must be a pretty sick woman !”

The Old, Old Story Revised.

Bashful Young Man. — “ Ahem — Sally — ahem — ”

Sally (encouragingly). — “ Well, George ?”

B. Y. M. — “ Sally, do you ’spose your ma would be willin’ to be my mother-in-law ?”

Squeezed Through.

George. — “ Won’t you be mine, dear ?”

Clara. — “ I think I should have to be hard pressed, indeed, to take you.”

George (equal to the emergency). — “ Oh ! it’s that’s all, here goes.”

Experience.

"Hello, Brown! I hear you have a new type-writer. Is she good looking?"

"Good looking! Why, man, no. My wife selected her!"

"Why, how did she come to select her?"

"Well, you see my wife was a type-writer herself before I married her."

Bright Gilded Fame.

"Ah! Lionol, that poem is beautiful."

"Yes, Agatha, it is the crowning effort of my life."

"And, Lionol—my Lionol! it will bring you fame, eternal fame, will it not?"

"Yes, Agatha—and perhaps two dollars."

The Young Wife Again.

Giles.—"Your wife seems very attentive to your wants?"

Young Husband (with a ghost of a smile).—"I told her I wanted some shaving soap last night and she went into the kitchen and shaved up half a bar."

Plain.

She (emphatically).—"I will never marry you. Do I make myself plain?"

He (cruelly).—"Quite unnecessary. Nature has done that."



Good Scheme.

If Canada will erect a toboggan slide with the top on the Canadian side and the bottom on this side of the line, and give our boodlers a slide, we will bear the entire cost.

Willing To Take Advice.

The New York *Herald* says, "The word *pants* should be annihilated; every self-respecting person should insist on the use of 'trousers' instead. All right—when a dog gets warm he trousers."

Few Bibles There.

A Kentucky gentleman, who recently came to Washington to consult with his member of Congress about an office under the new administration, was asked yesterday by a gentleman from Boston whether it is really true that the people of Kentucky are so very bibulous.

“Bibulous!” said the Kentuckian. “Bibulous! I don’t reckon you could find a dozen Bibles in the whole State.”

One Peculiarity.

Miss Overtherhine (of Cincinnati, at a swell entertainment).—“So you think that our society is somewhat queer, Mr. Gotham?”

Mr. Gotham.—“It has its peculiarities, Miss Overtherhine; for instance, I never ate hot sausages in a dress coat before at an evening party.”

Plenty of Room.

After Santa Claus had put a cabinet organ, a sealskin sacque, a lap-robe, a box of gloves, and a Webster’s unabridged dictionary in a Chicago girl’s stocking, and saw that it wasn’t half full, he was seen to climb out on the roof, sit down on the snow, and weep bitterly.”

No Hope.

You may hive the stars in a nail keg, hang the ocean on a rail fence to dry, put the sky to soak in a gourd and unbuckle the bellyband of eternity, and let the sun and moon out, but don't think you can escape the place that lies on the other side of purgatory if you don't pay for your paper.

A Nihilistic Speech.

"I wish it would stop raining," remarked a St. Petersburg gentleman the other day, after a week's storm, and a detective promptly arrested him for referring to the Czar as 'it.' "

Waste of Time.

Philadelphia Fox Hunter.—"How long does it take to get to Chicago? I've a great mind to go to the Chicago meet."

Ordinary Citizen.—"What's the use? The Chicago meat comes to us."

Hard to Believe.

Jack.—"Colonel Kentuckius is dead; did you hear it?"

Jim.—"No; what did he die of?"

"Water around the heart."

"Impossible! How did it get there?"

Waiting for the Beer.

Guest (at a Cincinnati society wedding).—
 “What in the world is the matter, Mrs. Elite?
 Why don’t the ceremony begin?”

Hostess.—“Oh! don’t ask. It’s perfectly
 awful. Our family name will be disgraced.”

“Mercy! Has your daughter eloped with
 some one else, or has the bridegroom deserted
 her at the altar?”

“Worse. The beer hasn’t come.”

Numismatica.

“Still collect coins, Mr. Curio?”

“Yes. Very complete collection I have,
 too.”

“Have you the Latin Quarter of Paris?”

Too Much Theory.

Customer (angrily).—“Look here, Hafton,
 what do you mean by sending me this coal bill
 a second time? Why, man, I paid that bill a
 month ago, and got a receipt for it!”

Hafton (consulting the books).—“Um! Ah!
 Yes, I see. Well, don’t mind that, my dear
 fellow. You see, my son was graduated from
 a business college, and this is some of his double-
 entry bookkeeping.”

Tar! Tar!

"Yes," said the victim, as he furtively picked a few feathers off his neck and attempted to remove some of the tar from his knees, "the excitement rose to a terrible pitch, but it soon came down."

"You got some of both the pitch and the down, didn't you?" asked his friend.

And the quiet that ensued was so deep that it couldn't be sounded.

Journalism in St. Louis.

St. Louis may be a sleepy old town, as Chicago and Kansas City say it is, but the papers are lively. Here is what the *Star-Sayings* says to the *Globe-Democrat*:

"With all your coquetry, you wicked old girl, you could summon but three kickers to do your bidding in the Convention, and it's dollars to doughnuts that you can't corral two to-day."

Chicago Pronunciation.

"Where are you going, Flora?"

"I'm on my way to the de-cor-a-tive art rooms."

"Well, look out for the cars. You might be run over by the lo-com-o-tive."

A Rebellion in Pronunciation.

Geronimo is not pronounced Gee-romino, but Heeronimo, says an exchange. Hood hracious! What is he hiving us? What a hay and hiddy style of talking this henglemen would het us into. By hosh, we won't have it. Ho to! Ho to!

A Slow Town.

Jones.—“Wanamaker fairly owns Philadelphia.”

Smith.—“H'm. Any live person could do that.”

By Hook or by Crook.

A beautiful girl in Dubuque
 Fell in love with a pastry cuque,
 And she said with a smile,
 His heart I'll beguile,
 And wed him by huque or by cruque.

Brain Food.

“An!” sighed a provincial miss visiting a Boston cousin, “it's the ‘might have been’ that awakens sad memories.”

“Rather,” replied she to the manner born, “it's the might of bean that fills the world with envy of our dear old Boston.”

Will Move Anything.

It is only with the aid of a strong glass that the street cars can be seen to move.—*Omaha Herald*. It must be poor liquor, then. One glass of some New York whisky will make the cars move in both directions at once, and fast at that.

Quaker City Complacency.

New York Tariff Editor.—“The Philadelphia *Record* has torn my tariff articles all to pieces, and I can't reply to it.”

Editor-in-Chief.—“Well, run in a line about Philadelphia being a slow old town, and drop the subject.”

Just as Bad.

Eastern Lady (in Colorado).—“It makes me sick to hear some of your Western names. The idea of calling a pretty town like this ‘Wagonhead!’”

Resident.—“It isn't a nice name, and if we ever change it I promise to let you know at once.”

“I wish you would.”

“Where shall I address you?”

“Horseheads, N. Y.”

Not Strong Enough.

Waiter.—“The customer I's waitin' on says the brandy sauce doan taste like it had any brandy in !”

Cook.—“Who is he?”

“Doan know. Western man.”

“Bring the sauce back and chuck in a little sulphuric acid and kerosene oil.”

An Apt Name for a Town.

Tombstone, Arizona, is famous for its apt names. Its leading newspaper is called the *Epitaph*, and the sheriff of the county is Colonel Slaughter. He defeated Major Blood by two votes at a recent election. Captain Cutts was also a candidate, but was nowhere in the race.

Sweet Confections.

Customer (in confectionery store).—“Have you any kisses?”

Busy Dealer.—“Yes, sir. Which kind, Baltimore or Boston?”

“Give me two dozen Boston.”

“Yes, sir. William two dozen Boston kisses ! Don't forget, William, to close the refrigerator.”

Nothing Cheap There.

Philadelphian (in New York).—Have you any cheap cab service such as we have in Philadelphia?"

New Yorker (proudly).—"No, siree. We don't have cheap things in this great metropolis. By the way, come to think, I just paid my rent to-day. Lend me a dime, will you?"

They Like Quiet.

Mrs. McHenry.—"Philadelphia birds, 25 cents a pound; Long Island, 20 cents; Jarseys, 18 cents."

Mrs. N.—"Is the Philadelphia article much superior?"

Mrs. McH.—"Ah! 'yis mum, it's a foine place to raise poultry. Ye see, mum, it do be so quiet loike that the creatures are continted and plump."

A Homelike Spot.

Philadelphian (on a back street in Chicago).—"My, my, here are cobble-stones and ash barrels and slop cans, and—smells, lots of 'em."

Wife.—"Yes; I didn't know these Western cities were so civilized."

Naming the Baby.

New Yorker.—“I congratulate you on the latest acquisition to your family. Boy or girl?”

Nebraskan.—“Girl.”

New Yorker.—“What’s her name to be?”

Nebraskan.—“Well, she howls so much nights, we thought we’d call her Cyclonia.”

Used to It.

“I see you have volcanic eruptions in this country, too,” said the stranger from Herculeaneum, in affright, as he saw a shower of bricks, stones, and earth thrown high into the air.”

“Oh! no,” explained the New Yorker, dodging a descending brick. “That was only an underground steam pipe exploded. They frequently occur here, and you’ll soon get used to them.”

Poor Eating.

Lion in New York menagerie (sniffing at Gotham newspaper reporter who has just entered the cage).—“Shall we eat him?”

Lioness.—“Eat him? Faugh! Can’t **you** see he’s a cigarette smoker?”

Eminently the Right Man.

“What is the next race?”

“A slow mule race.”

“Who is that stranger in the judges’ stand?”

“He’s the man they’ve agreed on for judge. He’s from Philadelphia.”

War and Peace.

Philadelphia Veteran.—“My experiences in the war were the same as others. At first every man shot unnerved me, but after a time they could be falling all around me and I was not disturbed, so long as I wasn’t hit myself.”

Bystander.—“Yes, I know. It’s just like living in New York.”

A Rogue Exposed.

Winkel (at a reception).—“That English Lord is an impostor. He is not even an Englishman. He’s an American.”

Minkel.—“Eh! How did you find that out?”

Winkel.—“I offered to call for him with my carriage to-morrow and take him a little drive around the suburbs—Maine, Texas, California, etc.—and instead of accepting the offer he laughed

Explained.

Popinjay (in Boston for the first time).—
 “What’s that blinding glare of light down the street? Tin shop broke loose?”

Blobson.—“Oh! no. That’s only a bevy of Boston girls coming home from school. You see the sun reflecting from the spectacles.”

The New Bacon Cipher.

Mr. Porcine.—“Say, M’randy, who’s this Ignatius Donnelly I hear s’much about?”

Miranda.—“He’s a Shakespearian scholar, paw. He’s going to lecture here next week on Bacon.”

Mr. Porcine.—“He can’t give us Chicagoians any points on bacon. M’randy, he cyan’t do it.”

All Must Go.

A distinguished Russian named Schouvaloff is dead. It is a very sad affair, but sooner or later, the best of us will shuffle off.

Neighborly.

Does Buffalo want the earth?—*Rochester Union*. Yes; all except Rochester.—*Buffalo Courier*. Well, we didn’t ask you if you wanted heaven.

Distinctively American.

New York Belle (in Paris).—"What is the name of the proprietor of this hotel?"

Chaperon.—"O'Hooligan."

"Dear me! That isn't a French name; it's an American name."

It's English, You Know.

Ted Gotham.—Have you seen the new pantomime, Miss De Beane?"

Miss De Beane (with hauteur).—"Pardon me, Mr. Gotham. Do you refer to the trouseromime?"

New Business.

A change of occupation is thus noticed in the local columns of the *Sandy Hill Observer*:

"'Bony' Mosher, the tonsorial artist, will soon transform into a mixer of distilled lighting and bug juice."

Watching and Waiting.

Alderman from New York to Rochester ditto.—"I see your gold watches are all alike?"

"Yes, they were ordered at the same time."

"How did that happen?"

"A new paving company started in business here just before Christmas."

Entertaining in Covington.

The ladies of the Baptist Church were quite successful with the chocolate tea last Friday evening.

Black Times.

Nimkins.—“ I see our Republican friends in Chicago are eating crow.”

Pimkins.—“ So? What’s the caws?”

How to “Hustle.”

Housekeeper (in Kansas City).—“ I don’t want nothin’.”

Peddler.—“ I am not axious to sell. I only stopped to remark that Chicago, where I’ve been peddlin’, can’t hold a candle to Kansas City.”

“ Don’t believe it kin.”

“ No, indeed, mum. Chicago is goin’ to the dogs fast. People there are awful poor, while in Kansas City I find everybody is just rollin’ in wealth, and real estate’s a-boomin’. Fast trains from Kansas City to New York won’t stop at Chicago in another year.”

“ What have you got to sell?”

“ Soap. Something new. Only one dollar a cake.”

“ I’ll take two.”

Defendant Won.

An Alabama man charged with stealing a calf made the following statement: "I was always taught to be honest, an' most always have been, but when I seed the calf I caved. I never wanted a calf so bad in all my life, an' you all know that when a man wants a calf he wants him."

The jury returned the following verdict: "We, this jury, air satisfied that Steve stold the calf, but as the feller that owned the animal is considerable of a slouch, we agree to clear Steve an' make the slouch pay the costs."

Wanted the Fruit, too.

Wealthy Lumberman.—"Ah! Miss Society, if you want to see nature at its best you should take a trip through the pine woods of the North."

Miss Society.—"Wouldn't it be grand, and I do so dote on pineapples."

Just the Opposite.

Customer.—"I want a good pair of rubbers."

Shoe-dealer.—"Arctics, I suppose?"

Customer.—"No, I want something real warm. I guess about Antarcotics."

The Chicago Foot.

Miss Wabash.—“I’m not going to let Charlie flirt with that girl. I’m determined to put my foot down on it.”

Miss Caustique.—“How cruel you are. That would be a crusher.”

Hayseed.

Kentucky Constituent.—“How d’ye do, Senator. Can’t you get me a clerkship under the new administration?”

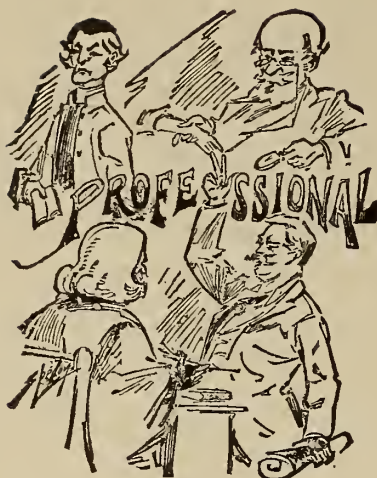
Senator.—“I’m afraid not, Major. The fact is, you look too seedy.”

Kentucky Constituent.—“Then maybe I’d fit somewhere in the Agricultural Department.”

Beats the Nickel in the Slot Machine.

Tourist (to stage driver in the Yellowstone region).—“Are there any wonderful curiosities to be seen in this region, driver?”

Stage Driver.—“Wonderful curiosities! Well, I should say there were! Why, you drop a rock down that gorge, come back in three days and you can hear the echo.”



A Doubtful Compliment.

Minister.—“I understand that you do not believe that a person is sufficiently punished on earth for his misdeeds.”

Neighbor.—“Oh! yes. I do now; but I didn't until I heard you preach.”

No Chance for Escape.

Minister (from the pulpit).—“As the air of the church seems chilly, I would ask the sexton if he will kindly close the front doors and windows of the building. The collection will now be taken up.”

Part Accepted.

Poet.—“ I called in, sir, to see about **that** little poem I sent you some time ago.”

Editor.—“ The poem has not been published yet, sir.”

Poet.—“ And the stamps I inclosed with it?”

Editor.—“ The stamps were published long ago.”

Packing the Missionary Box.

“ Oh ! mercy ! what a big package this is ! It's from the rectory. I wonder what Dr. Ranter has sent ?”

She opens the package. “ Well, I never ! Eighteen pairs of worsted slippers, ten book-marks, and twenty-three smoking-caps.”

A Very Intricate Plot, Indeed!

Aspiring Author.—“ I have the manuscript of a play which I would like to submit.”

Managing Editor.—“ Has it a good plot ?”

A. A.—“ Good plot ! I should say so ! Why (waxing confidential), the plot is so intricate that the audience who sees it once will have to come every night for a week to find out **exactly** how things turn out.”

More Serious Matters.

A jolly preacher, who formerly had charge at Ephesus, tells a very good story. Meeting an acquaintance on the street, the idea struck him to do some missionary work on a small scale.

"My friend," he remarked, "do you ever think about your sins?"

"Why, no," said the other, "I have too many serious matters on my mind."

The preacher was good-natured enough to enjoy the reply.

The Result.

Clark.—"I understand, doctor, that two dentists in your neighborhood have arranged a match in their art?"

Doctor.—"Yes, I have heard so."

Clark.—"What do you think the result will be?"

Doctor.—"A draw."

Rye too.

A Chicago revivalist says that when a Chicago man gets knocked out by wheat, he is very apt to get knocked out by rye in short order.

No Balm on Sunday.

A certain politician holding office now in Washington comes from Gilead—and he is proud of his native town. It is told of him that on one occasion a visiting clergyman preached in the village church, and during the course of his remarks he exclaimed :

“Is there no balm in Gilead?”

Mr. Blank jumped to his feet at once.

“Of course there is,” he sung out, to the horror of the congregation, “but you can’t get it on Sunday.”

His Share.

Pastor.—“Have you given up anything in Lent, Mr. Parish?”

Mr. P. (with deep feeling).—“Yes, sir. I have given up \$27 for an Easter bonnet for my wife.”

One at a Time.

Miss Flighty.—“Have you decided to take any part in the discussion, ‘What will we do in heaven?’”

Good Minister.—“No, miss, I am at present much more interested in the question, ‘What shall we do to get there?’”

A Rare Chance.

Doctor's wife.—“ My dear, Mrs. Hightongue, next door, says her two oldest boys are sick.”

Doctor.—“ The ones that are always hooting and yelling and fighting in front of the house ?”

“ Yes, and she wants you to come in at once and attend them.”

“ Certainly, certainly. Let me see. What did I do with that bottle of arsenic ?”

Memory System.

“ What is your business, sir ?” asked a Cambridge lawyer of a witness.

“ I am the practitioner in the new science of preserving the memory.”

“ But you are dressed as a mechanic, and not as a professional man.”

“ Yes ; I'm a gravestone letterer. ‘ Sacred to the memory,’ etc., you know.”

Physician vs. Torturer.

Mrs. Winks.—“ I see Robert Louis Stevenson, when not writing, plays the flageolet.”

Mr. Winks.—“ Indeed ? Then his great novel is to a certain extent biographical. He is Dr. Jekyll when writing and Mr. Hyde when not writing.”

Flowery.

Young Reporter.—"The storm king hurled his torn and tumbling torrents over the ruins of the broken and dismembered edifice."

Old Editor.—"What's that? What do you mean, young fellow?"

Young Reporter.—"I-er-er the flood washed away Patrick McDougal's old soap factory."

A Temperance Story.

Once upon a Time a very good and Pious Person saw a Bibulous Man coming out of a Saloon in a State of Mild and Melancholy Intoxication.

"Oh! my Friend," cried the Pious Person, "I am very, very Sorry to see you coming out of such a Place."

"Is that so?" replied the Bibulous Man in a Thick and Tearful Voice. "Well, I will go right Back Again." And he did so, leaving the Pious Person standing on the sidewalk in Great Amazement.

He Was Humble.

"I am humble," said the preacher; "anything is good enough for me."

"I believe you," said the listener. "I have heard your sermons."

Enough to Convince Him.

"Judge," said the prisoner on trial for murder, as he rose to his feet, pale as death, trembling in every limb, and holding in his hand a copy of a St. Louis paper, "do I look like the portrait printed of me in this newspaper?"

"There is a slight resemblance, prisoner," replied the astonished Judge, "though of course—"

"Then there is no use going any further with this trial, Judge," groaned the stricken man, sinking into his chair, "I am guilty."

Better Than Nothing.

Minister (to hotel clerk).—"Do you have special rates for ministers of the gospel?"

Clerk.—"Yes, we have. We make no money reduction, but we give their names as 'Prominent Arrivals' to the reporters."

Too Busy To Think.

Mother.—"I am glad to hear you went to church to-day. What was the sermon about?"

Adult Son (a reporter).—"I don't know, mother; I haven't written out my notes yet."

A Base Slander.

Pastor.—“How is your son coming on? I’ve not seen him lately.”

Parent.—“Pretty well.”

“I hope he is not showing any signs of becoming fast, as is so frequently the case with boys in large cities?”

“Fast? Why, Parson, he is a messenger boy. Don’t slander the poor boy that way.”

“I beg pardon! Excuse me! I had no idea that he was paralyzed.”

Not Settled Yet.

Stranger (in the court-room).—“What time have you got, please?”

Prisoner (at counsel’s table).—“I can tell you better after the trial.”

Wrong Diagnosis.

Hotel Proprietor.—“What is the matter with that sick gentleman in my office?”

Physician.—“Jim-jams.”

“Sir, that gentleman is one of my oldest guests, and has the most expensive apartments in the house.”

“Oh! He is suffering from nervous prostration.”

Healthy Lawyers.

Health journals insist upon reposing on the right side only, and claim that it is injurious to lie on both sides ; but we don't know where they will find a healthier set of men than lawyers.

All Hopes Dashed.

Champion Sprinter.—“ Who is this ‘ Unknown ’ who is to race me to-morrow ? ”

Trainer.—“ All I can learn is that he has been doing business in the city and living in the suburbs for the last twenty years. ”

Champion Sprinter (dejectedly).—“ Mercy on me ! I'm lost. I can't win in a race with a man who has been catching trains for twenty years. ”

Strictly Business.

Porter.—“ Two gem'men want to see the President. ”

Secretary Halford (ex-editor).—“ Who are they ? ”

“ One says he's a journalist, sah, an' the other says he's a newspaper man. ”

“ Admit the newspaper man and kick the journalist out. ”

The Certainty of the Doctors.

“But, doctor, you said last week that the patient would certainly die, and now he is perfectly well.”

“Madam, the confirmation of my prognosis is only a question of time.”

A Victim.

A young physician was showing a friend a recent purchase that he had made in the way of a skeleton. “Very interesting,” commented his friend. “One of your patients, doctor?”

The Right Place.

Sick Man.—“Is this the West End Sanitarium?”

New Girl (mystified).—“This is Dr. Blank’s house.”

“Yes, but doesn’t he take sick people to nurse sometimes?”

“Oh ! maybe he does. There’s two or three skeletons in the back office.”



Drop a Nickel in the Slot.

I am twenty years of age, measure 5 feet and 10 inches, and can lift 200 pounds. How much do I weigh? MODEST.

Always Filled With Tears.

What does the poet mean when he refers to the widow's "liquid eyes?"

Apply at Police Headquarters and Have it "Pulled."

What would you advise me to do with a wicked tooth which is robbing me of my sleep? PITTACUS.

Send for Prof. J. L. Sullivan.

While I find that marriage is a success, I also discover that I have a bouncing boy who is a howling failure. Try as I may, I cannot put him to sleep. Have you a remedy?

WIDE-AWAKE.

Sure.

Maud S. has beaten her own trotting, and the cow Bomba, before she died, beat her own yield of milk. The next rara avis will be a hen which shall beat her own eggs.

An Artist.

"Speaking about the artist who painted fruit so naturally that the birds came and pecked at it," said the fat reporter, "I drew a hen that was so true to life that after the sage threw it into the waste basket it laid there."

Never.

A rolling-pin gathers no dough.

Dreadful.

A great many vessels carry oil now for the purpose of stilling the waves, and when a storm arises all the ship has to do is castor oil overboard.

A Valuable Glass.

"How are those hour-glasses? Do they work easily?"

"Oh my! yes. This one is particularly good. It ran through in less than fifty minutes yesterday."

—

See.

A man who bets is a gambler! A man who don't bet is no bettor! (better). Where are we now?

—

Not the Slightest.

There would be no objection raised against any absconding financier settling in Canada, if he would first settle in this country.

—

Not Fly.

"Ah!" said the fly, as it crawled around the bottle, "I have passed the hatching age, the creeping age, and now I am in the mucilage"—then it stuck.

—

Use a File.

My face is covered with pimples, warts, freckles, etc. Could you suggest a remedy that would give me a clear and smooth complexion?

BEAUTY.

Queer.

Hatters assert that the average American head is considerably smaller than it was fifty years ago. This is strange, considering that the average American head is often so much larger to-day than it was last night.

Drink it With Your Eyes Shut.

How can I swallow my claret when the good book says, "Look not upon the wine when it is red"?

Actors.

What class of men would make the best records in a walking match?

FOOT-PAD.

Examine our Financial News Column.

Where can I find the most popular quotations?

AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

Get on a Step-ladder.

I want to call a man a liar, but he is two feet taller than I am. How shall I go about it?

MIDGET.

High Tide.

It is said that mermaids tie up their hair with a marine band.

Scalped by the Indians.

I am an army officer and have no hair on the top of my head. I want to appear romantic when the ladies ask me how I lost my top-knot. What shall I say? RETREAT.

A Discovery.

"I had no idea that Meissonier was such an old man."

"Why?"

"Why this is marked 'Friedland, 1807.' That is eighty-two years ago, and no small boy painted that!"

Very Seasonable.

"What do you call that act?" said the bass-singer to the acrobat.

"Oh! that's merely a backward spring," answered the acrobat.

"Ah!" said the bass-singer; "if I should try there'd be an early fall, eh? Let's go and have a summer?"

"A what?"

"A summer, more than one swallow, you know."

And then, as the Irishman said, they winter way together.

A Natural Conclusion.

It has been discovered that kisses—love kisses, we mean—are full of electricity. Now we know why old maids have always described them as shocking.

Way Back.

The use of electricity for lighting purposes is older than most people think. It was Noah who first made use of the ark light.

Time.

“I’d send him that clock for a present,” said the bridegroom’s friend, sadly, “only it won’t go.”

It Is.

It is a wise child that goes out of the room to laugh when the old man mashes his thumb.

To a Buckwheat Cake.

Fare thee well, thou thing of batter,
 Gone are all thy charms for me.
 Spring is here—that’s what’s the matter,
 Hump thyself, skedaddle, flee!

Never!

The man who keeps on the even tenor of his way never gets off his bass.

A Fact.

The most unpleasant constellation to see of a winter's night is the grate bare.

Wings in the Way.

"I declare," said Noah, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, "we're going to be cramped for room! I don't know where we are going to put all these animals."

"Boss," suggested the elephant and the mastodon, both of whom were switching their tails viciously, "why not leave out the flies and the mosquitoes? They take up more room than we do."

Question?

If a boy and a half eat a green apple and a half in a minute and a half, how will they feel in an hour and a half?

Something New.

A patch on a boy's trousers is something new under the sun.

Great Faith.

We print an advertisement this morning for a lost umbrella. Brethren, if we had the faith of that advertiser we could die satisfied.

Hard on Brother.

A miser died a few days ago. After careful investigation his trustees find he once gave something away. In the giddy frivolity of his early youth, he gave the measles to his younger brother. This fact is to be handed down to posterity in brass letters on his tombstone.

And a Rare Turn.

Don't be ashamed to turn an honest penny. It may be a rare date.

First Joys.

A man named Dory has just named his first infant Hunky. When he has eight or ten of them he won't think the name so appropriate.

Song of May.

Of all the dirty families
 In this big world of sin,
 The dirtiest has just moved out
 Of the house you've just moved in.

An Eternal Growler.

Optimist.—“Pleasant weather—overhead.”
 Pessimist.—“Ya-a-s. Trouble is so few people going that way.”

Moonshine.

Smart Alick.—“ It is curious ; a half moon is heavier than a full one.”

Gentle Delia.—“ Why, how is that?”

S. A.—“ The full moon is the lightest, isn't it?”





No Cause for Complaint.

Cobwigger.—“It is scandalous for you to adulterate your milk with water in this way.”

Milkman.—“Tut, tut, my friend. You should be grateful to me for only using water, some of the other fellows put in chalk and heaven knows what.”

Give us Del's.

You can get a first-class dinner in Norway for twenty-five cents, but the cost of transportation from here to Norway adds so much to the grand total that it is really cheaper to dine at Delmonico's.

Hard Winter.

"Waiter," said a gentleman in the dining-car, "have you any gooseberry pie?"

"No, sah; hain't carryin' any dis year, sah."

"Why is that?"

"Well, you see, sah, dey's scace dis seasum. Las' winter was so cole and stormy dat it wus mighty tough on de geese."

A Dish to Order.

Young Man (in coffee-and-cake restaurant).—
"Aw—have you finger-bowls, waiter?"

Waiter.—"Yes, sir; but we don't have very many calls for them."

Young Man.—"Aw—well—bring me one, please."

Waiter.—"Ay, ay, sir. (Vociferously.) One wash-basin, with a slice of yellow digester on the inside."

At Our Boarding-House.

"Mr. Bronson must have failed to pay his bill this week."

"Why do you think that?"

"Why, didn't you notice Mrs. Thompkins gave him the neck of the turkey at dinner?"

A Good Order.

Young Man (in Park Row coffee-and-cake saloon).—"Waiter, I want a beefsteak, unpeeled potatoes, and a couple of eggs fried on one side only."

Waiter (vociferously).—"Slaughter in the pan," "a Murphy with his coat on," an' "two white wings with the sunny side up!"

Not as it Was.

Guest to Landlord.—"Mr. Landlord, the box with toothpicks stands again not upon the table."

Landlord.—"Toothpicks there are with me no more."

Guest.—"Why them not?"

Landlord.—"Know you, in former times, then were the guests so cultured, and stuck the toothpicks, after use, again in the box. But nowadays takes every man one with him. So much the business can't afford."

A Case of Indigestion.

"Hello, Moses, wot's de matter wid ye?"

"Indigestion."

"How's dat?"

"Hain't had nuthin' to digest lately."

Our Boarding-House.

New Boarder (who is dressing).—"I say, neighbor, what is that wailing, shrieking, cursing, and sobbing I hear going on downstairs?"

Old Boarder (dressing and beginning to yell).—"Heavens ! those are the other boarders gone down before us."

New Boarder.—"Well, what does it mean?"

Old Boarder.—"It means ham and eggs again!"

Attempts to hang himself from the chandelier with his cravat.

New Version of the Butter Joke.

New Boarder.—"Will you pass the butter, please?"

Old Boarder.—"Every time. Haven't intercepted it in four months. You'll pass it when you get acquainted with it."

Careful of his Health.

"Will you have a piece of my pie, Mr. Robinson?"

"Did the doctor say I must?" asked the invalid, meekly. And the landlady refused to answer.

At the Table d'Hôte.

First Epicurian.—“Will you kindly pass the old cheese?”

Second ditto.—“Just wait one moment ; it is coming this way.”

A Tedious Wait.

Sojourner (at country tavern).—“Madam, I am in great haste and very hungry. Can you get me up a couple of fried eggs?”

Landlady.—“Yes, sir.”

Sojourner (after long waiting).—“It's some time since I ordered those eggs, madam.”

Landlady.—“Drat them hens ! Jeff, go out to the barn and stir 'em up.”

No Use For It.

Mrs. Slimdiet.—“Have some of the soup, sir?”

Experienced Boarder.—“No, thank you, I am not thirsty.”

A Terrible Warning.

Hotel Proprietor.—“I will send the refreshments up, sir, by the dumb-waiter.”

Guest.—“All right ; and let me tell you if he isn't here within fifteen minutes he will wish he was deaf as well as dumb.”

He Was Particular.

Countryman.—“How’s your cook, good? Can he make good terrapin soup?”

Waiter.—“Certainly, the best in the land.”

“Do you keep good wines?”

“Only the finest brands.”

“Well, yer kin bring me some oatmeal and milk, and say—jest wrap me up a couple of bones in a paper for the dorg, will yer?”

A Lucky Coincidence.

Boarding-House Keeper.—“Cutlets, you may bring me just one-half the usual amount of meat until further notice.”

Cutlets.—“Indeed! Have any of your boarders left?”

Boarding-House Keeper.—“No; but the three biggest eaters have fallen in love.”

A Reception to Nobility.

British Tourist (in Park Row restaurant).—
“Waitah, you may bring me oystah-cwabs dipped in oil, terwapin wagout, Swiss bwead and a pint of Yellow Label!”

The Waiter (with an excess of veneration).—
“Say, Jimmy, tell der speelers ter strike up ‘God Save d’ Queen.’ D’ Prince ’f Wales is came!”

In the Potage.

Lady.—“Biddy, have you seen the little stuffed bird I had in my bonnet?”

Biddy.—“Yis, mum; I put it in the soup to make it a little richer.”

The Stake She Made.

Merritt.—“I hear your wife made a stake?”

Brown.—“Yes; made it tender for breakfast with the hatchet.”

Sure.

Customer.—“Say, waiter, this shad tastes very fishy.”

Waiter.—“Yes, sah; shads is fish, sah.”

Gave it Away.

Guest.—“You were a long while bringing me this wine.”

Waiter.—“Couldn't help it, sir. The proprietor had a terrible job hunting for the cobwebs.”

Went Out to Meals.

Stranger (to cashier in restaurant).—“Is the proprietor in?”

Cashier.—“No, sir; he has just gone out to get something to eat. Back in a few minutes, sir.”



It Died.

“Hair dyed, boss?”

“Yes; it died nigh on to twenty years ago, except that leetle fringe round ther crown, an’ it don’t seem ter grow much less.”

Got Left.

Popinjay.—“Blobson, you ought to be considerable of a scholar, seeing you have sent two boys to college. Can you tell me the origin of the phrase, ‘Great cry and little wool?’”

Blobson.—“Certainly. It is an Indian phrase, and originated when the sons of the forest first tried to scalp a bald-headed settler.”

A Bald Man's View Of It.

Feeble minded men always have luxuriant suits of hair.

Everlasting Chin.

Boggs.—“I understand you have changed your barber?”

Biggs.—“Yes, I couldn't stand the old one. Why, only last week they had him out on Fourth Street to shave a corpse, and he tried to start a conversation on the tariff.”

Didn't Want Any.

Barber (to bald-headed customer).—“Ah! Mr. Jones, you ought to try some of Prof. Invigorator's hair restorer. It's—”

Customer.—“But I don't want any hair.”

Barber (in astonishment).—“Don't want any hair?”

Customer.—“No. I'm married.”

Steady.

Go away from a city and stay twenty years and when you return you will see the same bald-headed man playing double bass in a theatre orchestra. It shows that while rapid changes may be going on the orchestra leader does not frequently change his base.

Red Hot.

There is a man in Chicago who becomes red-headed whenever he is angry. He is entirely bald.

Great Capacity.

The bald-headed man may not earn any more bread than the rest of us, but with his vast glacial-period brow he could sweat for a whole family.

Reassuring.

Stranger.—“Zum Donnerwetter, now you have cut my chin a second time. If you can't shave better than that you will lose all your customers pretty quick.”

Barber's Apprentice.—“Not at all! I am not allowed to shave the regular customers yet; I only shave strangers!”

Few Swallows.

Doctor.—“My poor man! You seem to be in a sad condition, indeed. What is your trouble?”

Cadaverous Individual.—“Difficulty in swallowing.”

Doctor.—“Does it seem to be due to contraction of the throat?”

Cadaverous Individual.—“No, it's due to not having anything to swallow.”

Has His Favorite Brand.

Tramp.—“Excuse me, sir, will you please put up the price of a drink?”

Gentleman.—“Certainly, my good fellow, I’m just going in here after one for myself and you can join me.”

Tramp.—“You are very kind, but if it’s all the same to you I’d prefer the money. You see I’ve got a regular place where I know the booze, and it makes me nervous to sample strange liquor.”

Very Ancient.

“I thought that joke of mine was rather a good one,” said the comedian, “but the author said it was far-fetched. I wonder what he meant?”

“Far-fetched,” echoed the manager; “I suppose he meant Noah brought it over with him in the ark.”

Washington Mannerisms.

“You aint got a monkey wrench around here anywhere, have you?”

“No. Why?”

“I’d like to put on my hat before I go out on the street.”

Way Up.

Man at the theatre box-office.

"Have you any front seats in the upper gallery?"

"Yes, sir."

"How high is that above the parquet?"

"About seventy feet."

"Do you think I could see over the millinery down-stairs?"

"I think so."

"Gimme two."

A Scab Shovel.

Mrs. Pemmican.—"Now, since I've given you something to eat you can take this shovel and clean off my sidewalk."

Childe Vittles (a tramp).—"Beg pardon, ma'am ; but I see that shovel was made by a non-union firm, and my sentiments regarding the dignity of labor won't permit me to handle it."

Mr. Hatfield.

A London cabman called out after a smart, dapper little gentleman who affects particularly large hats, "Come out of that hat, will yer? I knows yer in it, 'cos I sees yer feet."

He Wanted Repose.

Tramp.—"Say, mister, kin ye gimme two cents to get over to Brooklyn?"

De Peyster.—"What do you want to go over there for?"

Tramp.—"Well, mister, it's just this: I suppose I've got to sleep all night in the streets, but I'd prefer to do it in a quiet town, anyway!"

He Lost the Place.

Employer.—"You say that your habits are all correct?"

Applicant.—"Yes, sir."

Employer (after a moment's pause).—"Do you drink?"

Applicant (absent-minded).—"Thanks; don't care if I do."

A Needless Question.

Great Lawyer.—"I cannot manage a case unless I know all the facts. You must tell me truly whether you are guilty or not."

"**Accused Party** (scornfully).—"D'ye s'pose I'd be consarned fool enough ter want ter hire a high-priced lawyer like you if I was innocent?"

A Hollow Device.

He suffered from drouth as the curtain went
 down,
 But his thirst soon was quenched without
 causing a frown ;
 For the cane in his mouth held as much as a
 can—
 And he climbed over no one to “go see a
 man.”

A Beggar to be Pitied.

Scene.—A lonely spot on a dark night.

“Would the gentleman be so kind as to assist
 a poor man? Besides this revolver, I have
 nothing in this wide world.”

The Season Not Closed.

First Old Man.—“Hello, have you closed?”

Comedian.—“Not at all. We go out again.”

F. O. M.—“When?”

Comedian.—“Next September.”

His Excuse.

Lady (to drunken beggar).—“Are you not
 ashamed to beg?”

D. B.—“Yes, ma’am, but I’m full ; when
 I’m sober I’m a burglar.”

A Mere Conjecture.

Bill.—“What’s all this talk about the French copper collapse?”

Tom.—“Oh! I guess some of the jon darmes over there got punched in the stomach.”

Following the Style.

A fashionable lady, meeting a beggar in the street and being touched by his tale of woe, handed him her card, saying, “That is where I live. If you will come to that address I will give you some clothes.”

The beggar, however, did not put in an appearance, but in a few days the lady met him again and inquired why he had not come. Taking the card out of his dirty pocket, and with a deprecatory smile, he answered: “Because, madam, I note you have on your card ‘1 nursdays.’”



A New Disease.

Conversation actually overhead on a street car :

"An' how is your frind Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. Mulcahy?"

"Sure, it's a bad way she's in, Mrs. Finucane! Sufferin' day and night, and no hope from the docthers, for the disayse is fattile, so they say?"

"An' what is the disayse, Mrs. Mulcahy?"

"Ulstars in the stomach, Mrs. Finucane."

Too Cheap.

"Vell," said Mr. Isaacstein to his clerk, as he took off his coat, "how vos peezness vile I vas oud."

"I sold a two-dollar pistol," replied the clerk.

"Dot vas goot, Jacob—goot."

"De shentleman wanted it to blow his brains oud," continued Jacob.

"Oh!" said Mr. Isaacstein, dubiously, "dot vos bad, very bad. He would haf paid five tollars."

No Use For It.

Pawnbroker.—"This is a very fine alarm clock, sir, and I am sorry to say I cannot advance you a tenth of its value."

Citizen.—"Never mind. It will be no further use to me. There are twins in the house."

In Combination.

Old Mr. Bentley.—"I see that the two perforated-seat chair manufactories in this town have consolidated and will hereafter do their work conjointly."

Old Mrs. Bentley.—"Yes, I s'pose one of 'em will make the seats and the other on 'em will make the holes."

No Time for Foolishness.

Dealer (to countryman looking at clocks).—
 “Now there’s something unique in the way of
 clocks, sir. When the hour begins, a bird
 comes out from the top and sings ‘Cuckoo.’
 For instance, I turn this hand to three o’clock,
 and now the bird comes out and sings ‘Cuckoo’
 three times.”

Countryman (enthusiastically to wife).—
 “By gum, Mariar, don’t that beat all !”

Wife.—“That kind o’ clock may do fur
 people who’ve got lots o’ time, but it’d take
 me half the forenoon every day to look after
 the bird.”

City Methods.

Mrs. Homespun had been on a visit to the
 Jenkinses who lived in the city. On returning
 home she was asked—

“And how did you find Mis’ Jenkins?”

“Oh !” she replied, “they’ve got a nice house
 and lots of fine furniture ; but they’re awfully
 stived up. They’ve not got any place out-
 doors to hang their washing ; leastwise I sus-
 picion they haven’t, or they wouldn’t have
 towels hung to dry on their best chairs right in
 the parlor.”

In the Chinese Sunday-School.

Teacher.—“How many are four and four?”

(No answer.)

Teacher.—“If man brings you four collars, another man brings you four collars, how many collars?”

Pupil (promptly).—“Sixteen centee!”

How Their Lights Shone.

“Let your light so shine, etc.,” said the minister, as the plates were passed about the church.

“John,” said Mrs. Fairfax, “what made you put two dollars on the plate?” (This was after church.)

“Old Jones, the gas man, threw down a dollar bill, and my electric light is twice as good as his gas any day in the week.”

Afraid He Had 'em Again.

Mr. Rambo (at dime museum, in great alarm).—“Nancy, do you see anything in that cage near the monkeys?”

Mrs. Rambó.—“Yes, there's a lot of snakes.”

Mr. Rambo (with recovered self-possession).—“So they are. Fine specimens, too, aren't they?”

Pigeon English Unnecessary.

Customer (who has left his bundle of washing and received a check from the Chinaman in exchange).—"Li-tee nam-ee on-ee back-ee."

Wun Lung.—"It's not at all necessary. Bring the receipt on your return."

An Investigating Mind.

Mrs. Hayseed (at the big city hotel).—"They is awfully attentive at this tavern, aint they?"

Mr. Hayseed.—"Yes, siree; they're bound to give us the worth of our money, I guess. Them errand boys has been in a dozen times in the last half-hour to see if we wanted anything. What are you working at there, Marier."

Mrs. Hayseed.—"I've been tryin' fer the last half-hour ter see what this ere button in the wall is for."

What She Asked For.

Mrs. O'Flaherty.—"Have yez any tin quart pails, Misther Doogan?"

Mr. Doogan.—"No, Mrs. O'Flaherty, but Oi have plinty av the wan quart pails."

Mrs. O'Flaherty.—"An' that's what Oi axed yez for, Misther Doogan."

Prohibition Cane.

"So you are running a Prohibition paper in Iowa now?"

"Yes, and doing well. See this cane? It was presented to me by the local Prohibition club?"

"It's a beauty."

"You bet it is, and it holds a pint."

Mind Over Matter.

"I'se goin' to leave you nex' week, Mistah Crimble; I can't run an elevatohr no mo'."

"Why, Tom, that's not hard work."

"Too hard fo' an old man, Mistah Crimble. De man tole me de odder day dat elevatohr alone weighed t'ree t'ousand pounds, an' dat's too much fo' an ole man like me to be liftin' all day."

Hard to Handle.

Citizen.—"What'll you charge me, Uncle Rastus, to cart away that pile of stone?"

Uncle Rastus.—"'Bout two dollars, sah."

Citizen.—"Isn't that very high?"

Uncle Rastus.—"Yes, sah, jes fo' cartin' away de stone, but I got ter hire a man to he'p harness de mule."

He Wasn't an Elocutionist.

"Unc' Jos, yo' read music?"

"No, sah ; I plays it. I hain't no elocutionary, I hain't, I's a musikan."

Catching an Heiress.

Citizen.—"So that is the woman you're going to marry, is it, Uncle Rastus?"

Uncle Rastus.—"Yes, sah ; dat's am de lady. She yain't much to look at."

Citizen.—"Well, no, not very much, Uncle Rastus."

Uncle Rastus.—"But she hab got fohty-seben dollahs in de bank, boss, an' she hab promised ter gib me de power ob attorney-generalship."

Too Confident.

Judge.—"You are charged with stealing chickens."

Uncle Alek.—"Yes, boss, dat's sc. I did it. I can swar to dat. Jess what I did, suah."

Judge.—"'Ten dollars and thirty days."

Uncle Alek.—"What's dat, boss? What kind o' laws you got? When a feller turns State ebidence don't you lef him go free? Neber turn State's ebidence as long as I lib. No^o you mind dat !"

A Veteran.

Mendicant.—“Charity for a poor old soldier sir?”

Gentleman.—“But you are a great, strong, able-bodied uninjured fellow. Why don't you go to work?”

Mendicant.—“Ah! sir, I am incapacitated for labor of any kind. I carry six bullets in the jugular vein, and was twice mortally wounded at Gettysburg!”

Should Call at the Proper Time.

Butcher's Boy (with a bill, to servant).—“Is Mrs. Montmorenci at home?”

Servant.—“Shure she's not; don't yez know that she's only at 'home' on Chewsdays and Thoorsdays?”

A Great Scheme.

Citizen.—“Well, Uncle Rastus, how are you getting on in the grocery business?”

Uncle Rastus.—“Why, I guess de boss am very much pleased with me. De fust time I came into the sto' I took down the sign ‘No trouble to show goods,’ and institooted in its place, ‘No trouble to receipt bills,’ an' I declar' de boss give me a plug o' tobacco.”

Whims of Fashion.

French Nursemaid.—“An’ how-ski are ye gittin’-ski along now, Mary, me jewel-ski?”

Mary.—“Sure Oi’m doin’ foine. But phat fer language is that y’r spakin’?”

“It’s Rooshan, Mary. Rooshan nursemaids is in fashion now, and it’s practisin’ fer a new place Oi am. French maids is out av sthoyl.”

Transferable.

“Mary, I should be delighted had I as much hair as you.”

“Waal, mum, yez can borry it any toime yez loike.”

A Case of Conscience.

Plushley.—“Maria, me dear, you seem to ate nothing. What’s the matther?”

Maria.—“Faix, Plushley, it’s Friday, an’ I can’t make up me mind if tarrypin stew’s fish whin it’s made of veal.”

That Was Not His Profession.

Mr. Van Stine.—“Your friend who has just left us seems quite a pessimist, Miss Jones.”

Miss Jones.—“Oh! no; Mr. Wabash is an oculist, and they do say one of the finest in the city.”

A Heavy Trial.

Gentleman (to village cobbler).—"What's that yellow powder you're taking so constantly, my friend?"

Cobbler.—"It's snuff - catarrh snuff."

Gentleman.—"Is it any good? I'm somewhat troubled that way myself."

Cobbler (with the air of a man who could say more if he chose).—"Well, I've had catarrh for more'n thirty years, an' I've never took nothin' fer it but this."

No Cat Needed.

Bridget.—"Sure, now, yez don't mane ter say yer living in a family phere there aint no cat. Who kin you blame things on?"

Ann.—"The childer'."

"Oh! it's foolin' ye are."

"They aren't her own childer'; they're the master's."

At a Smoking Concert.

Herr Professor.—"You haf a remargaply bowerful foice, my vrent!"

Basso.—"Do you think it will fill St. James's Hall?"

Herr Professor.—"Fill St. Chames's Hall? Ach, my vrent, it will not only fill St. Chames's Hall—it vill empty it!"

Modern Improvements.

Nervous Citizen.—“Hi, there, move on! We don’t want any of your music here.”

Organ Grinder.—“Alla right, signor. Just droppa nickel here and see me go.”

A New Vehicle.

“Yes,” said Mrs. Spriggins, “he was very kind; he sent his *cafe au lait* around to drive us through the Park.”

Mrs. Spriggins is thought to have meant cabriolet.

Getting There.

“How old are you, Sambo?”

“Well, sah, I’s goin’ on er hundred yeahs.”

“Indeed! Is it possible?”

“Yes, sah, but I’s got quite er little ways further to go yet.”

A Satisfactory Answer.

Mrs. Newma.—“Now tell me, Mrs. Barkins, do you believe in one cow’s milk for the baby?”

Mrs. Barkins.—“Waal, that depends on the child. Ef he’s a good, strong, healthy baby, and wants it, I’d give him two cows’ milk, but, sakes alive, it ’pears as if any ordinary baby oughtn’t t’ want more’n one cow could furnish.”

Ambition Failed.

Farmer's Wife.—“ Well, Joshua, did you get things fixed to turn our house into a summer an' health resort ? ”

Farmer.—“ I'm afraid the plan won't work, Miranda. I went to Saratogy and two or three places, an' I found out we can't have no health resort without spilin' our well water so the cattle can't drink it.”

Too Cheap to Pass for Gold.

Artie (showing his watch to his Jersey aunt).—“ I bought that case for eighteen carats.

Aunt Maria.—“ You don't say ! An' carrots is only 60 cents a bushel, too. Dear, dear, dear ! Artie, if you hadn't told me I'd a-thought it was pure gold.”

Waiting to be Dusted.

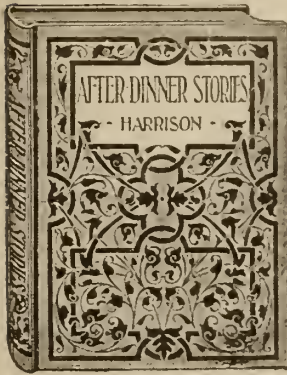
“ Why, Norah, how dusty the chairs are ! ”

“ Yes, mim. There's nobody sat on thim this morning.”

An Open Countenance.

“ Begorra,” said an Irishman, as he saw an alligator for the first time, “ if that crather was to shmoile, shure an' he'd split himsilf into two halves.”

POPULAR HAND-BOOKS



SOME books are designed for entertainment, others for information. ¶ This series combines both features. The information is not only complete and reliable, it is compact and readable. In this busy, bustling age it is required that the information which books contain shall be ready to hand and be presented in the clearest and briefest manner possible. ¶ These volumes are replete with valuable information, compact in form and unequalled in point of merit and cheapness. They are the latest as well as the best books on the subjects of which they treat. No one who wishes to have a fund of general information or who has the desire for self-improvement can afford to be without them. They are in size 16 mo., well printed on good paper, handsomely bound in green cloth, with a heavy wrapper to match.

Cloth, each 75 cents

THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
925 Filbert St., Philadelphia

A DICTIONARY OF MYTHOLOGY

By John H. Bechtel

Most of us dislike to look up a mythological subject because of the time required. ¶ This book remedies that difficulty because in it can be found at a glance just what is wanted. ¶ It is comprehensive, convenient, condensed, and the information is presented in such an interesting manner that when once read it will always be remembered. ¶ A distinctive feature of the book is the pronunciation of the proper names, something found in few other works.

SLIPS OF SPEECH

By John H. Bechtel

Who does not make them? The best of us do. ¶ Why not avoid them? Any one inspired with the spirit of self-improvement may readily do so. ¶ No necessity for studying rules of grammar or rhetoric when this book may be had. It teaches both without the study of either. ¶ It is a counsellor, a critic, a companion, and a guide, and is written in a most entertaining and chatty style.

HANDBOOK OF PRONUNCIATION

By John H. Bechtel

What is more disagreeable than a faulty pronunciation? No other defect so clearly shows a lack of culture. ¶ This book contains over 5,000 words on which most of us are apt to trip. ¶ They are here pronounced in the clearest and simplest manner, and according to the best authority. ¶ It is more readily consulted than a dictionary, and is just as reliable.

PRACTICAL SYNONYMS

By John H. Bechte.

A new word is a new tool. ¶ This book will not only enlarge your vocabulary, but will show you how to express the exact shade of meaning you have in mind, and will cultivate a more precise habit of thought and speech. ¶ It will be found invaluable to busy journalists, merchants, lawyers, or clergymen, and as an aid to teachers no less than to the boys and girls under their care.

READY MADE SPEECHES

By George Hapgood, Esq.

Pretty much everybody in these latter days, is now and again called upon "to say a few words in public." ¶ Unfortunately, however, but few of us are gifted with the power of ready and graceful speech. ¶ This is a book of carefully planned model speeches to aid those who, without some slight help, must remain silent. ¶ There is a preliminary chapter of general advice to speakers.

AFTER-DINNER STORIES

By John H. Bechte.

The dinner itself may be ever so good, and yet prove a failure if there is no mirth to enliven the company. ¶ Nothing adds so much zest to an occasion of this kind as a good story well told. ¶ Here are hundreds of the latest, best, brightest, and most catchy stories, all of them short and pithy, and so easy to remember that anyone can tell them successfully. ¶ There are also a number of selected toasts suitable to all occasions.

TOASTS

By William Pittenger

Most men dread being called upon to respond to a toast or to make an address. ¶ What would you not give for the ability to be rid of this embarrassment? No need to give much when you can learn the art from this little book. ¶ It will tell you how to do it; not only that, but by example it will show the way. ¶ It is valuable not alone to the novice, but to the experienced speaker, who will gather from it many suggestions.

THE DEBATER'S TREASURY

By William Pittenger

There is no greater ability than the power of skillful and forcible debate, and no accomplishment more readily acquired if the person is properly directed. ¶ In this little volume are directions for organizing and conducting debating societies and practical suggestions for all who desire to discuss questions in public. ¶ There is also a list of over 200 questions for debate, with arguments both affirmative and negative.

PUNCTUATION

By Paul Allardyce

Few persons can punctuate properly; to avoid mistakes many do not punctuate at all. ¶ A perusal of this book will remove all difficulties and make all points clear. ¶ The rules are plainly stated and freely illustrated, thus furnishing a most useful volume. ¶ The author is everywhere recognized as the leading authority upon the subject, and what he has to say is practical, concise, and comprehensive.

ORATORY

By Henry Ward Beecher

Few men ever enjoyed a wider experience or achieved a higher reputation in public speaking than Mr. Beecher. ¶ What he had to say on this subject was born of experience, and his own inimitable style was at once both statement and illustration of his theme. ¶ This volume is a unique and masterly treatise on the fundamental principles of true oratory.

CONVERSATION

By J. P. Mahaffy

Some people are accused of talking too much. But no one is ever taken to task for talking too well. ¶ Of all the accomplishments of modern society, that of being an agreeable conversationalist holds first place. Nothing is more delightful or valuable. ¶ To suggest what to say, just how and when to say it, is the general aim of this work, and it succeeds most admirably in its purpose.

READING

AS A FINE ART

By Ernest Legouvé

The ability to read aloud well, whether at the fireside or on the public platform, is a fine art. ¶ The directions and suggestions contained in this work of standard authority will go far toward the attainment of this charming accomplishment. ¶ The work is especially recommended to teachers and others interested in the instruction of public school pupils.

SOCIALISM

By Charles H. Olin

Socialism is "in the air." ¶ References to the subject are constantly appearing in newspapers, magazines, and other publications. ¶ But few persons except the socialists themselves have more than a dim comprehension of what it really means. ¶ This book gives in a clear and interesting manner a complete idea of the economic doctrines taught by the best socialists.

JOURNALISM

By Charles H. Olin

What is news, how is it obtained, how handled, and how can one become a Journalist? ¶ These questions are all answered in this book, and detailed instructions are given for obtaining a position and writing up all kinds of "assignments." ¶ It shows what to avoid and what to cultivate, and contains chapters on book reviewing, dramatic criticism and proofreading.

VENTRILOQUISM

By Charles H. Olin

Although always a delightful form of entertainment, Ventriloquism is to most of us more or less of a mystery. ¶ It need be so no longer. ¶ This book exposes the secrets of the art completely, and shows how almost anyone may learn to "throw the voice" both near and far. ¶ Directions for the construction of automatons are given as well as good dialogue for their successful operation. ¶ Fully illustrated.

CANDY-MAKING AT HOME

By Mary M. Wright

Two hundred ways to make candy with the home flavor and the professional finish. ¶ Clear and detailed recipes are given for fondant, fruit and nut candies, cream candies, fudges and caramels, bonbons, macaroons and little cakes. ¶ Every housekeeper can now greatly lessen the cost of entertainments by preparing at home the confectionery to be used and can also keep her table well supplied with delicious bonbons and candies

THE CARE OF THE CHILD

By Mrs. Burton Chase

One of the few books that deal with this old and ever new problem in all its aspects —mental, moral and physical. ¶ The author, a mother and the wife of a physician, has anticipated nearly every nursery difficulty. ¶ She gives all that one ordinarily needs about diet, clothing, bathing and sleep, summarizing the practice of leading specialists. ¶ There are helpful practical discussions on obedience, imagination, personality, truth-telling, play and education.

HOME DECORATION

By Dorothy T. Priestman

A beautiful home means only knowing what to buy when you do buy. ¶ This is a book that tells what is really in simple good taste, why, and how to get it. ¶ It deals fully and practically with the treatment of walls, furniture, floor covering, hangings, ornaments and pictures. ¶ It gives color schemes, tells how to arrange a door or a window; how to make the most of small space; how to do stenciling; how to make rugs, etc.

CONUNDRUMS

By Dean River

Conundrums sharpen our wits and lead us to think quickly. ¶ They are also a source of infinite amusement and pleasure, whiling away tedious hours and putting every one in good humor. ¶ This book contains an excellent collection of over a thousand of the latest, brightest, and most up-to-date conundrums, to which are added many Biblical, poetical, and French conundrums.

MAGIC

By Ellis Stanyon

There is no more delightful form of entertainment than that afforded by the performances of a magician. ¶ Mysterious as these performances appear, they may be very readily learned if carefully explained. ¶ This book embraces full and detailed descriptions of all the well known tricks with coins, handkerchiefs, hats, flowers, and cards, together with a number of novelties not previously produced or explained. ¶ Fully illustrated.

HYPNOTISM

By Edward H. Eldridge, A. M.

There is no more popular or interesting form of entertainment than hypnotic exhibitions, and everyone would like to know how to hypnotize. ¶ By following the simple and concise instructions contained in this complete manual anyone may, with a little practice, readily learn how to exercise this unique and strange power.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED

By F. J. Warwick

Lives can be saved and much suffering prevented by the study of this work. ¶ What to do in all kinds of accidents, as well as in the first stages of illness, with a brief and simple statement of the human anatomy, constitute the chief features of the book. ¶ It is written in a plain and simple way, easily understood, and its value is further increased by its copious illustrations.

NURSING

By S. Virginia Lewis

Every household has its serious illnesses, but few families can afford a professional nurse. ¶ This book is the next best thing, better in some respects, as anyone can easily follow its instructions, and when once learned they are always available. ¶ The fullest particulars are given for the care of the sick in all the simple as well as the serious ailments of life.

ELECTRICITY

By George L. Fowler

An interesting and thoroughly reliable presentation of the subject for the amateur or skilled electrician. ¶ If you wish to install an electric door-bell, construct a telephone, wire a house, or understand the workings of a dynamo, this volume will furnish the required information. ¶ A practical book of inestimable value to everyone.

LAW, AND HOW TO KEEP OUT OF IT

By Paschal H. Coggins, Esq.

Most legal difficulties arise from ignorance of the minor points of law. ¶ This book furnishes to the busy man and woman knowledge of just such points as are most likely to arise in every-day affairs, and thus protects them against mental worry and financial loss. ¶ Not only is this information liberally given, but every point is so explained and illustrated that the reader will not only understand the law on the subject, but cannot fail to remember it.

CLASSICAL DICTIONARY

By Edward S. Ellis, A. M.

All literature abounds in classical allusions, but many do not understand their meaning. ¶ The force of an argument or the beauty of an illustration is therefore often lost. ¶ To avoid this, everyone should have at hand a complete dictionary such as this. ¶ It contains all the classical allusions worth knowing, and they are so ready of access as to require little or no time in looking up.

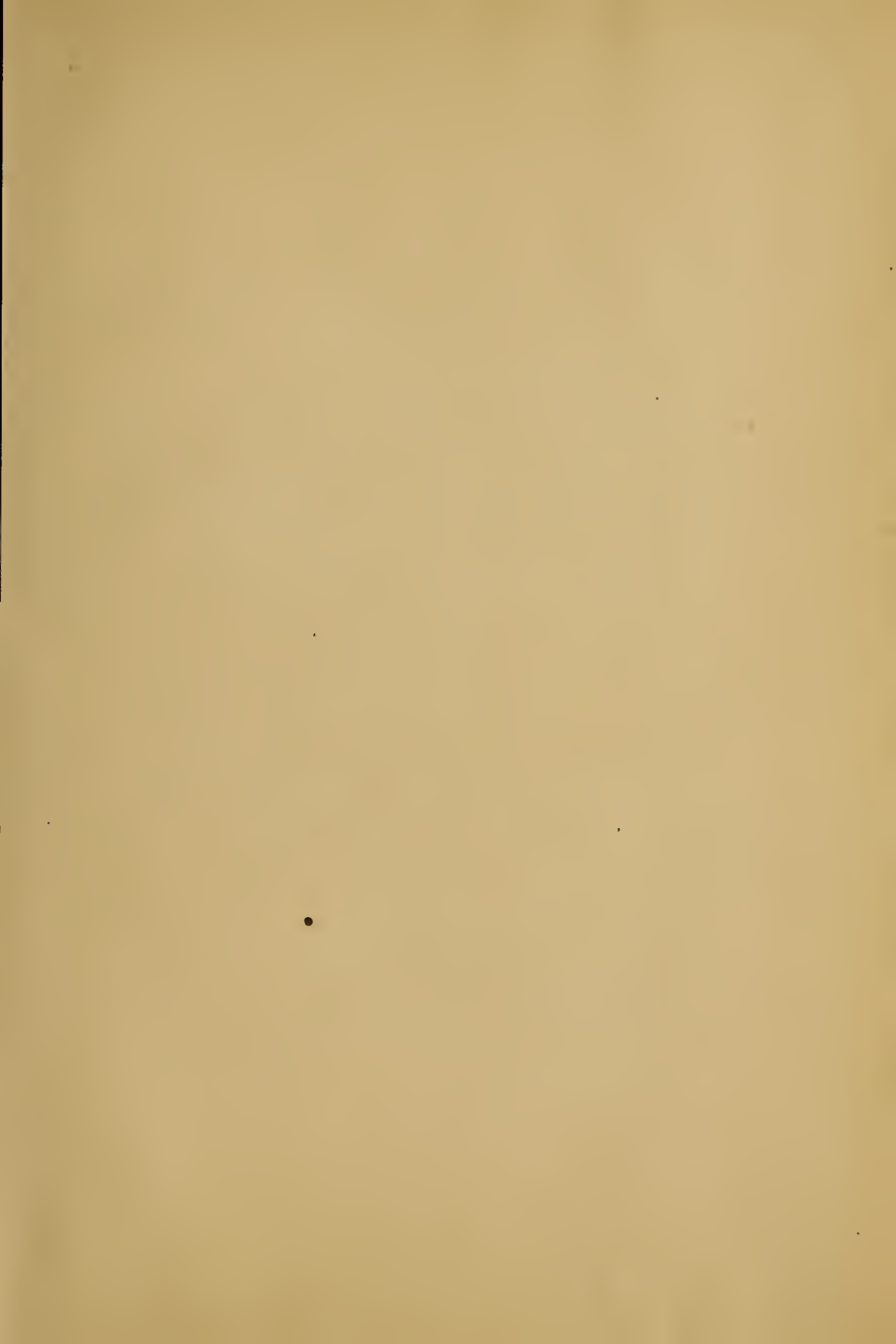
PLUTARCH'S LIVES

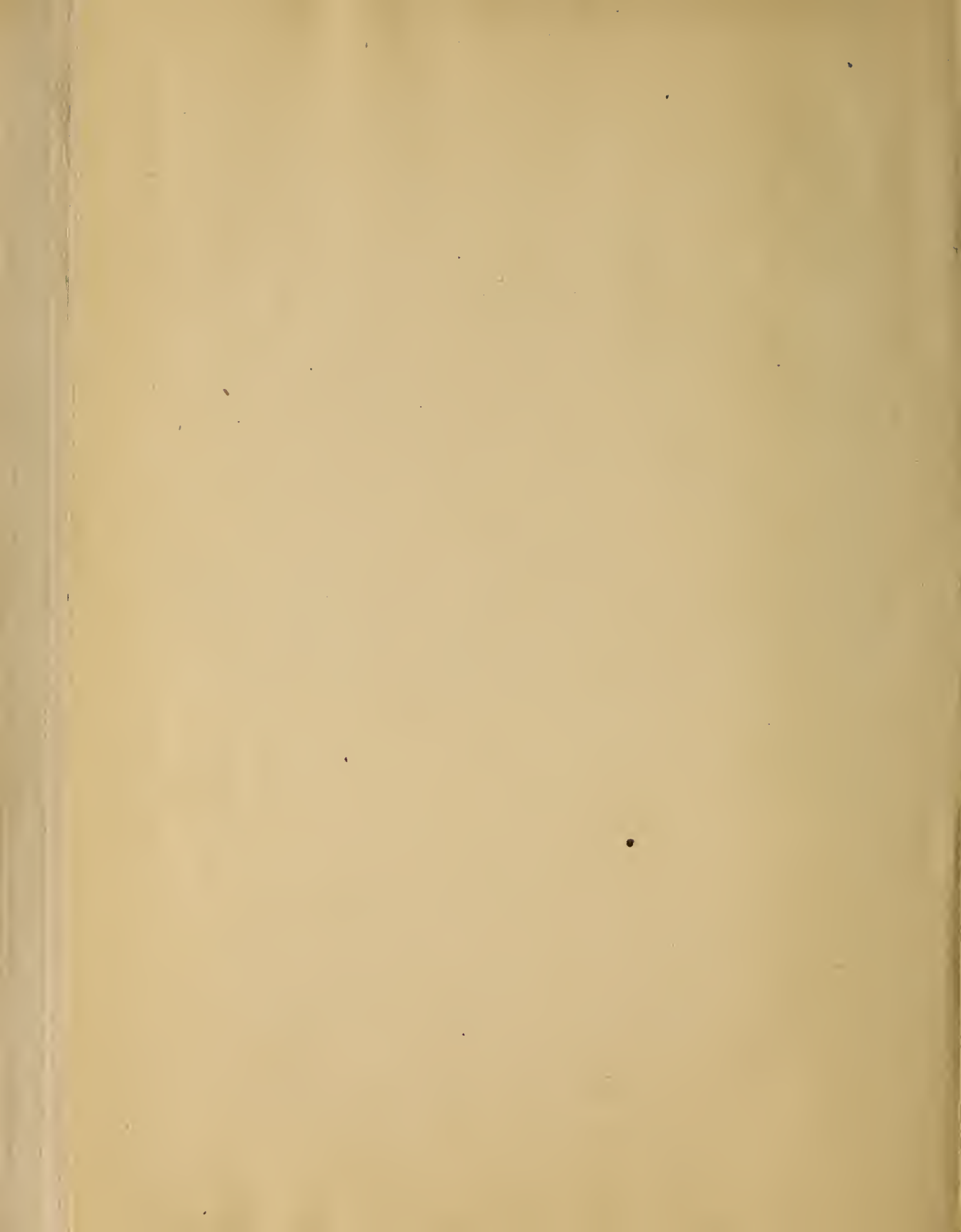
By Edward S. Ellis, A. M.

Plutarch was the most famous biographer and one of the most delightful essayists who ever lived. ¶ To him we are indebted for an intimate acquaintance with many famous Greeks and Romans who made history and who still live. ¶ This book is a condensed form of the original "Lives." ¶ All the personages likely to be inquired about are mentioned, and what is told of them is just what one most wishes to know.

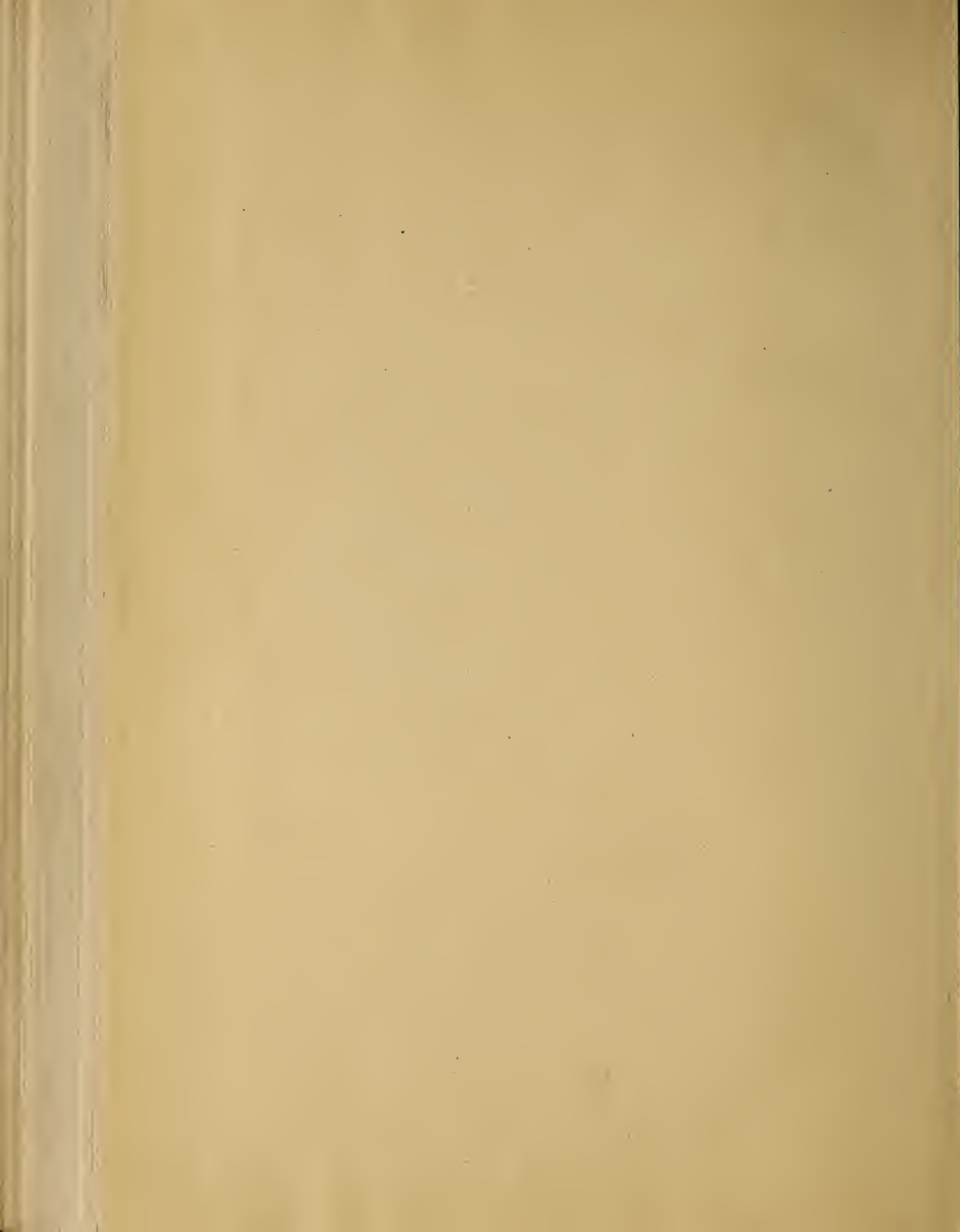
PLAYS

And books for all kinds of Entertainments and Exhibitions. Send for full descriptive catalogue to The Penn Publishing Company, No. 925 Filbert Street, Philadelphia.











LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 021 100 899 4